★ June 16, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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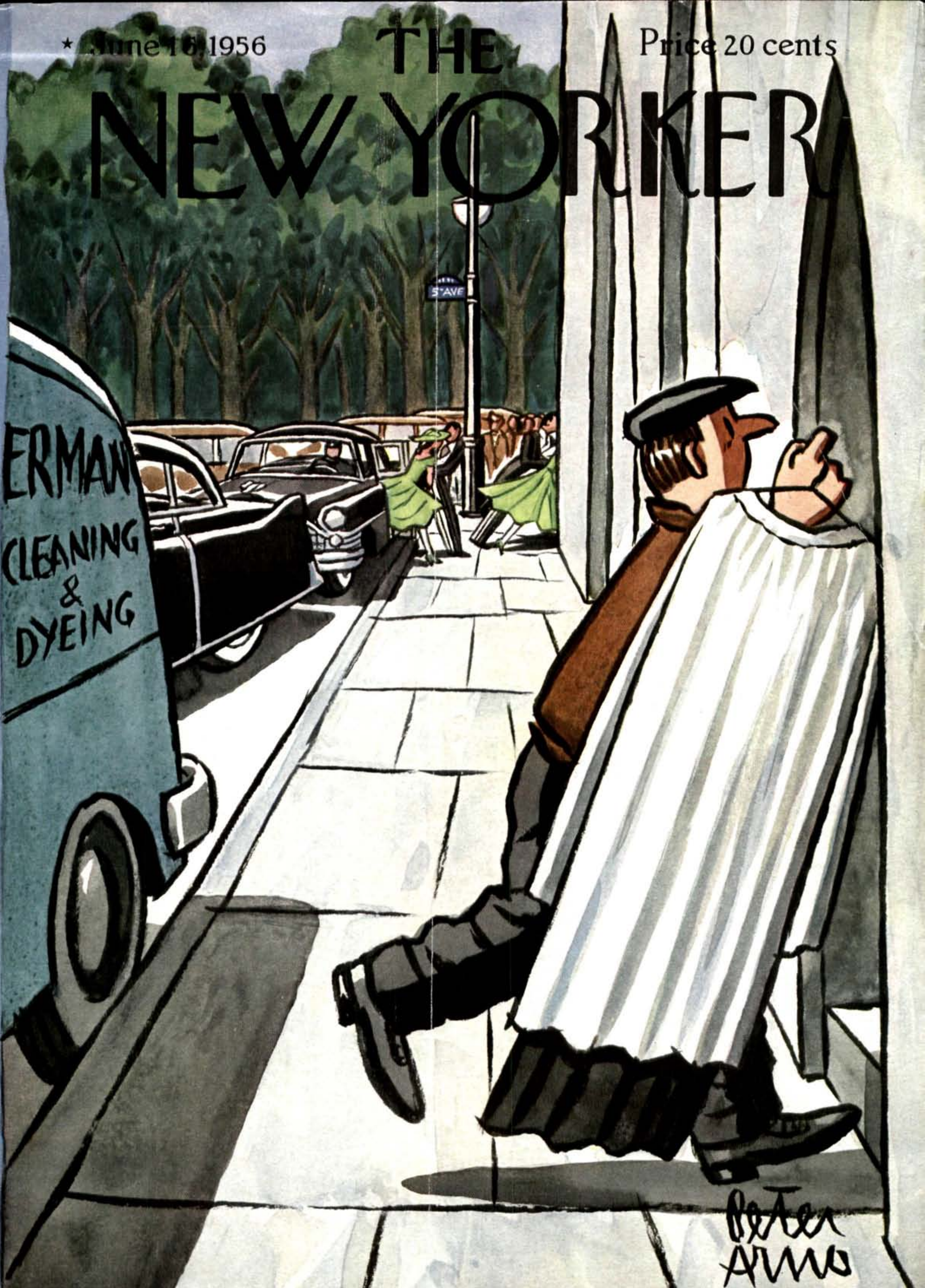
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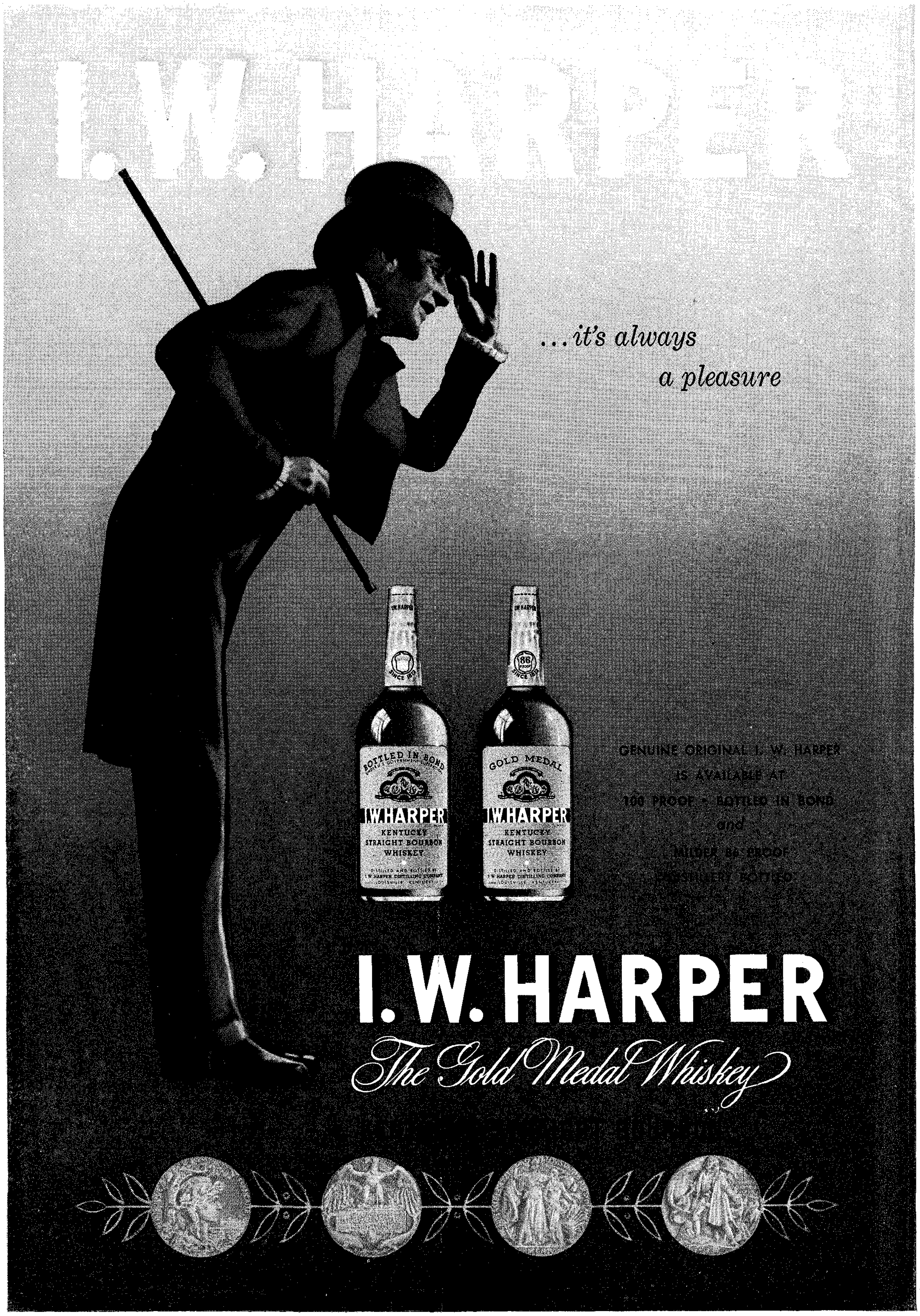
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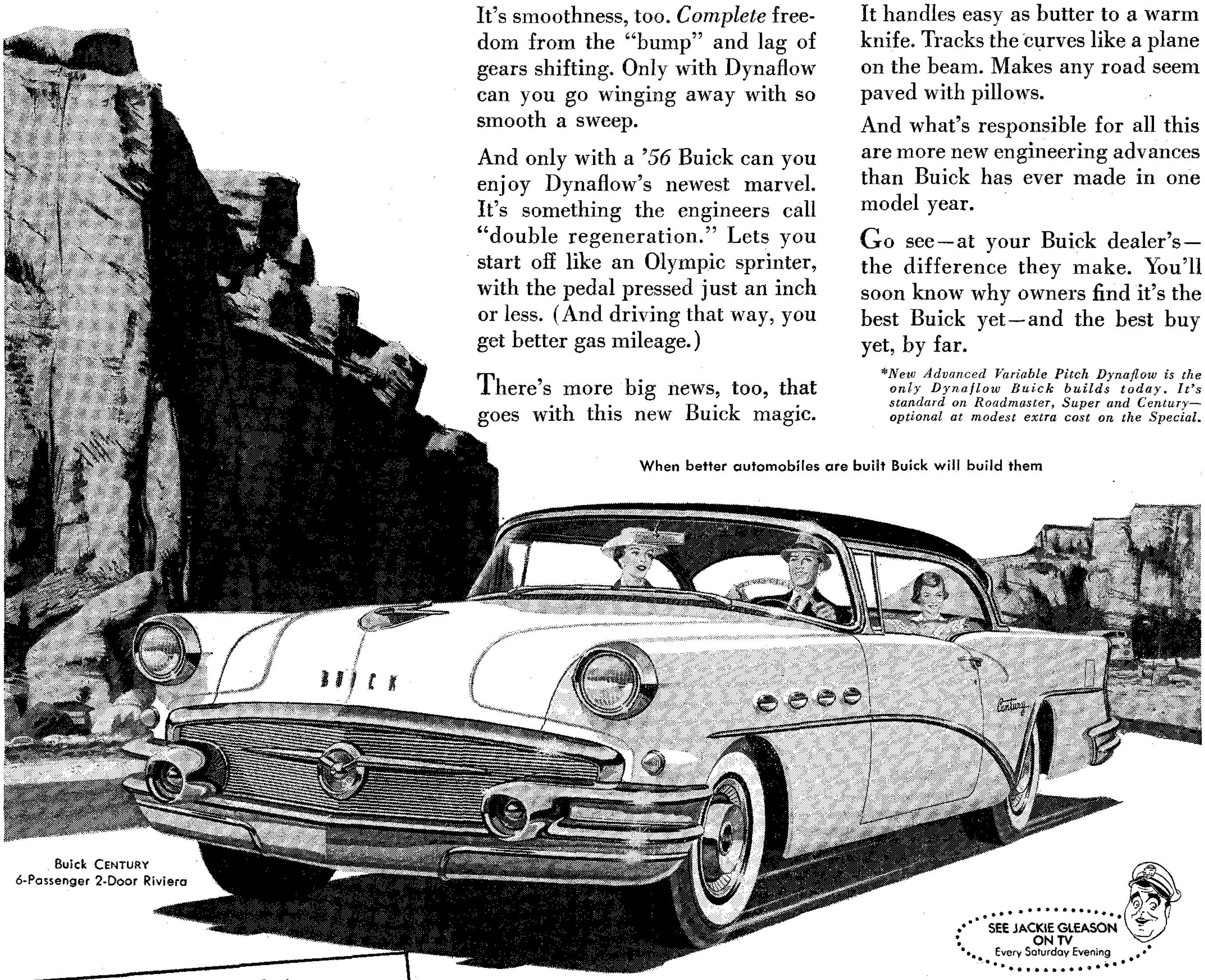

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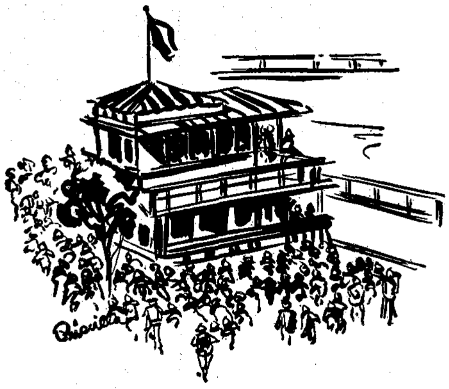
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is, as usual, magnificent in this comedy about automation or something, but the play really hasn't much else to recommend it. It employs, along with Miss Booth, Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—An extremely moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is marvellous as the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—A revival of Noel Coward's 1925 exercise in bibulous drawing-room foolishness that becomes a very funny business when Nancy Walker cocks a snook at Coward's dialogue and reduces the affair to slapstick. She gets solid assistance from Margaret Phillips and Alice Pearce. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play concerning a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Imogene Coca now has the leading role in Carolyn Green's slight and fairly simple-minded comedy concerning adultery and its effect on the tax rate. Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin support her stoutly. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the most hilarious low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are other exceptional jobs turned in by Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, and Royal Beal. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of Eudora Welty's novel about the Deep South has only an intermittent resemblance to the original, but it is still often very funny. David Wayne is superb at the head of a cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 23.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very silly. The accomplished cast includes Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**cat on a hot tin roof:** The Tennessee Williams play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. With Barbara Bel Geddes and Thomas Gomez. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **witness for the prosecution:** Agatha Christie's practiced mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, and Gene Lyons. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the show seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Jack Carter, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast; Jo Mielziner designed the scenery and Motley the costumes; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most fascinating musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton designed the sets and costumes, respectively; and Hanya Holm staged the dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—This Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," has its stirring moments, but altogether it will probably prove something of a disappointment to admirers of this famous pair. William Johnson and Judy Tyler are the stars. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Sheila Bond (substituting for Gwen Verdon, who will return on Monday, June 18) is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fanny:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Now with Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **the pajama game:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Julie Wilson, and Neile Adams are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Shangri-La—A musical based on the late James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." Dennis King, Shirley Yamaguchi, Martyn Green, Harold Lang, and Alice Ghostley are in the cast; Harry Warren composed the score; and Jerome Lawrence, Robert E. Lee, and Mr. Hilton wrote the book and lyrics. Directed by Albert Marre and produced by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

New Faces of 1956—A revue, with Jane Connell, Amru Sani, and Johnny Haymer. The music and lyrics are by June Carroll, Arthur

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Siegel, Matt Dubey, and a number of others, and Paul Lynde, Richard Maury, Sidney Carroll, and Louis Botto contributed most of the sketches, which were directed by Mr. Lynde. David Tihmar staged the musical numbers. Presented by Leonard Sillman and John Roberts, in association with Yvette Schumer. Opens Thursday, June 14. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—The last in this season's series of three revivals is "Carmen Jones," with Muriel Smith (or Gwendolyn Belle), William DuPree (or Aaron White), and Jimmy Randolph. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

Amato Opera Theatre—The cigarette-girl "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, June 19, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal, Robert Loggia, and Peggy Feury. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Alfred Ryder, Lori March, Gerald Hiken, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Nine of the twenty-eight numbers in "The Littlest Revue" are quite good, but the rest range from merely acceptable to very painful indeed. Ogden Nash, Vernon Duke, John Latouche, Eudora Welty, and Charles Weidman are among those who contributed material of one kind and another, and the eight principal performers are Charlotte Rae, Beverley Bozeman, Joel Grey, Tammy Grimes, Dorothy Jarnac, George Marcy, Tommy Morton, and Larry Storch. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Through Sunday, June 17: Diana Barrymore and Muriel Rahn in "The Ivory Branch," a play by Sara Reavin. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, June 19: A play by Douglas S. Cramer, "Call of Duty." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursday and Friday, June 14-15, at 8:40; Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17, at 7 and 9; Tuesday, June 19, at 8; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Paul Hartman, Hal LeRoy, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. Opens Thursday, June 21. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-8247.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini's guitar makes passionate Spanish love to all hands during the interludes.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—For the town that thinks it has everything, Jacqueline François, the Persian Room's new nightingale, is the perfect gift. Even if you're not a Berlitz *cum laude*, you'll probably succumb to her voice, her hairdo, and her zest for life, just as her cavaliers—Jack Elliott's knowing quintet—do twice a night. In between, Ted Straeter, the epitome of impeccability, leads his dance band and glee club through their high jinks, and Mark Monte's group tootles from time to time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra hums away at teatime every afternoon in the handsome Palm Court. No dancing. . . . ¶ In the lofty Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group brightens one corner at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band buzzes away, these warm evenings, in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A mountain resort with an unbeatable record for good weather and beautiful scenery. Lots of the scenery dances to the non-stop bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, in which Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers are the most important enlisted men, sounds as hale and hearty as ever in the Café Rouge. The only trouble is that it doesn't play enough. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You've seen the set—dance hall, country store, and saloon—many times before, but this is a Western with a brand-new kind of small talk and plot. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The plot of the incumbent baby-grand revue is probably an adaptation of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, but the inmates are more fun. The most rapid-fire witticisms belong to Lou Nelson, an old pensioner here. They all perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after nine.

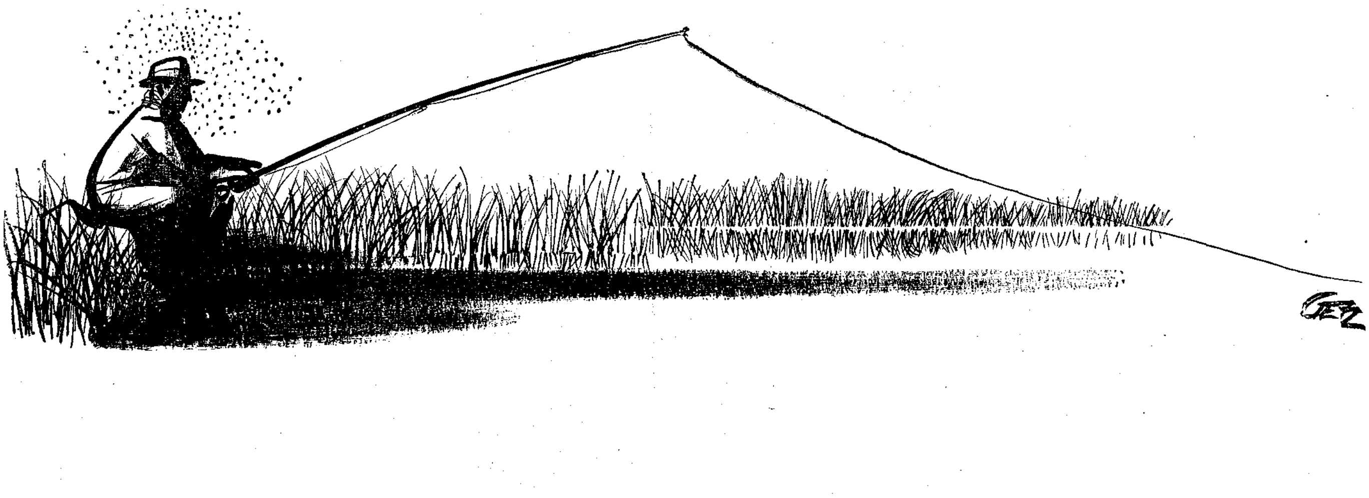
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, cool and serene in its beautiful new summer dress, has dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ From eight-thirty to one, in a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dancing to the music of Jozsi Ribari's band. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra, which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the Racquet Squad holding open house. At one end of it, Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' merry-go-round is not for those who wish to be alone. The salient features are a long bar, an Old Home Week *esprit*, and the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner from six o'clock on. Otis Clements, a sociable crew cut, is Mr. H.'s running mate at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A loving and skillful off-Broadway restoration of some good old-timers (Bach and Chopin among them) by Herman Honigsberg, a Rumanian violinist, and Paul Schlesinger, a Viennese pianist, who are around from dinnertime on. Lynne Bretonn's



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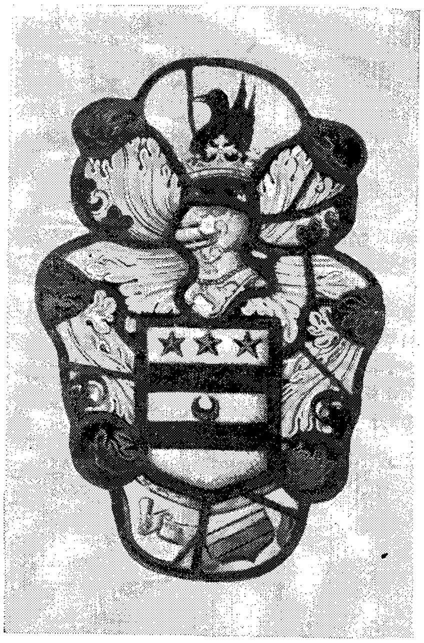
If the Parish Register fails, don't give up. Rent rolls and hearth taxes, census returns, wills and deeds dating back to ancient times are all filed somewhere. The British adore old documents and *never* throw them out.

Whenever the trail grows cold, you can call on the scholarly curators of Britain's genealogical societies and great libraries (such as the British Museum).

If you consult the telephone book, you may come up with a helpful great-aunt (or charming cousin). Consult the College of Heralds in London, or Lord Lyon in Edinburgh, and you may come up with a Coat of Arms!

It will be a grand vacation project,* and one discovery will be a sense of kinship with the British. They'll all be eager to help. See your travel agent and write for free booklet, "Tracing your Ancestors," to the British Travel Assn., Box 131, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y.; in Canada to 90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

*If you don't have a British ancestor, why not invent one?



Washington one of your ancestors? This is the family Coat of Arms—at Sulgrave Manor.

Take this list of useful addresses with you on your hunt!

England and Wales

Somerset House, Strand, London
(birth, marriage, death certificates)
Society of Genealogists,
37 Harrington Gardens, London
Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London
National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

Northern Ireland

Public Record Office, Law Courts,
May Street, Belfast

Scotland

New Registry House, Edinburgh
Scots Ancestry Research Society,
4 North St. David Street, Edinburgh

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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

midnight revival of a British music-hall turn is very British music hall. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): At least through Saturday, June 16, Annette Warren, whom this tiny diners' club fits like a glove, will be in command after the theatre, trilling hand-picked lyrics in a fetching voice. Don Evans, a pianist who is well up on the principles and purposes of mood music, will be staying on. Sunday, June 17, the guest singer will be Josephine Premice, whose calypsos are terse and to the point. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time and stays until after midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Latin piano from dinner through supper. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those dreamy little mythical Central European kingdoms. It is, in addition, a preserve for the nearly extinct zimbalon, two excellent examples of which are often operated in tandem. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it tackles an entire Lehár operetta; in other words, no place to read Krafft-Ebing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi's violin, abetted by three other soft-spoken musicians, one of whom is a zimbalonist, glides from table to table every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public playground for the younger set, where there's always a spate of casual piano, and now and then a song.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The fevered chanting of Johnnie Ray, last year's Elvis Presley, is the magnetic pole of the nightlong charivari that goes on here. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Carmen Amaya, though no longer an infant prodigy, still has two miraculous legs to stand on. They set a difficult pace for her troupe of Andalusian dancers, who perform with her three times a night Fridays and Saturdays, twice a night the rest of the week.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A good, reliable, something-for-everyone Blue Angel show—Enid Mosier, an imp of Satan, singing to the thrumming of her Trinidad steel band; Lovey Powell, singing her lost-in-the-dark sonnets of passion; Charles Manna, whose anecdotes have a lunatic fringe on top; Normand Hudon, a caricaturist who plies a witty crayon. The proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the pianos of Bart Howard and Brooks Morton. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty does quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge; the Lyons trio and the steel band carouse there after 2 A.M. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Two noticeable voices are raised in song. One belongs to Maxine Sullivan, who can still make listening a pleasure; the other belongs to Johnny Mathis, a neophyte but skillful jazz singer. Joey Carter cracks the jokes, a lot of which are quite funny. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. The establishment forgoes its Monday closing on June 18 to give a public party on Miss Sullivan's twentieth anniversary in the trade. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Rarely a dull moment, and never a quiet one. The principal reasons: Bibi Osterwald, a thunderbolt in songbird's clothing; Tony and Eddie, a pair of point-blank parodists; and Phil Leeds, who plays the fool with consummate skill. The roster of midnight revellers also includes the Three Flames, manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, an urbane balladeer; and Bruce Kirby, the utility comic. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The off-Broadway revue assembled by Julius Monk, a well-remembered *conférencier*, is operated by an excellent staff of junior executives (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, all of whom have been on or near Broadway before) in one of the smallest cellars on record. The spirit is one of mockery; the words are to the wise. Piano duets by Murray Grand and Stan Keen are the backdrop. The rumble starts at ten-thirty, and keeps on going, Sundays excepted. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the happiest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those postgraduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of ballads that have extrasensory perception begins after the theatre. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from cocktails on. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, there is also Penny Malone, who has the oddest brainstorms. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Malone, and Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, whose upbeat piano and lyrics have turned many a night into day, packs up on Saturday, June 16. Jack Corlies' trio plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): The best of the varied sounds in this satin-lined chophouse come from the quartet topped by Buddy Greco, a fair-to-middling tenor but an astute new-school pianist. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

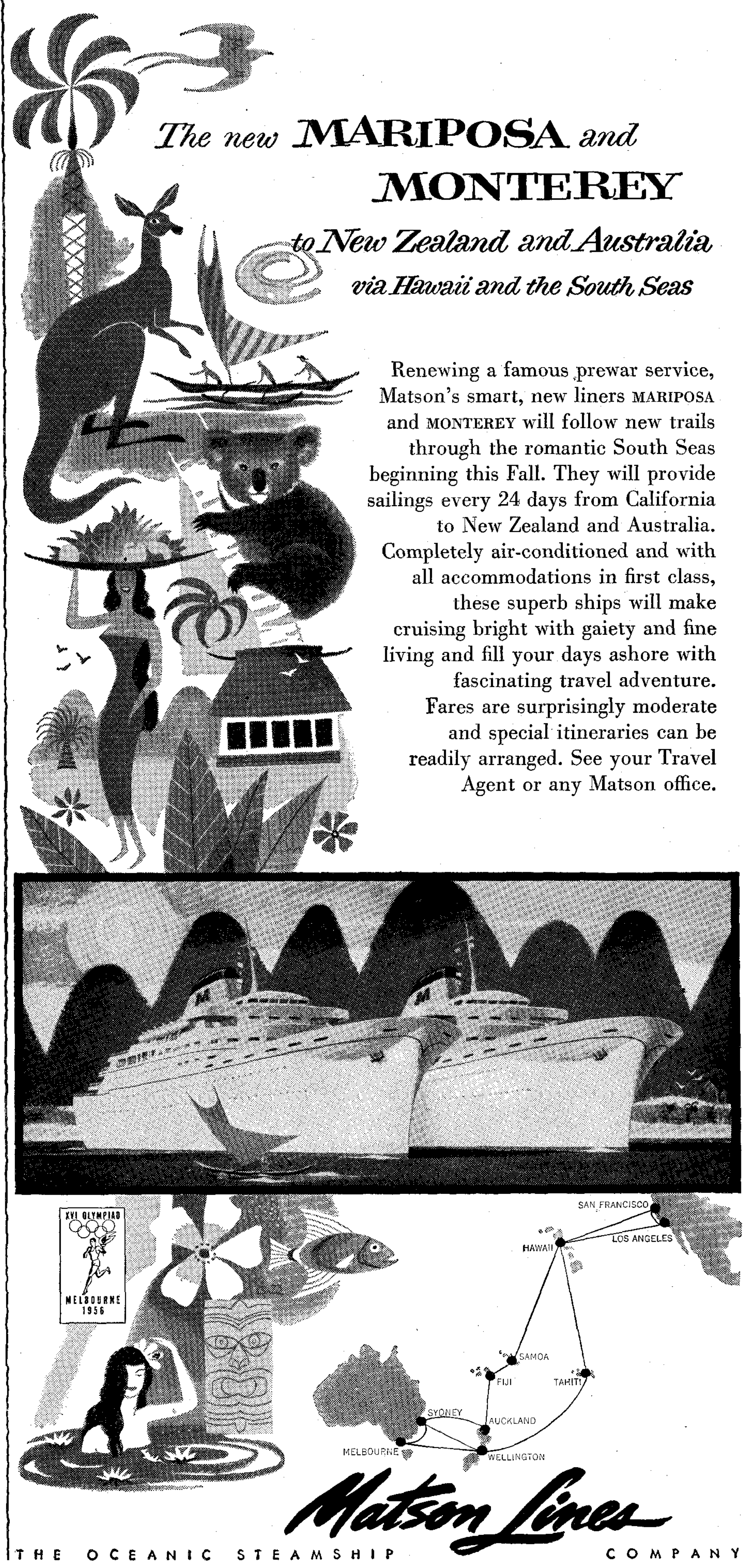
(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Bob Casey, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ralph Sutton's piano and Buzzy Drootin's drums keep the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet and Pete Terrace's quartet wind up their affairs here on Saturday, June 16. Sunday, as usual, the floor will be held by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. Monday, a red-letter night, will be the première of the trio headed by Teddy Wilson, a pianist who made the Hall of Fame team early in the century. Eddie Bonnemere's quartet will bow in the same evening. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Ella Fitzgerald, the Australian Jazz Quartet, and Hampton Hawes' trio take to the road on Sunday, June 17. The room will reopen on Thursday, June 21, to receive the band of Louis Armstrong, world traveller, trumpeter, and buzz saw. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Two of our most advanced thinkers—Billy Taylor, on piano, and Tal Farlow, on electronic guitar—are at work with their trios, starting around nine. They have no trouble communicating to their audience. The Farlows are off duty Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. Thursday, June 21, the Marian McPartland trio replaces the Taylor threesome. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Count Basie's magnificently bombastic band, the deep-blue voice of Joe Williams, and the complex fretwork of Terry Gibbs' quartet will be stilled on Wednesday, June 20. Next evening, Friedrich Gulda, the Austrian Beethovenist turned jazz pianist, will bring his progressive quintet to town. Jeri Southern, a singer to remember, and Johnny Smith's scholarly quartet will also weigh in. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in bed. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, her ponytail hairdo solemnly wagging in time, uncorks a crystal-clear pianoforte exposition of *le jazz progressif*. Her trio (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass, are her playmates) sets to at ten. Bernie Nierow fills in the interstices from nine on with a cheerful grade of piano. Monday is everyone's sabbath. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 3:30 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, June 16, denizens of the grill will hear the gospel according to Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Miff Mole, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, the fire worshippers should include Tyree Glenn, Phil Napoleon, Andy Russo, J. C. Higginbotham, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Sammy Price, Dick Wellstood, Panama Francis, and Art Trappier. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The changes of the guard (or vanguard) here occur with bewildering frequency. Hal Schaefer's quartet may well be there now, and it's possible that Phineas Newborn's foursome will join it on Friday, June 15. Closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WEll 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342). . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEd-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ford 1-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGES BRAQUE—A review of his sculptural career as exemplified by a group of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through June 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE CRESS—A guest exhibition of semi-abstract oils by the head of the art department of the University of Chattanooga; through Friday, June 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

RAOUL DUFY AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Over a dozen oils and water colors by Dufy, set against a background of oils by Braque, Soutine, and twelve other members of the school of Paris; through Friday, June 22. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JUAN GRIS AND HENRI LAURENS—Oils and gouaches by the former; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by the latter. Through June 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

ROSARIO MURABITO—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, half archaic and half abstract in pattern, by an Italian modernist now resident in this country; through Saturday, June 16. (Schettini, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

PHILIP PIECK—Lively, witty little city scenes painted here between 1941 and 1945 by a Dutch missionary priest whose earlier works, some of them in Holland and some in the Philippines, were all destroyed during World War II; through Friday, June 15. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

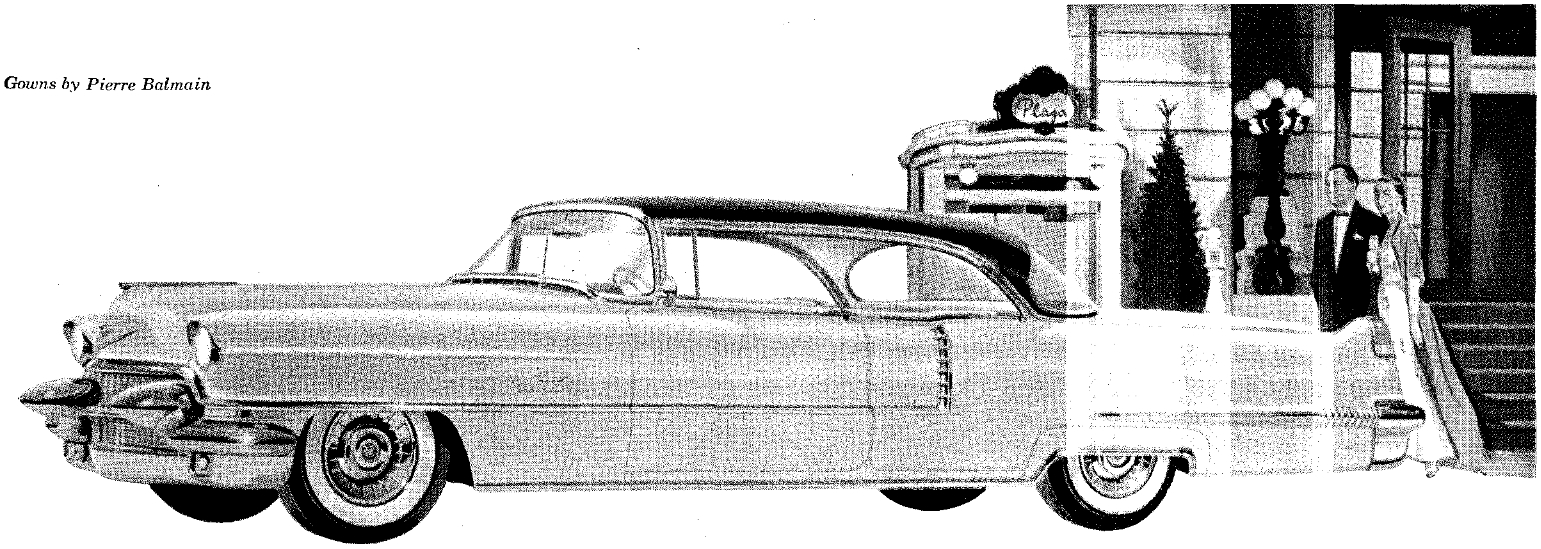
GEORGES SCHREIBER—Landscapes, city scenes, and figures, done for the most part in water colors and on a cross-country tour of the United States; through Saturday, June 23. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings and sculptures by newly elected Academy members (Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth), newly elected Institute members (Peggy Bacon, Ivan Mestrovic, Stuart Davis, Edwin Dickinson, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, and Mark Tobey), and the winners of this year's Institute art awards. Also fifteen pictures purchased by the Childe Hassam Fund. Through June 24. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: In a new sculpture garden, examples by fourteen Americans, among them José de Creeft, Rhys Caparn, Constantino Nivola, and Guitou Knoop; through June 29. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: The first of a series of summer shows, which, as is customary here, run for a month each and are made up of works exhibited during the past season. New works are added as they are completed. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: The second annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" presents items by Varujan Boghosian, Bruce Conner, and four others; through Friday, June 15. . . . **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Oils by, among others, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, and René Bouché; through June 30. (Weekdays, noon to 5.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirtieth spring roundup contains paintings and sculptures by gallery and non-gallery artists—Stuart Davis, William Zorach, and Eli Nadelman, to mention a few; through June 29. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: The initial showing of an American Federation of Arts travelling exhibition, national in scope and emphasizing the younger artists; through June 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by Carl Morris, John

Gowns by Pierre Balmain



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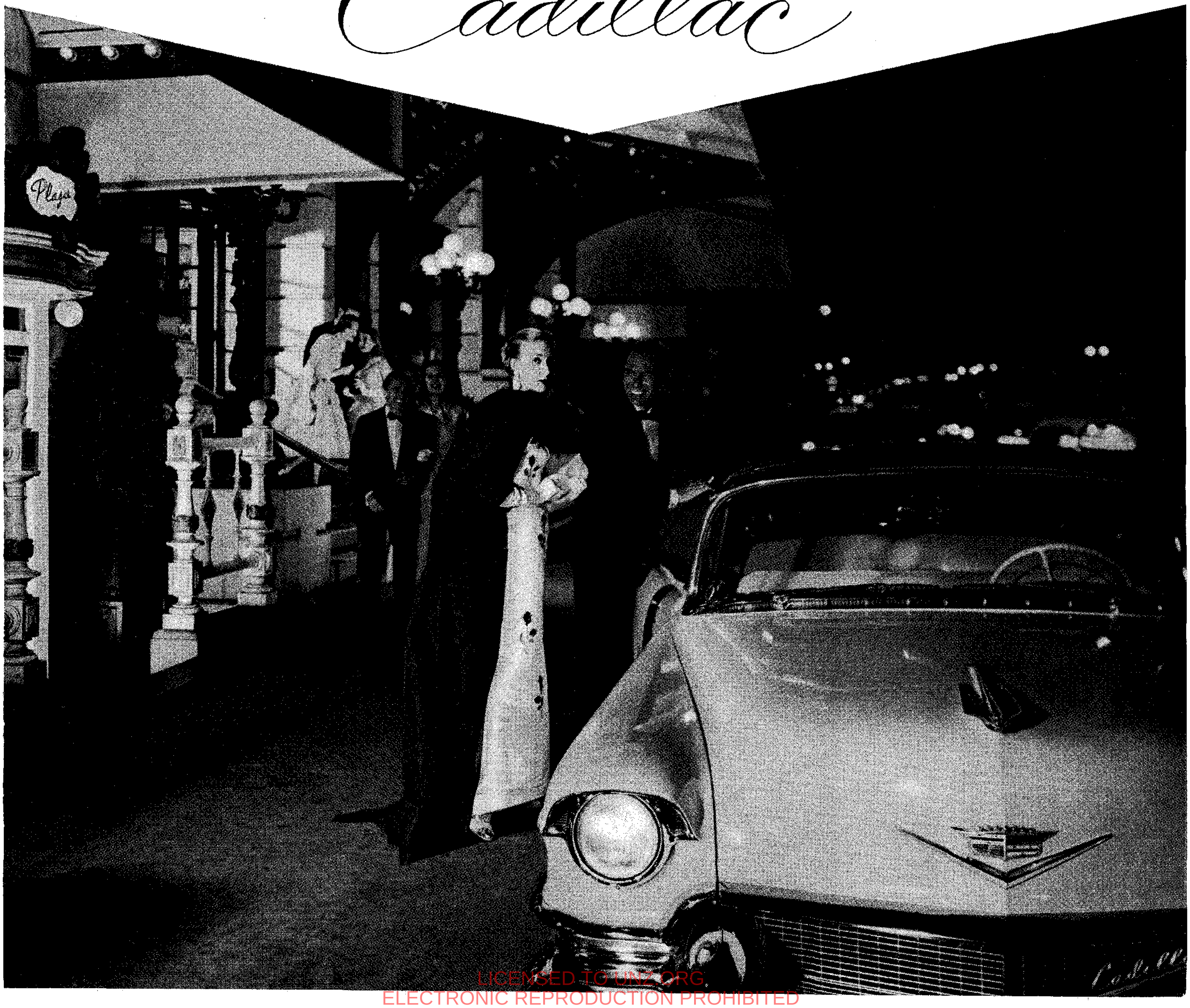

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Elizabeth Arden

Laurent, William Kienbusch, Andrée Ruellan, and Karl Schrag and sculptures by Robert Laurent; through June 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A retrospective of the season, consisting of oils, water colors, and sculptures by William Thon, Isabel Bishop, Arline Wingate, and others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturday, June 16.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Leon Kroll, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 27. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by fifty-four artists, including Harry Mathes, Ruth Jacoby, and Thelma Addison, are shown in the final offering of the gallery's third season; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils predominate in "Highlights '55-'56," a survey of works, new or shown during the past year, by Charles Shaw, John von Wicht, Cornelis Ruhtenberg, and others; through June 29. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are some of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 29. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Charles Le Clair, Noel Davis, Ben Benn, and others regularly associated with the gallery, as well as such new people as Richard Roberts and Joseph Greenberg; through July 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other members of the gallery group; through Aug. 24. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: About a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures, all Abstract Expressionist in style, make up the gallery's fifth annual invitation exhibit; through Saturday, June 16. (Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Canvases, primarily, by Leonid, Kurt Seligmann, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 20. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. Among the exhibitors represented are Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, Renoir, and Maldarelli. Through Aug. 31. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Mirko, Joseph Glasco, Emanuel Viviano, Kay Sage, and others; through June 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Kandinsky, Picasso, Bonnard, and a dozen more artists are on the roster of a showing of oils dated 1911-50; through Friday, June 15. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

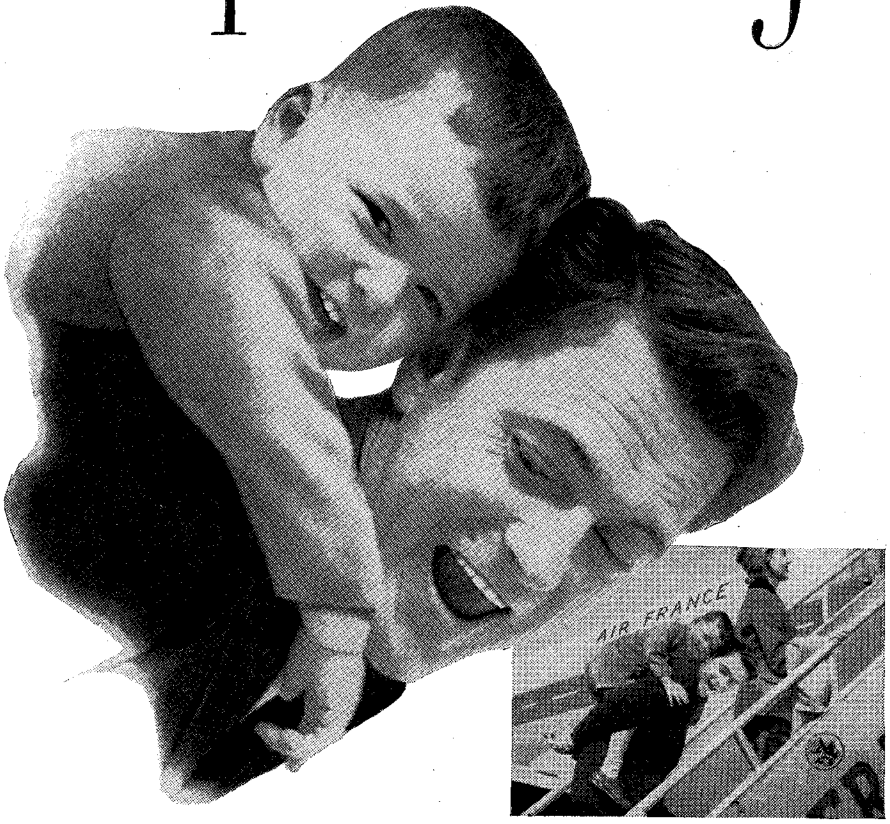
FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, drawings, and prints by, among others, André Girard, Salvador Dali, and Georges Rouault; through Friday, June 22. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by such men as Vlaminck, Utrillo, and Chagall; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary French paintings from the gallery collection, including pieces by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)

GERMANS; GROUP SHOW—Two sections of an exhibition of modern German water colors, drawings, and prints, sponsored by the Bonn government and covering the period 1905-55; through Thursday, June 14. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.; and Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

COLLEGE ART—A continuing series. At the moment, there is a mixed-mediums show by faculty members of the University of Colorado, including Wendell Black, Don Weygandt, and Eleanor Lindstrom; through Thursday, June 21. (Forum, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Saturdays.)

LATIN-AMERICAN PAINTERS—Oils by three young newcomers—Leonor Elorduy, of Mexico; Carmen Esquenazi-Mayo, of Cuba; and Charles Ronald Miro-Quesada Solevo, of

He Demands Dependability



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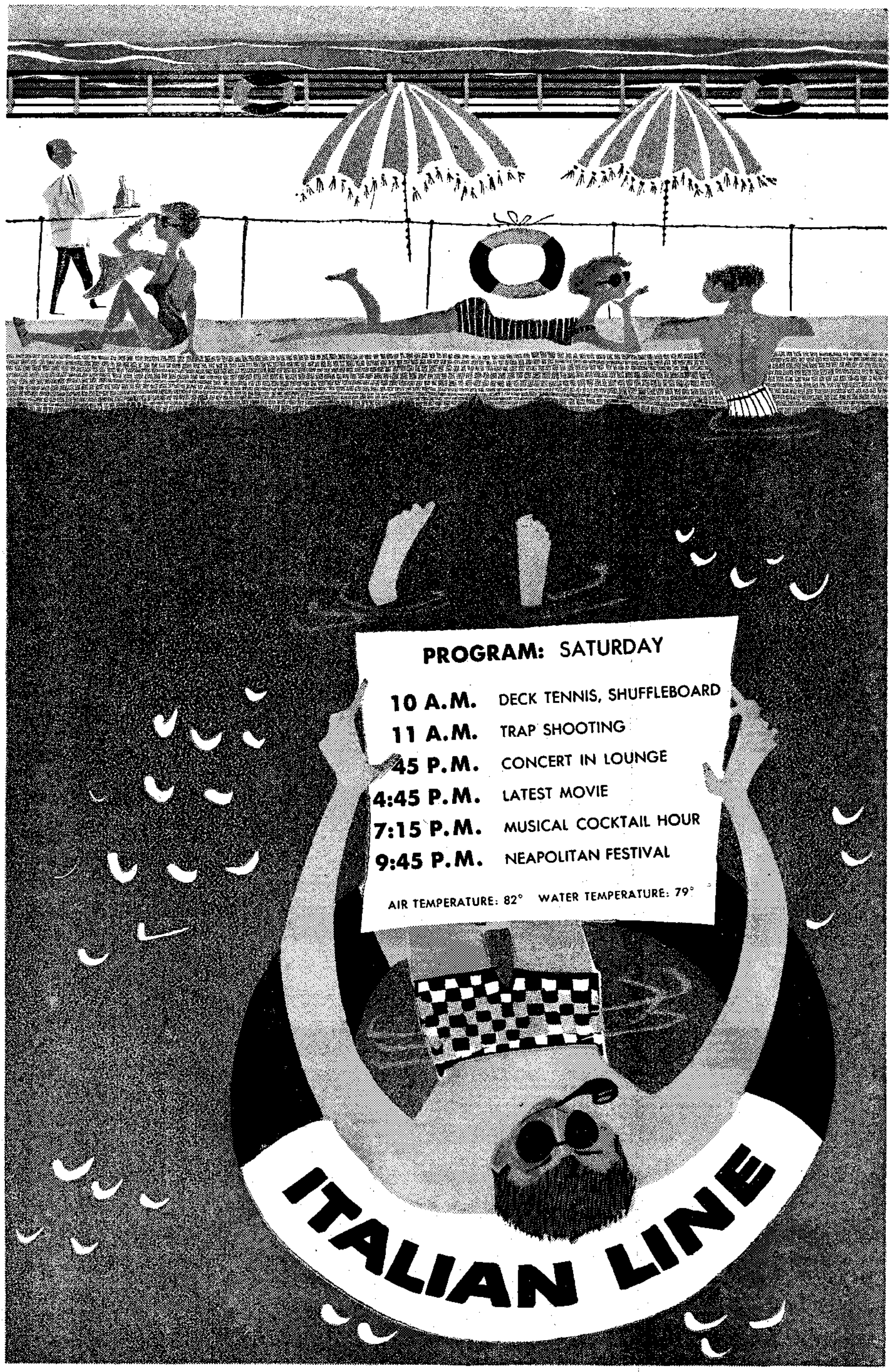
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10 A.M. DECK TENNIS, SHUFFLEBOARD
11 A.M. TRAP SHOOTING
45 P.M. CONCERT IN LOUNGE
4:45 P.M. LATEST MOVIE
7:15 P.M. MUSICAL COCKTAIL HOUR
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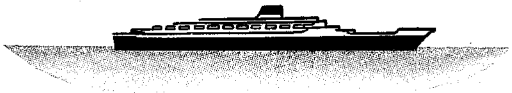

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO • ANDREA DORIA • VULCANIA • SATURNIA • CONTE BIANCAMANO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peru; through Saturday, June 23. (Galeria Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 24.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's massive collection of medieval and Renaissance arms and armor, long off exhibition for lack of suitable space, is now installed in the Morgan Wing, and makes a handsome showing. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Several paintings or sculptures each by a group of twelve Americans, mostly of the Abstract Expressionist school, and including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ten Years of American Printmaking, 1947-56;" through July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than forty objects of medieval art, acquired over the past year and a half, including a thirteenth-century silver-gilt reliquary statuette of St. Stephen and a fifteenth-century Hispano-Flemish altarpiece; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and drawings by Bruno Beran, depicting the life of the Jews of Morocco; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A John Marin memorial exhibition of etchings, drawings, water colors, and oils, ranging in date from 1906 to 1953, the year he died; through July 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, July 28—Monday, June 18: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Marian Anderson, contralto. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 19: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Harold Cone, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23: Ivan Boutnikoff conducting, with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert, Wednesday, June 20. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ The City Symphony Orchestra, Franz Bibo conducting. The first in a series of six weekly concerts. (Saturday, June 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 14, at 2. . . . Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 15, at 8; Saturday, June 16, at 2; and Sunday, June 17, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 19, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 20-21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Friday, June 22, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2. . . . Ebbets Field: Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, June

15, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, June 19, at 8; Wednesday, June 20, at 1:30; and Thursday, June 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 22, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 15: Miguel Berrios vs. Cherif Hamia, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22: Rory Calhoun vs. Willy Vaughn, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. Saturday, June 16; varsity race at 7.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, N.Y. Saturday, June 16.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16.)

Horse Shows—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, June 21-24.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 7. The Belmont, Saturday, June 16, and the National Stallion (for colts), Wednesday, June 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55.)

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 15-16.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Grass Court Championships. (Field Club of Greenwich, Greenwich, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 22-24.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 16.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—In the current show, "From Pole to Pole," the heavens are viewed from different parts of the world, and such astronomical wonders as the auroras borealis and australis and the Southern Cross are seen. Through July 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Auctions—The final auction of the season conducted by the Parke-Bernet Galleries will dispose of the property of the late William D. Guthrie and will take place at Meudon, his estate in Locust Valley, L.I. Included are furniture, china, glass, silver, books, and a small group of paintings and bronzes. (Exhibition, Thursday, June 14, from 10 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at 10:15 and 1:30.)

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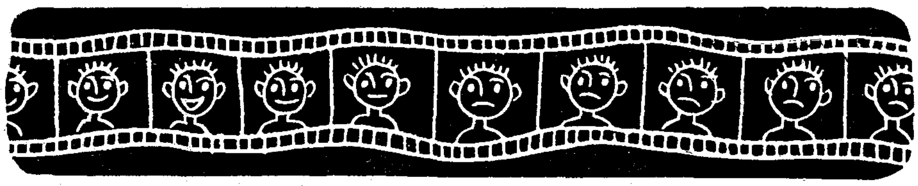
MONICO, INC., NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Diabolique—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that offers plenty of fine, suspenseful moments as the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to effect his elimination, although the ending isn't quite as plausible as it might be. The acting is superb, the cast being headed by Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse, who play, respectively, wife, mistress, and cad. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 15-16. . . . ¶ Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; June 18-19.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's version of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence, particularly life as lived by priests in the area. The priests represented here—whether trying to stave off the Devil as he tempts one of them to speed up a series of Masses before a feast or raising funds for a monastery by the manufacture of an elixir—are all marvellously comical, and the actors, among them Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely, are delightful. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 19, tentative.)

The Man Who Never Was—A reasonably diverting account of how the British, in 1943, deceived the Germans into thinking that their aim was to invade Greece rather than Sicily. To accomplish their purpose, a corpse equipped with all sorts of fake documents was floated onto a Spanish beach. Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng are the principals, and they get very little assistance from Josephine Griffin and Gloria Grahame. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 17-18.)

Oklahoma!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Proud and the Beautiful—In this French film adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre, a Mexican town in the grip of a plague is examined with startling realism. By way of romance, the picture offers Michèle Morgan, as a recently widowed lady who is not long in finding a new admirer, and Gérard Philipe, as the admirer—a drunken doctor all full of guilt because of a couple of medical mishaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; June 14, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 20.)

The Country Girl (1954)—A movie version of Clifford Odets' drama about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 19-20.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 20.)

House of Rothschild (1934)—George Arliss's picture of the early days of the great banking family. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 16, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 19. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 19-20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through June 17: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Starting June 18: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Proud and Profane," William Holden, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
June 14: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis.
From June 15: "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Unidentified Flying Objects," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 20: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger.
From June 20: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd, Dana Wynter.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through June 20 (tentative): "Rosanna," Rossana Podesta.

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"PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM" AT WORK. Philip D. Reed *(left)*, Board Chairman of General Electric, and Ralph J. Cordiner, President, face the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled—nearly 4,000 General Electric share owners who attended

PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM-

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1. We in America believe in providing opportunities for each individual to develop himself to his maximum potential.

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3. We in America believe in high wages, high productivity and high purchasing power. They must occur together. One without the others defeats its own ends, but together they spell dynamic growth and progress.

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5. We in America believe in consumer credit, and have developed and used installment sales techniques to a degree unparalleled elsewhere in the world. Without it our economic indices would be at a fraction of their present level, and new industries like television would still be in their infancy.

6. We in America believe in leisure for our people through a comparatively short and highly productive work week. And the very fact of extensive leisure has produced great new industries which provide means for entertainment, for cultural pursuits, for sports of all kinds and for the do-it-yourself enthusiasts.

this year's Annual Meeting. The Company now has 358,000 owners of record, including people from all walks of life, all 48 states. More than half of them are women; 50,000 are employees, and another 65,000 employees are becoming owners.

what makes it work for you?

7. We in America believe in broad share ownership of American business. Millions of American families now participate directly in the risks and rewards of businesses as share owners; and almost everyone indirectly owns shares through insurance policies, savings banks, pension plans, mutual funds, trust accounts or other investments.

8. And finally, we in America believe deeply in competition versus the cartel. Competition is the spark plug of our economy. It keeps us endlessly, urgently searching and researching for new and better products, more efficient methods of production and improved marketing techniques.

As we see it, the more the principles of America's distinctive brand of capitalism become known and understood, the more certain everyone can be of continued progress — progress which is shared by consumers, employees, share owners, all businesses — large and small, and the nation.

• • •

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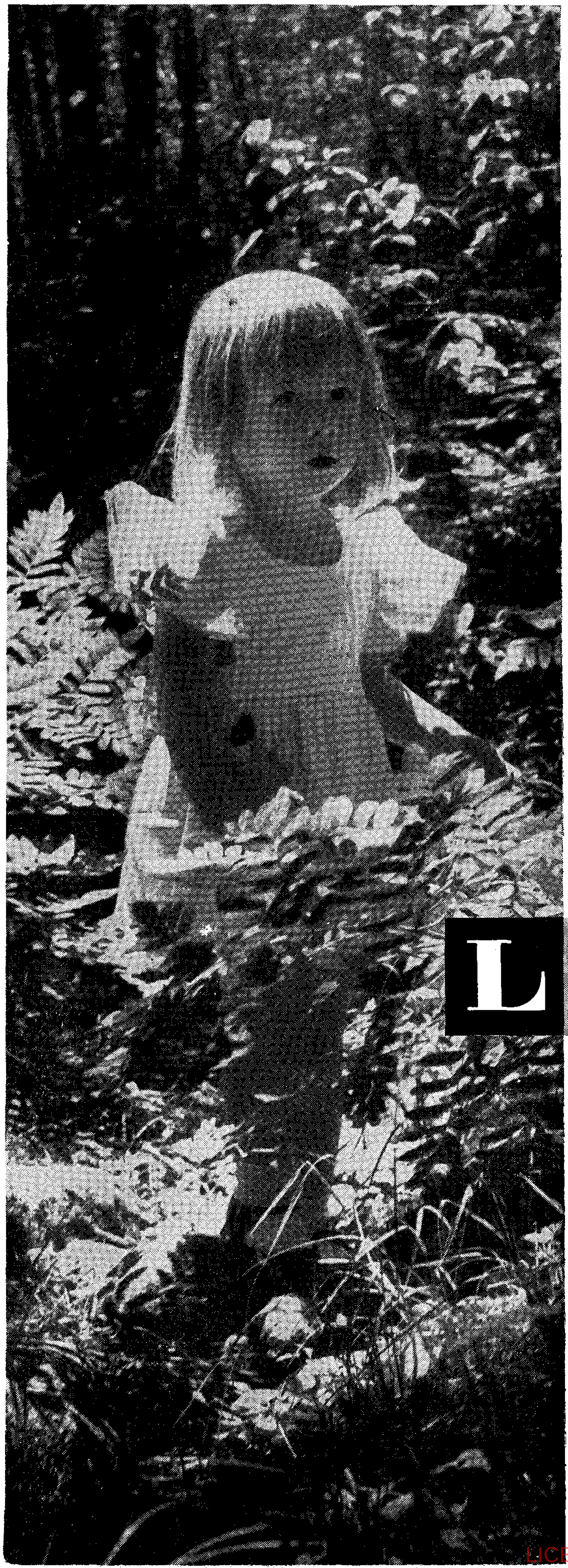
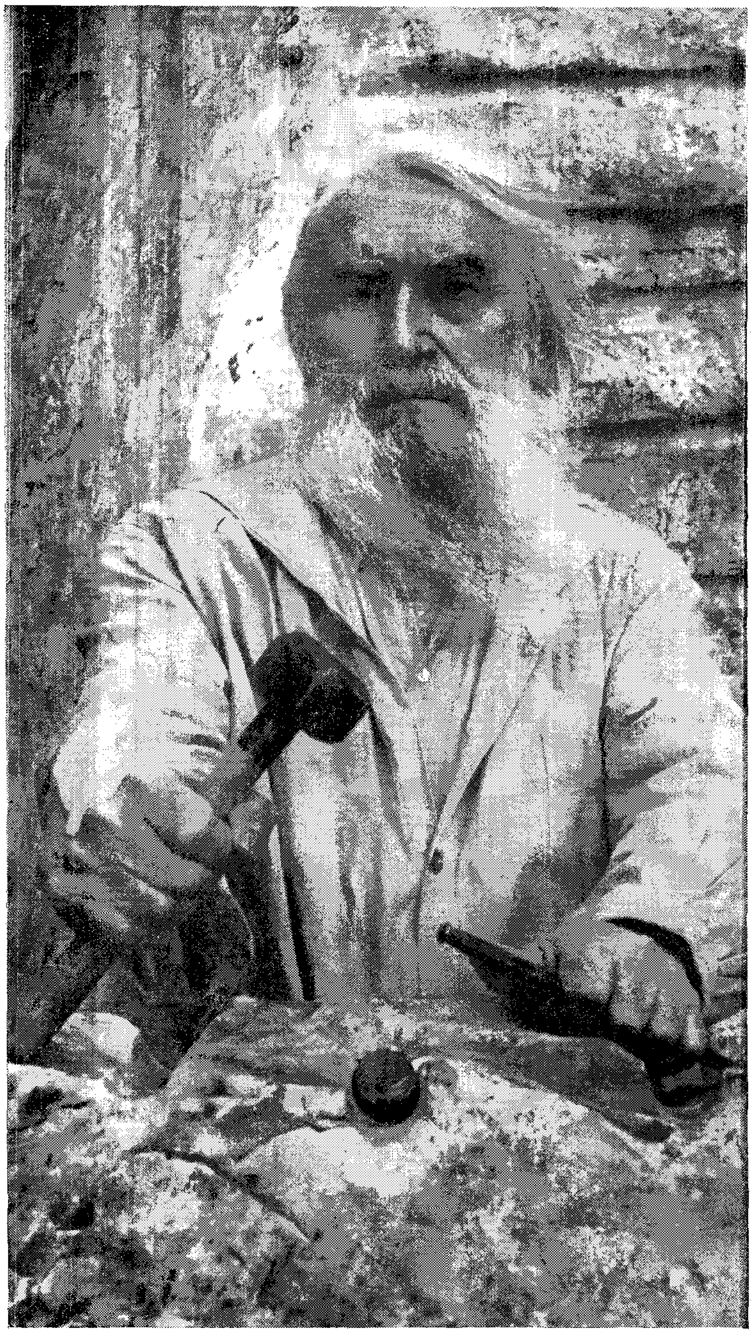


KOSTI RUOHOMAA, LOOK, MAY 15, 1956



FRANK BAUMAN, LOOK, JUNE 26, 1956

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is she not enchanting?
Ma chérie, you have
seen but four summers so we welcome
you as our guest,
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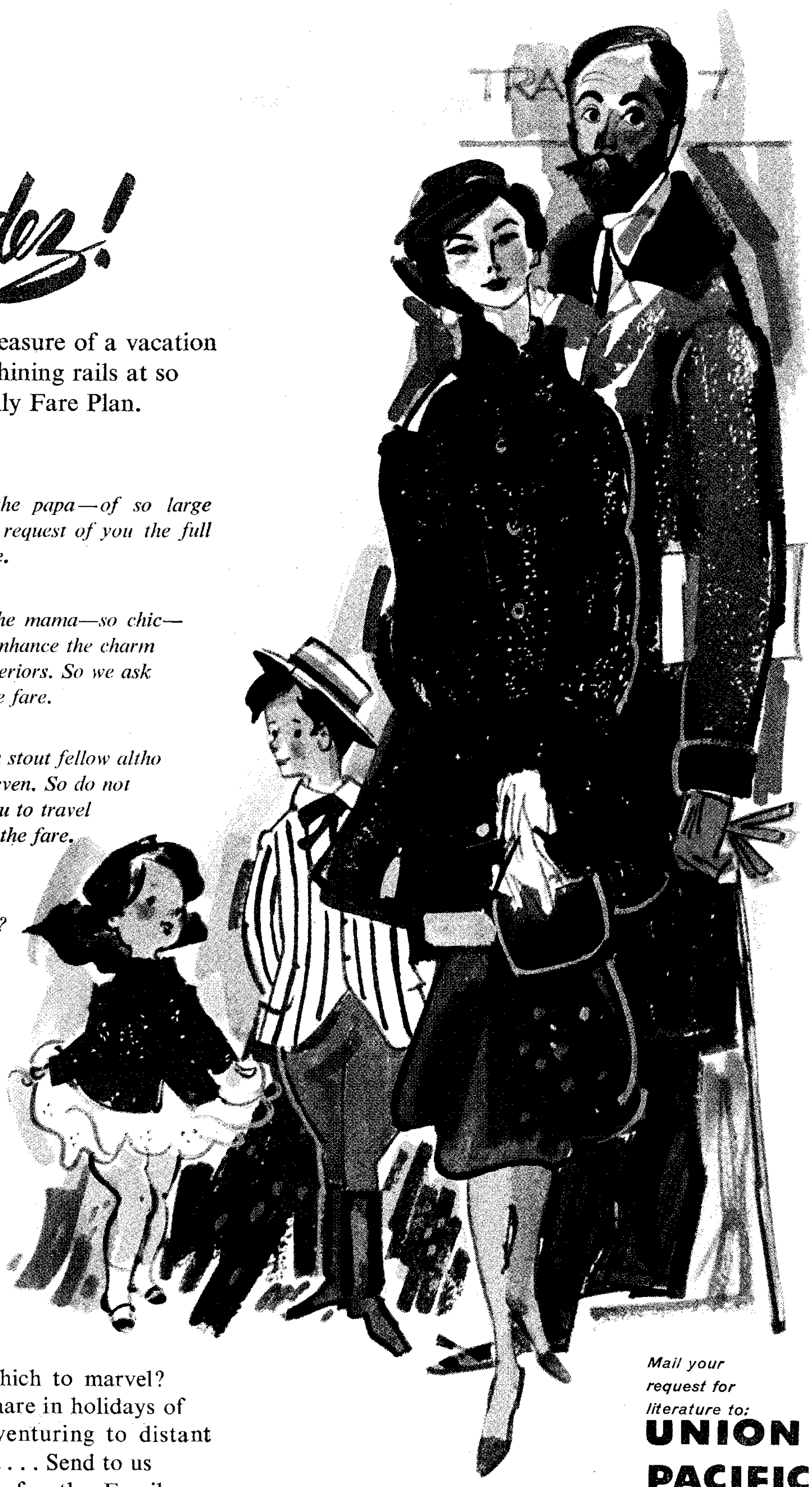

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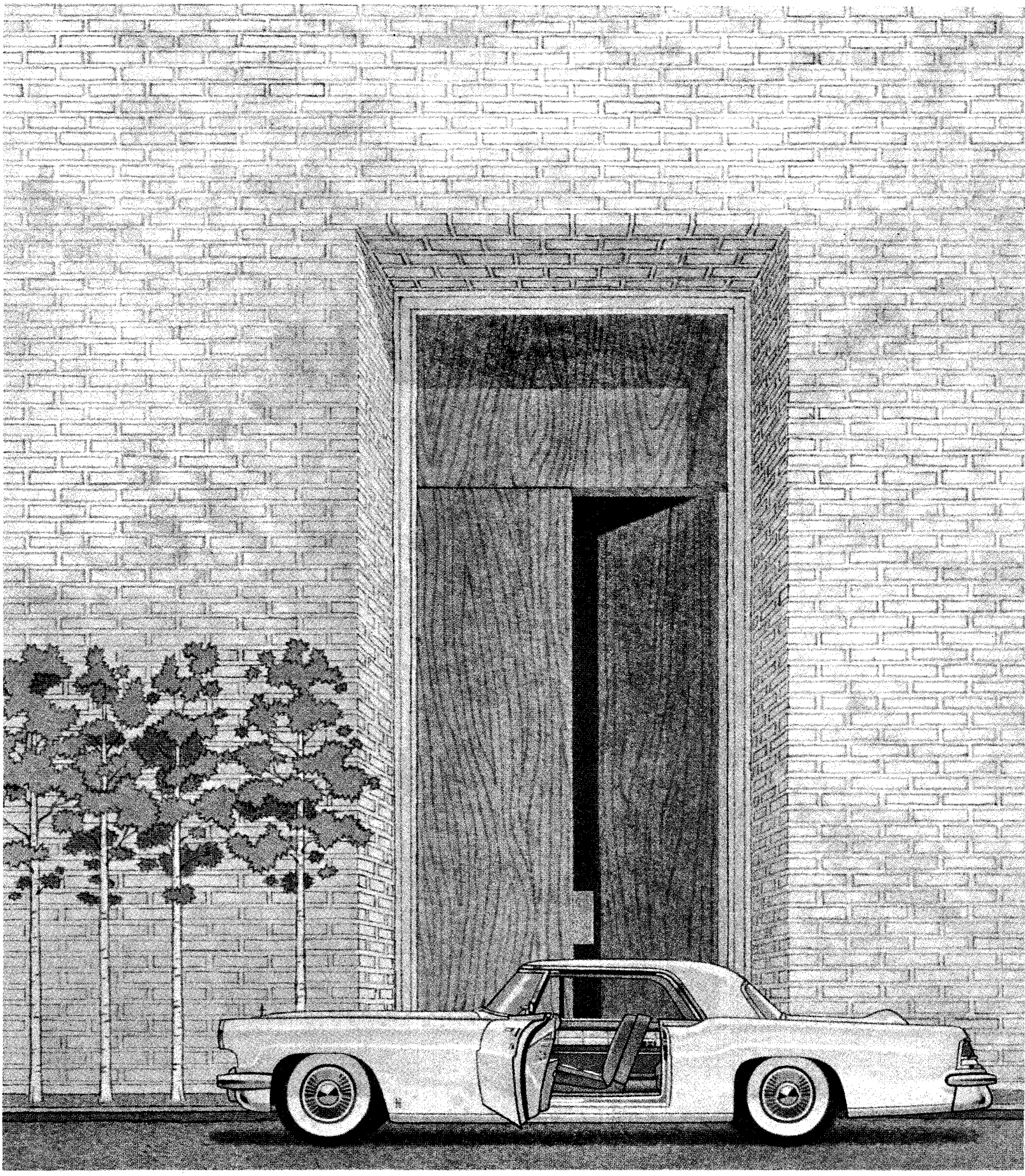

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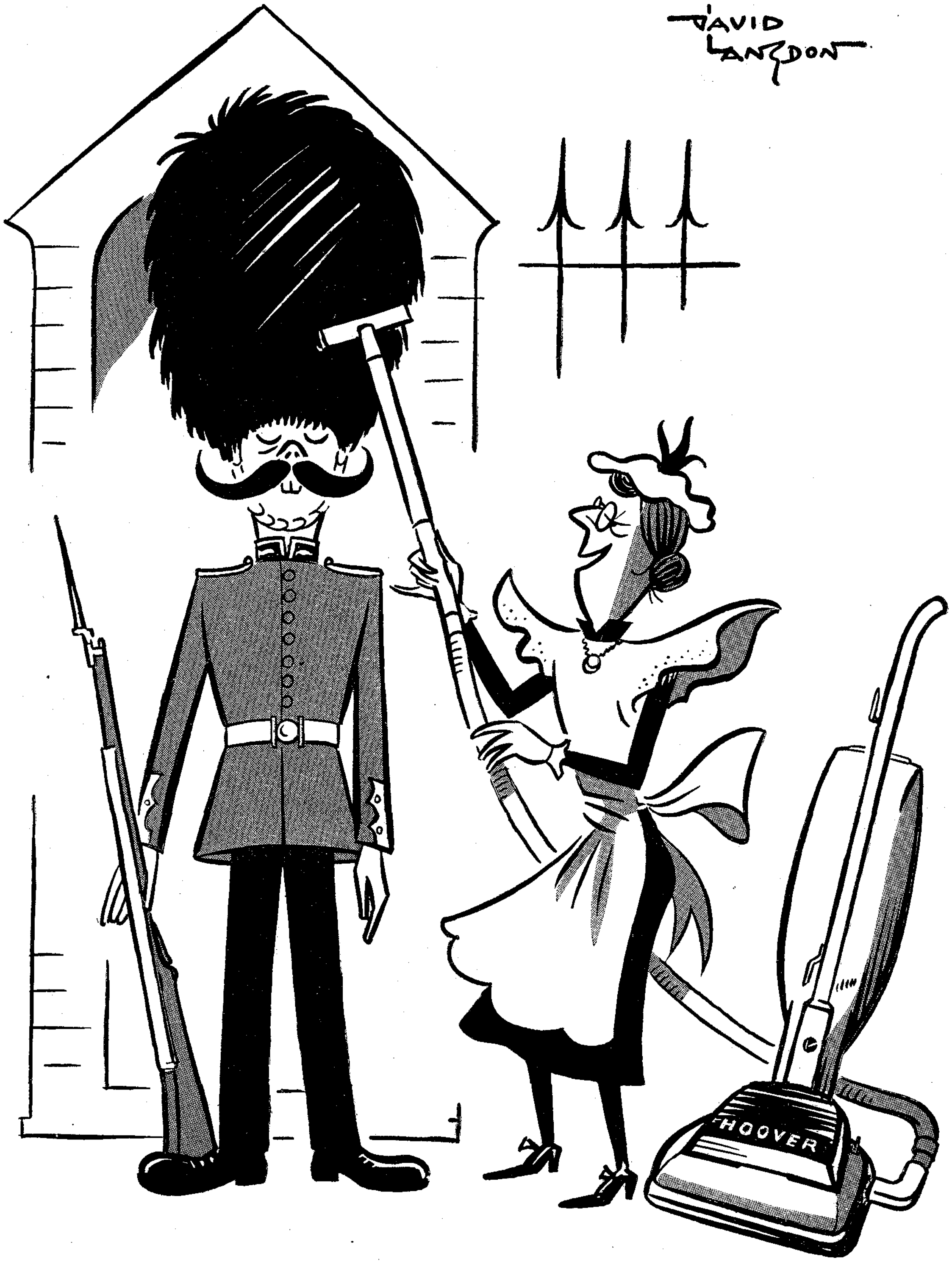

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A friend of ours (a stickler for accuracy) tells us that no palace guardsman would wear a handlebar mustache. "But I must admit," he says, "any proper English maid would use a Hoover." Hoover Cleaners are on the very best terms not only with English maids but with women in 95 other countries. So you can see why we say—

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DELAWARE PARK is one of the few race tracks in the country that admit minors. "We feel that the children will find as much pleasure at Delaware Park as their parents do," a local bus line that runs to the track has informed us in a brochure. We are dubious about this notion. In the first place, few adults find much pleasure at a race track (even winning can be an agonizing experience, especially if one has bet on a stretch runner), and in the second place it's hard to think of horseplayers as parents. The least maternal-looking of women, the least paternal-looking of men—these are the frequenters of race tracks. Oh, some of them doubtless have children, somewhere, but you'd never guess it from their behavior in the paddock. We fear that if they were to take their kiddies with them, half the tots would get absent-mindedly mislaid, and end up scattered about the grandstand like discarded tote tickets.

HUMAN nature rears its head in the damnedest places. Inspired by the sight of a mourning cloak in Connecticut the other weekend, we picked up a recent issue of the *Lepidopterists' News*, skipped over "Some Observations on the Hesperiidæ of the St. Louis Area," "On the Phylogenetic Relations in the Bistoninæ (Geometridæ), with Special Regard to Pœcilopsis," and "Notes on Collecting Lepidoptera in Southern Florida," and turned to "Itineraries of the Wheeler Survey Naturalists 1871—Theodore L. Mead," in which we read:

> Theodore Mead . . . showed an early interest in natural history, particularly butterflies, that led him to William H. Edwards, whose son-in-law he later became.

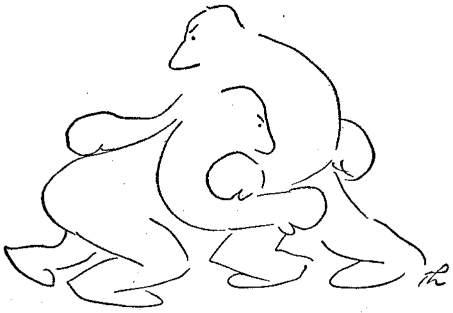
Well, Edwards, as all rhopalocerists know, was a distinguished naturalist, whose "Butterflies of North America" is a three-volume classic, and we thought, How typical—boy meets butterfly, boy meets senior butterfly man, boy marries boss's daughter. Community of interests, father-in-law and son-in-law in same business, something like the New York *Times*—Adolph Ochs and Arthur Sulzberger, Arthur Sulzberger and Orvil Dryfoos. Not at all, though. Much more interesting. Here's what we read next:

> In 1881 Mead . . . [co-]started the journal *Papilio*. The next year Mead married the daughter of William H. Edwards, and after a honeymoon in England he settled in Eustis, Florida, to try his hand at orange-growing. From this time on, Mead's interest in butterflies definitely waned and his love of things botanical steadily increased.

What happened on the honeymoon? "I'm sick and tired of hearing about your father's butterflies," Mead said to his bride. "The hell with Gundlach's Orange (*Eurema gundlachia*), habitat Santa Rita Mountains, Arizona—I'm going in for *real* oranges." And on he went, ontogenetic as you please, as free from tension-producing phylogenetic relations as the second Lord Rothschild, who bypassed his father's bank to become the greatest collector of fleas the world has ever known. No wonder Mead lived to be eighty-four.

Automatic Lunch

THE Vendo Company, of Kansas City, Missouri, invited us to what they called an automatic buffet luncheon in the Basildon Room of the Waldorf the other day, and we accepted, automatically. "Serve yourself an automatic buffet luncheon from [our] new soup-to-nuts battery of food and beverage vending machines," the invitation ran, and, sure enough, the first thing we saw when we entered the room was eight shiny coin-devouring machines, serving, severally, a choice of three hot soups; three hot dishes; three salads; three sandwiches; three varieties of ice cream; a choice of white milk, chocolate milk, and coffee milk; Coca-Cola; and crackers and seven varieties of nuts. Cocktails and coffee were dispensed by hand. Two silver bowls of nickels, dimes, and quarters stood on a small table next to the soup machine. We helped ourself to forty cents, then to a can of Campbell's tomato soup and a cardboard box of hot creamed chicken, and sat down at a long table. We poured the contents of the soup can, which we had opened with a can opener attached to the soup machine, into a bowl, emptied the chicken onto a hot plate brought by a waiter, and turned to the gentleman at our left, Mr. Stewart Beach, the executive editor of *This Week*.

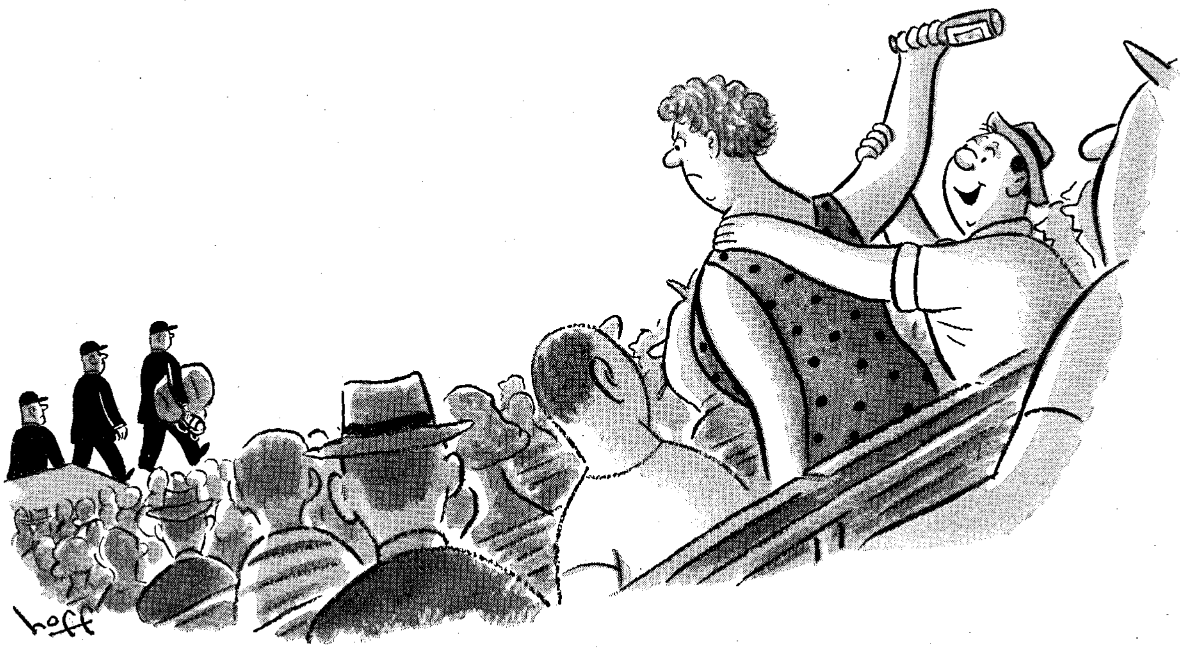


"Pretty good chicken for a quarter," we said.

"Worth a dollar, I'd say," said Mr. Beach, who had invested in chicken soup and a ham-and-Swiss on rye.

"First-rate cole slaw," said the gentleman on *his* left, Mr. William I. Nichols, the publisher and editor-in-chief of *This Week*. "Do you know what the coatroom lady said to me? 'Enjoy your lunch.' Well, I am doing that."

"Vendo is the world's largest manufacturer of automatic merchandising equipment," a publicity man across the table said. "It started with soft-drink machines nineteen years ago, diversified into a dairy line, and now—hot foods! These machines can be placed in schools, industrial establishments, and



"Not yet, dear."

• •

apartment-house lobbies, saving the housewife the trouble of marketing. I bet a man who moves fast can snatch up some of the best locations in the city and make a fortune."

"Automatic catering is the trend," said the gentleman at our right, handing us a card that identified him as William Meeder, Vendo's ice-cream-and-milk marketing consultant. "The Bell Telephone Company and others find these machines useful at night, when their cafeterias are inoperative."

"I'm going to get a cow and bring him up to the milk machine and watch his astonishment when he sees his brother—or should I say sister?" said the publicity man. "What a photograph! Picture the possibility of talking tape on these machines! Comedy gags coming out of them!"

"Suppose you want to talk back to the machine," said Mr. Nichols.

"Wonderful idea!" said the publicity man. "A tape the housewife could complain to! Tell it the soup didn't have enough salt!"

We went back for another quarter and some beef tidbits à la Madagascar, which, when we sampled them, seemed to us worth at least eighty-five cents.

"Where's Philippe?" said Mr. Beach, referring to Mr. C. C. Philippe, the Waldorf's vice-president in charge of catering, banquets, and public events. "He oughtn't to miss this lunch."

Mr. Robert W. Wagstaff, Vendo's executive vice-president, rose and said that his company, which does a twenty-million-dollar annual business, expected to sell two million dollars' worth of the new machines this year. "You will see them in all major industrial locations, I hope," he said. "Our milk machines created new markets, and so will these. Someday, we hope to have a machine that will vend a complete meal on a tray at the drop of a coin. We have an eighty-two-man research-and-engineering staff working on this and other improvements. We're developing a battery of machines for parking lots, that will vend milk, butter, eggs, canned foods, packaged meats, and precooked frozen foods, so husbands can pick up dinner on the way home, saving their wives the trouble of marketing."

We went down in the elevator with the Messrs. Nichols and Beach, and ran into Mr. Philippe in the Park Avenue lobby.

"Why weren't you at the automatic buffet lunch?" said Mr. Beach.

"I'm on my way," said Mr. Philippe, looking guilty.

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WESTERN INTELLIGENCE: A sign in a production-line car-washing establishment in Pasadena, California, reads, "Please Stay in Your Car Until You Reach Vacuum."

Prince Rainier's Consul

FEELING that Monaco had slipped out of the news, and wishing to put it back, we phoned its local consul-general, Mr. Marcel A. Palmaro, who invited us to call on him. "I'm at Lehman Brothers," he said mysteriously, so down we went, expecting to find him lolling in a board room, counting his gains. By no means. The Monacan plenipotentiary is head of Lehman's foreign department and occupies an office embellished with a print of the seventeenth-century war flag of Monaco, a bronze statuette of the principality's late Prince Albert, two paintings of ladies of old Egypt, an ashtray inscribed to him and decorated with pictures of American and German paper money, and a pencil cup with the Peruvian flag on it. "The print of our war flag has come down in my family," he said. "Our present flag, red and white, was stolen by the Indonesians in 1947, when they became a republic. We will have to do something about this, especially now that they have a navy. Prince Albert founded our oceanographic museum. I inherited his statue from my uncle, who was Secretary of the Treasury. The paintings are by a Monacan girl and were done on stone slabs, from which impressions were taken. The ashtray is from some German bankers with whom Lehman Brothers did business, and the pencil cup is a souvenir of our financing, along with Lazard Frères, a cement plant in Peru, at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. Very high for a cement plant."

Mr. Palmaro dropped a pencil in the cup. "I was born in 1907, which was one of the best wine years in France," he said. "I have quite a nice cellar myself. My father was once mayor of Monaco and is now one of Prince Rainier's privy councillors. After attending the *lycée*, I went to the University of Montpellier—France, not Vermont—and then to the University of Paris, where I took my law degree. I never practiced, but went into business. I lost some money in Texas oil, and in the nineteen-thirties I went to Texas to see what was wrong. I became a driller in southwest Texas. The food was atrocious, except for the minute steaks, which I had for nearly every meal. I'm a good cook myself, and so is my wife—a San Francisco girl, whom I married in 1950. We have a country place in Centre Island and do a lot of outdoor cooking there. During the recent flurry about the Prince and Grace Kelly, I received many calls from the press asking me for recipes of Monacan dishes. Clementine Paddleford was insatiable. Monacan cooking is Provençal-Italian."

Mr. Palmaro, who is of Italian, French, and Spanish ancestry, is a liquid-eyed man with an aquiline nose and a forthright smile. He joined Lehman Brothers eleven years ago and became consul-general, an office for which he receives no pay, in 1950. "Part of my job downtown here is to develop connections with foreign banks," he said. "As consul, I travel back and forth, handling things for the Principality of Monaco. Let me tell you something about my country. The business about the Casino has been exaggerated. In 1955, less than four per cent of Monaco's total budgetary receipts—seven million dollars—came from gambling. Half came from indirect taxes—luxury, excise, and so on. One million five hundred thousand came from France, with whom we have a customs agreement. The rest came from postage stamps and the government tobacco monopoly. The Casino is still a big attraction, but it isn't what it was in the pre-World War I days of Russian grand dukes, when it was unique. Now there are over a hundred roulette casinos in France, and you have Las Vegas. Very competitive situation. We have a program of public works—a five-year reclamation-of-the-sea project and a plan to move the railroad, which was built before there were any decent roads. It meanders along the sea through the most beautiful parts of the coast. We're going to put it farther back, in a tunnel, thus improving land values immensely. We will then build luxury hotels and apartment houses. We hope to attract younger people, for sports."

We asked our host for a word about the Prince. "Great sense of humor, though he clams up in large groups," he said.

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STAGE direction from a school play presented during graduation exercises at an uptown private school: "Father exits. Children yawn."

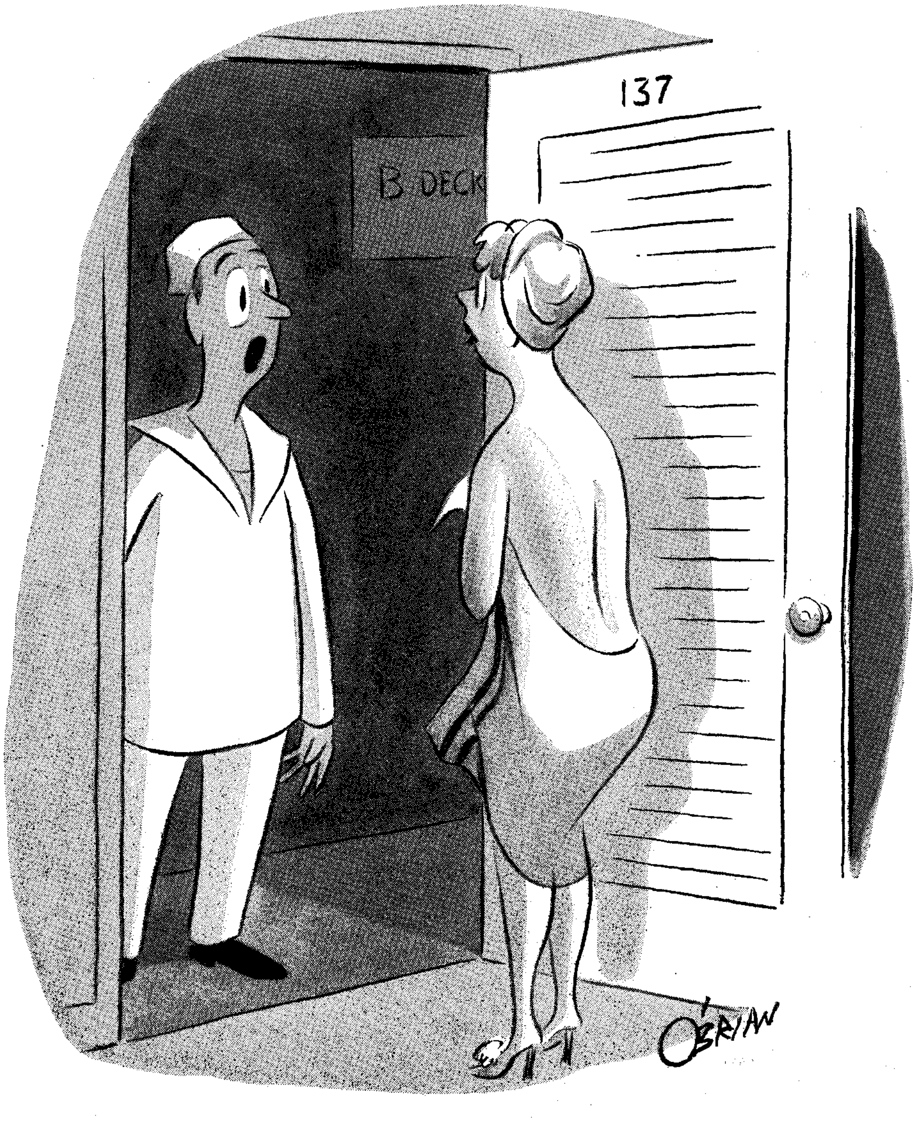
Pets and People

EXCITEMENT is high at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals these days, and no wonder. Last year, the New York Women's League for Animals, which runs the hospital, received three million dollars from the estate of Alfred H. Caspary, a prominent stockbroker and philatelist, enabling it to realize a dream it has long entertained—the establishment of a laboratory devoted to animal-disease research. This summer, next to the little old four-story Speyer Hospital, on Lafayette Street, construction will start on a grand-scale edifice—ten stories, with a penthouse, basement, and subbasement—to be called the Margaret M. Caspary Center for Veterinary Research, in memory of Mr. Caspary's wife, a League director. It will open for business in 1958. Its director, and the present Speyer chief of staff, is Dr. John D. Beck, former chairman of the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Veterinary Medicine. We met him before dinner the other evening at the apartment of Mrs. H. Thomas Richardson, one of the League's officials, and we are now up to our ears in animal pathology and psychology.

"We hope to be the pet-animal research center of the world," said Dr. Beck. "We'll work on clinical cases that come to the hospital, and we'll circularize all the local vets for research material. One of our concerns will be to investigate some of the unknown factors in the psychological relationship between people and animals. People use animals to project on. I foresee the time when animals raised under certain conditions will be prescribed as therapy for human beings. Animals need mental therapy, too. The pathologist at the Philadelphia Zoo told me that unless animals establish successful relationships with other animals or with people, they die."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Richardson, and took a sip of a bourbon-on-the-rocks.

"Many people are hostile to cats, others are extremely devoted to cats," Dr. Beck said. "Not so with dogs. People in general have a calmer attitude toward dogs. One of the basic traits of



"Miss! The sink is shipping!"

a dog is that he will accept people whom society rejects. Cats are probably more discriminating. Another thing is that through veterinary science the course of human medical research may be indirectly furthered. Distemper often develops central nervous manifestations, just as measles does in man. The dog has a terrific variety of tumors similar to those in man. More so than cows. The cow is very resistant to the human strain of the tubercle bacillus, but this does not work the other way around. Hunchbacks suffer from Pott's disease, or bovine tuberculosis, transmitted by milk during childhood. There are far fewer hunchbacks than there used to be, thanks to the eradication of this disease in childhood, and to pasteurization. Animals get diabetes, heart disease, asthma. Dogs never get syphilis."

"How about going to the Passy for dinner?" said Mrs. Richardson. "I've reserved a corner table."

"Man's love for his dog is one of the most stable things in the world," Dr. Beck said as we went down in the elevator. "Parasites are more common in dogs than in man."

We got to the restaurant, and talked about music and books the rest of the evening.

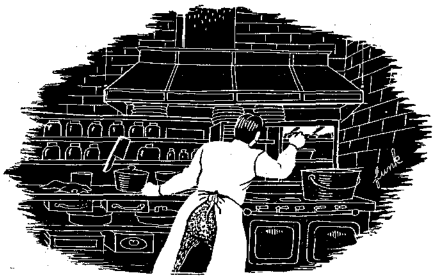
La Vie de Bohème

A COUPLE from out of town dropped in on a Greenwich Village young lady last week, and, over a cocktail, asked her if she knew of any hotels in the area where they might put up. "I don't think there are any around here that you'd find suitable," the young lady said. "But what we want," said the male half of the couple, "is a place where we shouldn't want to stay. We want to be bohemian."

Wright Revisited

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT had his eighty-seventh birthday last Friday, and we called on him a few days earlier, at Suite 223 of the Plaza, which he is using as his New York headquarters while the new Guggenheim Museum is being built. We found him in a large room, facing east. He was seated at a large table, going over plans marked "Archeseum for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation" with Mr. Medley G. B. Whelpley, a trustee of the Foundation and a former Guggenheim Brothers partner. Mr. Wright's daughter, Iovanna, was taking phone calls for him and making herself generally useful.

"We've had 'colosseum' and 'Rameseum,' so I thought, Why not 'archeseum'?" said Mr. Wright, who was wearing a brown suit, a tie tied like a shoelace, no glasses, and a commanding expression. "Why should 'colosseum' ever be spelled 'coliseum'—with an 'i'? It should always be with an 'o,' after 'colossus.' The word looks like a medicine. The Rameseum is where Rameses reposes. No one knows what words mean. You know, the architects come around to see me, the youngsters, and I say, 'Boys, you know what this word means—"architect"?' Silence. I nod to their bellwether and say, 'Surely your leader knows.' Silence. Well, it means 'the master of the know-how.' A free translation, but a good one. A museum is where you seek the work inspired by the Muses. 'Arch' means 'the high.' An archeseum is where you go to see the highest. It seemed a natural word, so I proposed it to Mr. Harry Guggenheim, chairman of the board of trustees of the Foundation. He has since advised me that it has not been accepted by the trustees."



"I looked it up in the dictionary, but it isn't there," said Mr. Whelpley.

"Toilets on every floor," said Mr. Wright. "Seven floors and a below-ground auditorium. A capacious elevator. Gravity employed so as to give you quiet, easy access to whatever show is on. Light so tempered and arranged as to suit the taste of the curator. We have dramatized the pictures. Control of lights makes them more naturally lighted in a less lighted place. We're not going to have those big buncombe frames around the pictures. The building will be the frame. The entrance has an air-conditioned grating that sucks down and will take the dust off your shoes and trousers. I've always wanted to take the dust off people. It will pull the ladies' skirts down, not blow them up."

"No place for Marilyn Monroe," said Mr. Whelpley.

"It's what the old gentleman wanted," Mr. Wright said, and we realized that he meant the late S. R. Guggenheim. "I first showed him the plans twelve years ago. He believed that a depression was in the offing, and that building costs would go down, so we waited. The depression never came."

"Mr. Guggenheim knew that if the depression didn't come, his stocks would go up," said Mr. Whelpley.

"He left a bequest of eight or nine million for the Museum," Mr. Wright said. "Now it's more, isn't it, Mr. Whelpley?"

"Much more," said Mr. Whelpley.

A phone rang in another room, and Miss Wright, who answered it, told her father it was for him. He took the call and returned after a brief conversation. "Man wanted a job on the Museum as a lighting expert," he said. "An expert is a man who has stopped thinking. Why? He *knows*. I had the exquisite pleasure of firing seven experts when I built the Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo, or it never would have been built."

Mr. Wright went back to the large table. "This is the literature of the building," he said, turning the great sheets of the plan, floor by floor. "Writers and artists try to reflect man, but architecture alone presents man as he is. That's why we architects look down on writers and artists. Twelve years of concentrated devotion and emotion over the Museum! A whirlpool of antagonism, defamation, and admiration! Seven hundred and sixty-nine buildings I've been given to do, and they say he isn't practical! How could I be here at eighty-seven with this work in my hand if I'd been impractical? The contract has been let to the Euclid Contracting Corporation, and the building will be up in eighteen months. I hope I'll be there to see it open. I spend a week a month here. I'm going to Wisconsin for my birthday. There will be quite a party this year—pageantry and fireworks. I go to bed at nine. I still drink Old Bushmills. One glass Saturday night and one Sunday night. They're trying to get me down to one a week. I'd become a drinker if I had to live in New York. It's badly oversized. I consider it *fin de siècle*. For a place that is doomed, as this is, it's well to get out of it what you can. Bob Moses keeps putting in more parking places. The more parking places you have, the sooner the place is going to end. This is the old Diamond Jim Brady suite. It's the best part of New York."

Mr. Wright turned to a window, looked out at the plaza, and said, "I asked Bob Moses if he wouldn't get the fountain going. I see there are workmen down there now. Perhaps they are doing something about it."

A waiter brought in coffee and

cookies, Mr. Wright's daughter poured, and we all took seats around a small table.

"I'm a guest preacher at the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity, on Central Park West, this Sunday," Mr. Wright said. "I'm building a million-dollar synagogue in Philadelphia, and I'm doing three private houses around here—in White Plains, Rye, and New Canaan. I love American humor. I've tried to get movie producers to do Mark Twain's 'The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,' but they won't."

"Mother and I read aloud to Daddy," Miss Wright said.

"I always fly to Wisconsin and back," Mr. Wright said. "American trains are no good. They rattle. European trains don't rattle. They have a gadget that keeps them from rattling. Why don't we? Our motorcars are like ferryboats coming down the street. They stick out at all corners. If a fish did this, it would be floating on the surface, dead. That's why I drive a Mercedes. I've designed an automobile and an airplane and a taxicab. The taxi is designed like an old hansom. It can turn on a dime. It's going to be manufactured. It's like the Museum—you have to wait and wait and wait."

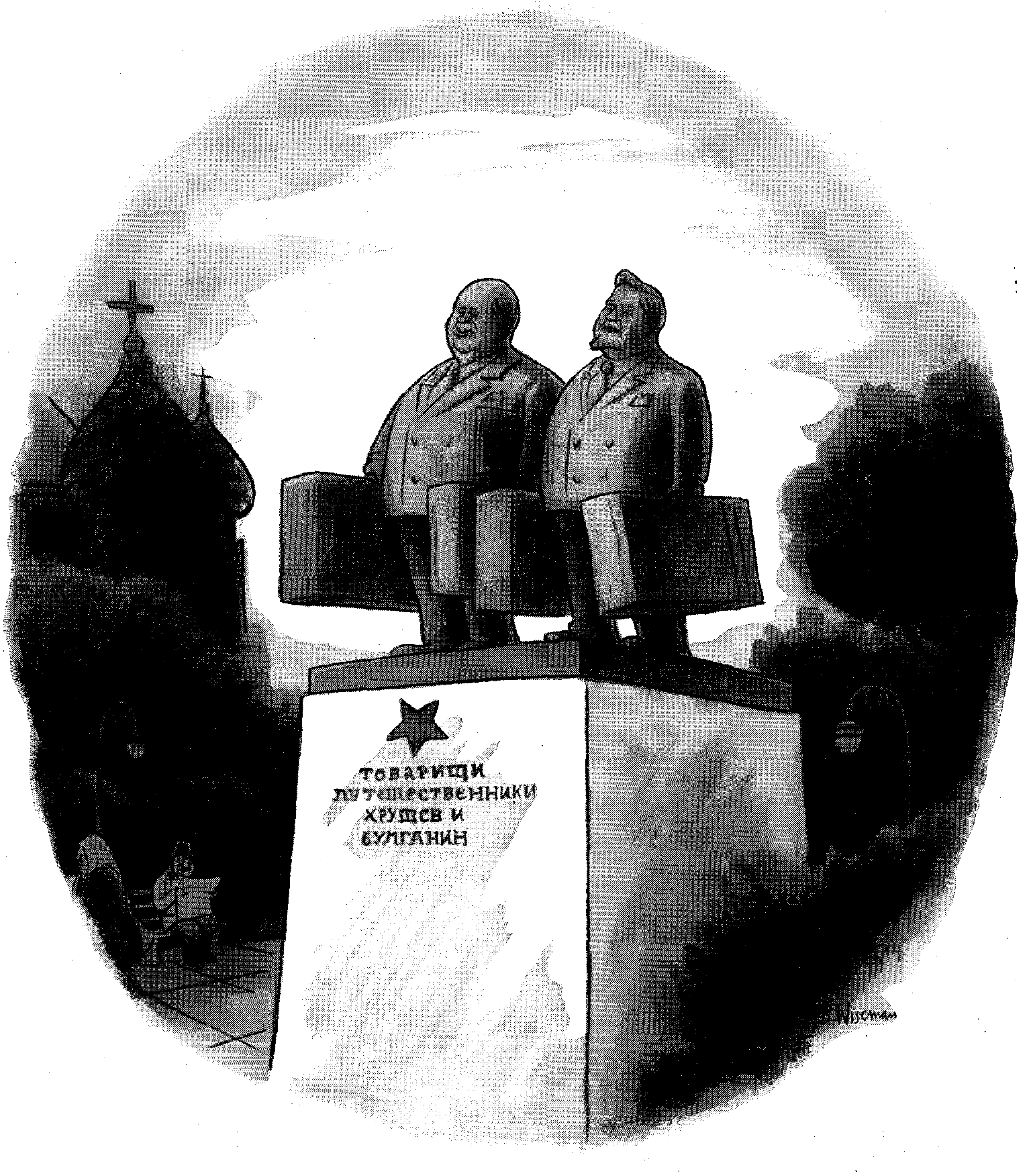
"Mr. Guggenheim's stocks did go up," said Mr. Whelpley.

"The University of Wales is giving me a degree of Doctor of Laws this summer," Mr. Wright said, nibbling a cookie. "They offered it *in absentia*, contrary to precedent, if I wanted, but I'm going to pack up Mrs. Wright and our old kit bag in July and go over and get it. We've worked together for thirty years, and I don't think either of us would know what to do without the other. I already have thirty-two honorary degrees, but this is the one that touches me the most. It would have delighted my mother, who was Welsh. It would have delighted my Welsh grandfather and all my Welsh uncles."

We finished our coffee, wished him a happy birthday, and left.

Supreme

A YOUNG lawyer we met in a Pennsylvania Railroad club car the other day told us he was on his way back from Washington, and then related an experience he'd had down there. A junior member of an enormous New York firm called something like Wickerwallader, Meshach & Abednego, he had received a hurry call from one of his superiors early that morning, asking him to get certain important documents from the office, jump on a plane, and bring them to him at the court—the Supreme Court, where he would be making a plea before the assembled Justices. The young man entered the courtroom, and there a well-dressed guard asked if he was an accredited member of the Supreme Court Bar. He replied that he wasn't—that he was only a member of the New York Bar delivering some documents to his superior, who needed them for the plea he was about to make. "Well, all right, sir," said the guard, after a pause, "but since you are not wearing a vest, it would be advisable for you to button your jacket."

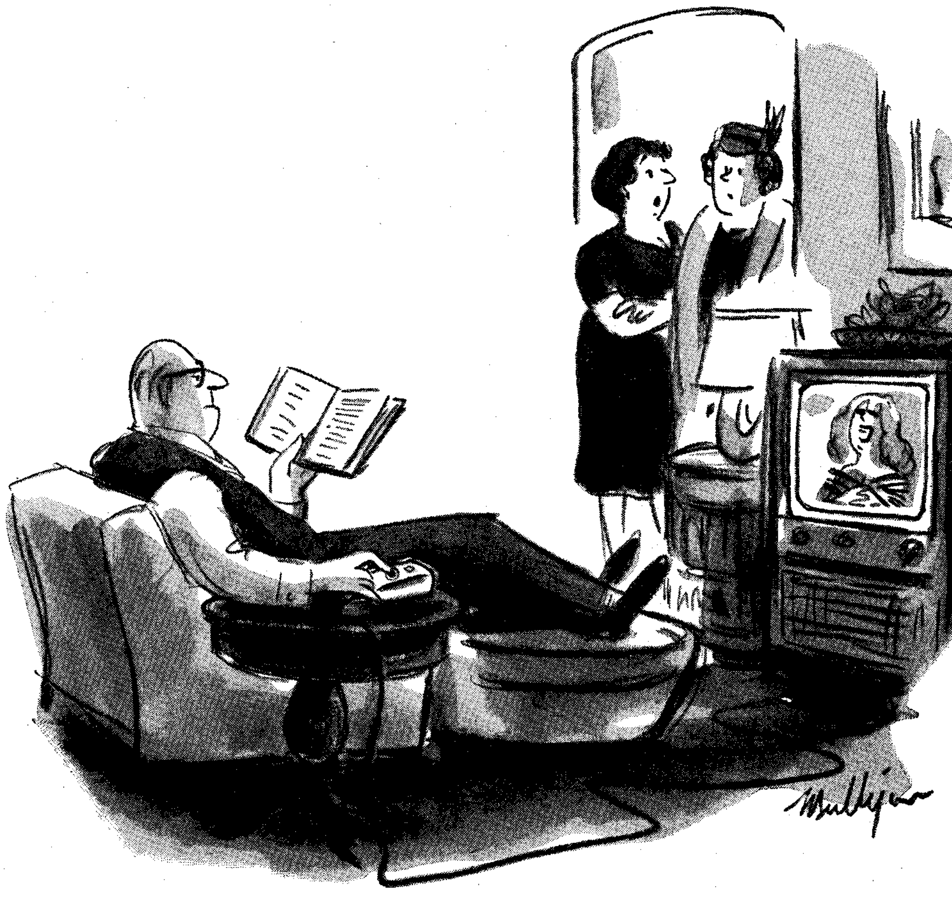


THE DUKE'S CHILDREN

TILL I was a grown man, I could never see precisely what was supposed to be exaggerated in the plots of people like Dickens. To this day I can still read about some mysterious street urchin who is brought up to poverty and vice by a ragpicker and who turns out to be the missing heir to an earldom, and see nothing peculiar about it. To me it all seems the most natural thing in the world. By natural I mean, of course, something I have been through myself.

Having always been Mother's pet, I was comparatively grown up when the truth about who I really was broke on me first. In fact, I was already at work as a messenger boy on the railway. Up to that moment, I had played with the idea as I played with a score of other ideas, but suddenly, almost in a day, every other possibility dropped away, and I knew I had nothing whatever in common with the two commonplace creatures with whom my fate had become so strangely linked. And it wasn't their poverty only that shocked me, though that was bad enough, or the tiny terrace house we lived in, with its twelve-foot square of garden in front, its crumbling stumps of gateposts, and low wall that had lost its railing. It was their utter commonness, their squabbles about money, their low friends and fatuous conversations. You could see that no breath of fineness had ever touched them. They seemed like people who had been crippled from birth and never known what it was to walk or run or dance. Though I might be—for the moment, at least—only a messenger, I had long spells when by some sort of instinct I knew who I really was, and could stand aside and watch myself coming up the road after my day's work with relaxed and measured steps, turning my head slowly to greet some neighbor and raising my cap with a grace and charm that came of centuries of breeding. Not only could I see myself like that; there were even times when I could hear an interior voice that preceded and dictated each movement as if it were a fragment of a storybook—"He raised his cap gracefully while his face broke into a thoughtful smile."

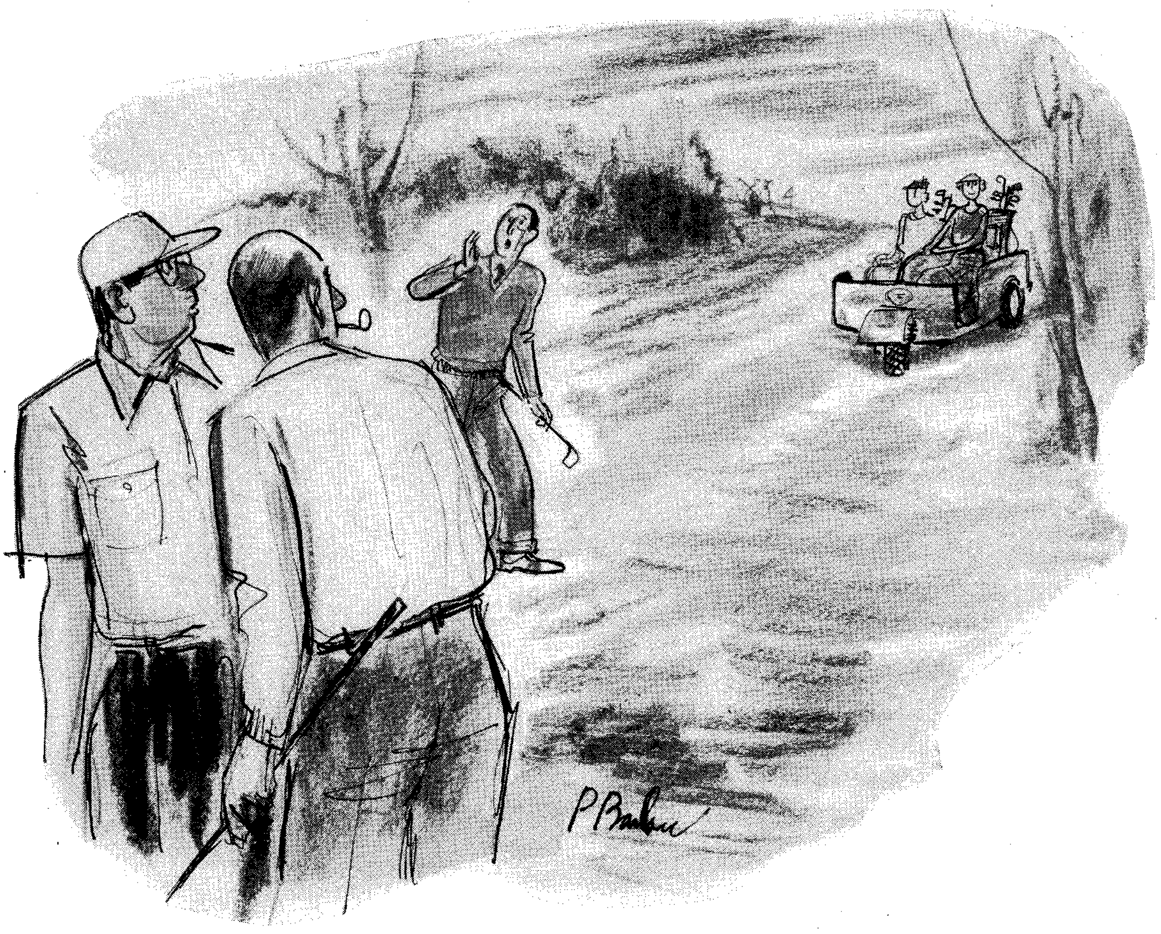
And then, as I turned the corner, I would see Father at the gate, in his house clothes—ragged trousers and vest, an old cap that came down over his eyes, and boots cut into something that resembled sandals and that he insisted on calling his "slippers." Father was a creature of habit. No sooner was he out of his working clothes than he was peppering for his evening paper, and if the newsboy was five minutes late, Father muttered "I don't know what's coming over that boy at all!" and drifted down to the main road to listen for him. We lived in the Barrack quarter of Cork, in a square that had not been taken over by the city council and was as uneven as the day the builders left it. It was not really a square but only two terraces of houses facing each other across a deserted lot. The remaining two sides of the square were provided by the houses on the farther side of two roadways. When the newsboy did at last appear, Father would grab the paper from his hand and almost run home, putting on his spectacles awkwardly as he ran and triumphantly surveying the promised treats of the headlines. When he got to our house, he would stride through the little hallway, which was always streaming with damp, past the parlor where nobody ever sat, and into the kitchen.



"He stopped looking at television ages ago, but he still loves to turn off the commercials."

And suddenly everything would go black on me, and I would take the chair by the open back door while Father, reading by the window, uttered little exclamations of joy or rage and Mother asked anxiously how I had got on during the day. Most of the time I could reply only in monosyllables. How could I tell her that nothing happened at work that wasn't as common as the things that happened at home; nothing except those moments of blinding illumination when I was alone in the station yard on a spring morning, with sunlight striking the cliffs above the tunnel, and, picking my way between the rails and the trucks, I realized that it was not for long—that I was a duke or an earl in disguise, and that I had only to be discovered for everything to fall into its true place. Illumination came only when I had escaped. Most often it came when I crossed the yard on my way from work and dawdled in the passenger station before the bookstall, or looked at a passenger train going out and realized that one day it would take me to my true home and patrimony.

This gloomy withdrawal used to make Father mad. He was a talkative man, and every little incident of his day turned into narrative and drama for him. He seemed forever to be meeting old comrades of his army days whom he hadn't seen for fifteen years, and astounding changes had always taken place in them in the meantime. When one of his old friends called, or even when the woman from across the



"*Fore!*"

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square dropped in for a cup of tea, he would drop everything, even his newspaper, to talk. His corner by the window leaving him no room for drama, he would stamp about the tiny kitchen as he talked, pausing at the back door to glance up at the sky or by the other door to look through the little hallway and see who was passing outside in the street. It irritated him when I got up in the middle of all this, took my cap, and quietly went out. It irritated him even more if I read while he and the others talked, or, when some question was addressed to me, put down my book and gazed at him blankly. He was so coarse in grain that he regarded it as insolence. He had no experience of dukes, and he had never heard that interior voice that dictated my movements and words. "Slowly the lad lowered the book in which he had been immersed and gazed wonderingly at the man who called himself his father."

One evening I was coming home from work when a girl spoke to me. She was a girl named Nancy Harding, whose elder brother I knew slightly. I had never spoken to her—indeed, there weren't many girls I did speak to. I was too conscious of the fact that though my jacket was good enough, my trousers were an old blue pair of Father's cut down and with a big patch in the seat. But Nancy, emerging from a house near the quarry, hailed me just as if we were old friends and walked with me up the road. She was eager and inconsequent, and her chatter bewildered and charmed me.

"I was down getting the answers for my homework," she explained. "I can't do blooming sums. Where were you?"

"Oh, I was at work," I answered.

"Work!" she said in astonishment. "Till this hour?"

"Eight to seven," I said modestly.

"But aren't they terrible hours?" she exclaimed.

"Ah, I'm only filling in time," I explained lightly. "I don't expect to be there long."

This was prophetic, because I was sacked a couple of months later, but at the time I just wanted to make it clear that if there was any exploitation it was I and not the railway company that was doing it. We walked slowly, and she stood under the gas lamp at the end of our square with me. It was funny how, darkness or day, people always stood under gas lamps. They were our playrooms when we were kids, our clubs when we became older. Then I heard these words running through my head: "Pleased with his quiet conversation and well-bred voice, she wondered if he could really be the son of the Delaneys at all." Up to this, the voice had paid no attention to other people; I longed to repeat the experience.

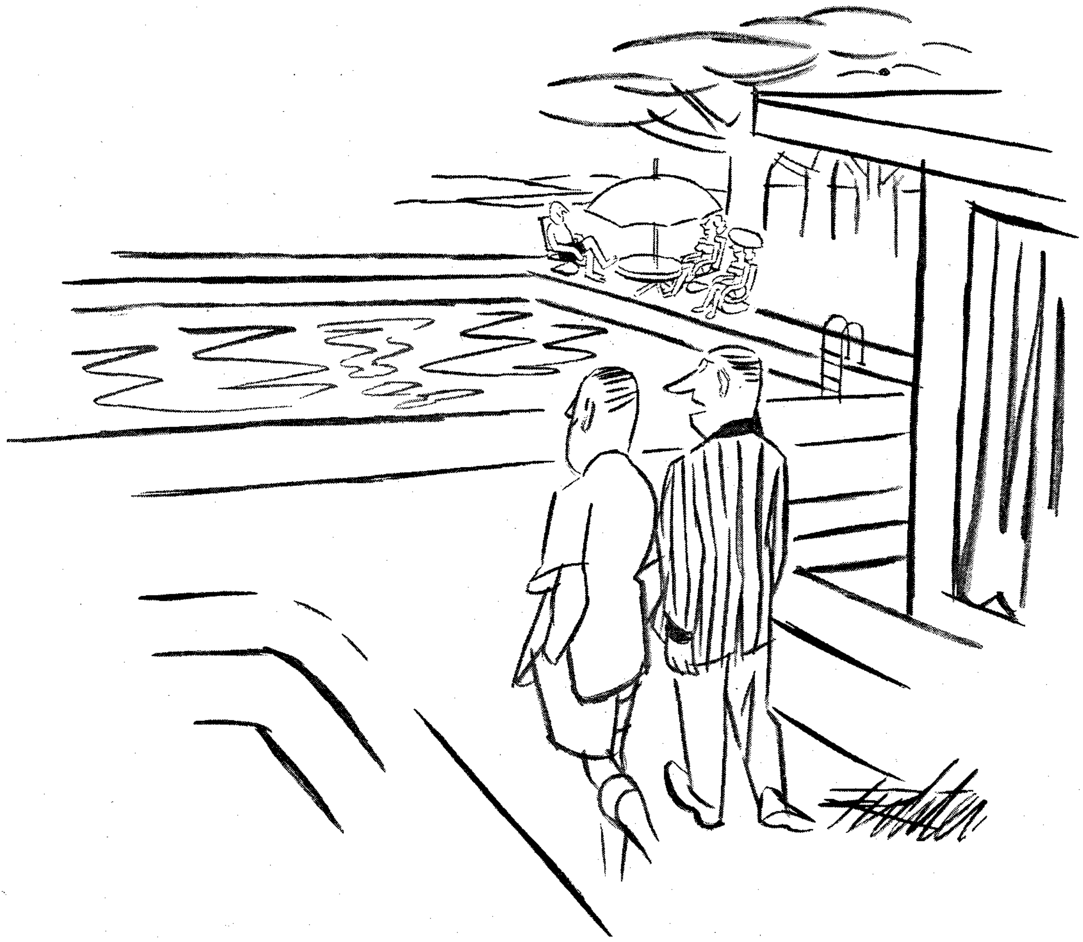
We met like that a couple of times when I was coming home from work. I was not observant, and it wasn't until years after that it struck me she had been waiting for me always at the same house at the same time. And one evening when we were standing under our old gas lamp I talked enthusiastically about some book, and she wanted to borrow it from me.

"I'll bring it with me tomorrow," I said.

"Ah, come on and get it now," she said coaxingly, and I glanced over my shoulder and saw Father at the gate, his head cocked, listening for the newsboy. I felt suddenly sick, but I knew of no way to get out of my dilemma, and we walked up the little uneven square together.

"This is Nancy Harding, Dad," I said apologetically. "I just want to get a book for her."

"Oh, come in, girl, come in," he said, smiling amiably, and we all went into the house. "Sit down, can't you, while you're waiting," he said. Father's sociability almost caused him to forget the newsboy. "Min," he called to Mother, "you keep an eye on the paper." As I searched in the front room for the book, which in my desperation I could not find, I heard Mother go out for the paper and Father chattering away like mad to Nancy, and when I went into the kitchen, there he was in his old chair, the paper neglected on the table beside him, telling an endless, pointless story about old times in the neighborhood. If there was one of Father's favorite subjects I could not stand, it was the still wilder and more sordid life people had lived in this part



"See what I mean about his having no imagination? With all the money in the world, he builds a rectangular swimming pool."

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of Cork when he was growing up. He was so pleased with her attention that he was dramatizing even more than usual, and I stood silent in the kitchen door with a ducal air of scorn for several minutes before he even noticed me. As I saw Nancy to the road, I felt humiliated to the depths of my being. I noticed again that our gate was only a pair of brick stumps from which the cement had all fallen away, and that the square was full of washing. There were two washerwomen in the terrace, each with a line of her own.

But that wasn't the worst. One evening when I came home, Mother said joyously, "Oh, your dad ran into that nice little Harding girl on the way from work."

"Did he?" I asked indifferently, though feeling that I had been kicked hard in the stomach.

"Oh, my goodness!" Father said, lowering his paper for a moment and crowing. "The way that one talks! Spatter, spatter, spatter! Oh, by the way, her Aunt Lil used to be a great friend of your mother's at one time. I thought there was something familiar about the face."

"I'd never have recognized it," Mother said solemnly. "Her aunt was such a quiet little woman."

"Oho, there's nothing quiet about that piece," Father said, but he did not sound disapproving. Father liked young people who had something to say for themselves—unlike me.

It was bad enough not seeing Nancy myself, but to have her meet Father like that in his working clothes coming from the manure factory down the Glen and hear him, no doubt, talking in his ignorant way about me was too much. I could not help contrasting Father with Mr. Harding, whom I used to see occasionally coming from work and whom I looked at with a respect that bordered on reverence. He was a small man, always very neatly dressed, and he usually carried his newspaper rolled up like a baton, and sometimes he hit his thigh with it as he strode briskly home.

One evening when I glanced shyly at him, he nodded in his brusque way. Everything about him was brusque, keen, and soldierly, and when I saw that he recognized me, I swung into step beside him. He was like a military procession with a brass band, the way he always set the pace for anyone who accompanied him.

"Where are you working now?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, on the railway still," I said. "Just for a few months anyway."

"And what are you doing there?"

"Oh, just helping in the office," I replied lightly. I knew this was not exactly true, but I hated to tell anybody that I was only a messenger. "I study in my spare time, of course," I added. It was remarkable how the speeding up of my pace seemed to speed up my romancing as well. There was something breathless about the man that left me breathless, too. "I thought of taking the Indian Civil Service exam, or something of the sort. There's no future in railways."

"Isn't there?" he asked with some surprise.

"Not at all," I answered. "Another few years and it will all be trucks. I really only do it as a stopgap. I wouldn't like to take any permanent job unless I could travel. Outside Ireland, I mean. Languages are my major interest."

"Are they?" he asked with interest. "How many do you know?"

"Oh, only French and German at the moment— I mean, enough to get round with," I said, feeling that I wasn't making the right impression. Perhaps to be a proper linguist you needed to know a dozen languages. I mended my hand as best I could. "I'm going to do Italian and Spanish this winter, though, if I get time. You can't get anywhere in the modern world without Spanish. After English, it's the most spoken of them all."

"Go on!" he said.

I wasn't altogether pleased with the result of that conversation. The quick march had made me commit myself farther than I liked. All I really knew of foreign languages was a sort of strange dreamy pleasure in committing odd foreign words and phrases and scraps of poetry to memory, like echoes of some dream of my lost fatherland. Mr. Harding had three daughters, all well-educated. People were always being asked to his house, and I had been encouraging myself with the prospect of being asked there, too. But if I were invited now, it would be mainly because of my supposed knowledge of foreign languages, and when Nancy or one of her sisters burst into fluent French or German, my few poetic phrases would not be much help. I needed something more practical. I had an old French phrase book, which somebody had given me, and I determined to learn as much French as I could.

I worked hard at French, spurred on by an unexpected meeting with Nancy's eldest sister, who suddenly stopped and spoke to me on the road. To my astonishment and relief, she spoke in English.

Then one evening when I was on my usual walk, which in those days nearly always brought me somewhere near Nancy's house, I ran into her going in, and we stood at the street corner near her home. I was pleased with this, because her eldest sister came out soon afterward and said, "Why don't you grab the sofa?," which made Nancy blush, and then her father passed and waved his hand at us. But my pleasure did not last long, because the sight of her own father reminded Nancy of mine. "I saw your father again the other day," she said, with a smile that hurt me.

"Did you?" I asked with a sniff. "What was he talking about? His soldiering days?"

"No," she said with interest. "Does he talk about them, too?"

"Does he ever talk about anything else?" I replied wearily. "It seems to have been the only thing that ever happened him."

"He seems to know a terrible lot," she said.

"He's managed to conceal it pretty well," I said. "The man is an out-and-out failure, and he's managed to turn Mother into one as well. I suppose she had any brains there were between them—which wasn't much, I'm afraid."

"Go on!" said Nancy with a bewildered air. "Then why did she marry him?"

" 'Echo answers why,' " I said with a laugh at being able to get in a phrase that had delighted me in some storybook. "I suppose it was the usual thing." And when I saw her gaping at me in wonderment, I shrugged my shoulders and added, "Lust."

Nancy blushed again.

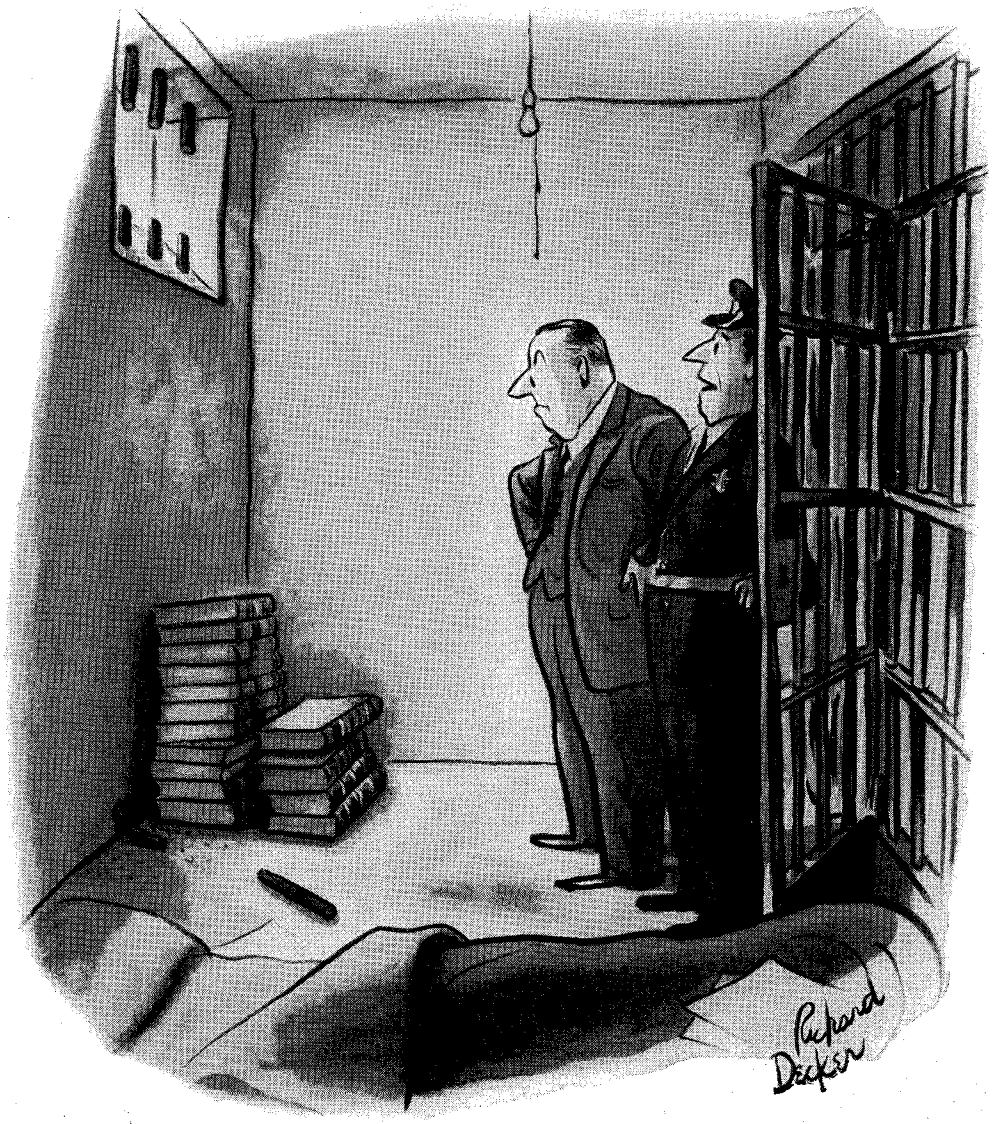
"Well," she said, making to go, "it's well to be you, knowing what's wrong with him. God alone knows what's wrong with mine."

I was sorry she had to go in such a hurry, but all the same I was pleased with the impression of culture and sophistication I had managed to convey, and I looked forward to showing off when I went to one of the Hardings' Sunday-evening parties.

Nevertheless, it struck me that they were very slow about asking me, and my evening walks past their home took on a sort of stubborn defiance. It wasn't until weeks later that it dawned on me I was not being invited because nobody wanted me there. Nancy had seen my home and talked to my parents, her sister and her father had seen me, and all of them had seen my cut-down trousers with the patch on the seat. It mattered nothing to any of them that I spoke French and German like an angel, and that I was liable to be sent off to India in the next few months. They did not think I was class.

THOSE were the bitterest weeks of my whole life. With a sort of despair, in the early-winter evenings, I took my walk past their house but never saw anybody, and as I turned up the muddy lane behind it and heard the wind moaning in the branches, and then looked down across the sloping field to the house, nestling in the hollow with the light shining brilliantly in the kitchen, it seemed to be full of all the love and beauty I would never know. Sometimes, leaning over the lane wall and watching it, it even seemed possible that I was not class, just as they thought. At other times, when I was walking home by myself, tired and dispirited, pride flared up angrily in me again, and I realized that when the truth about me came out, the Hardings would be the first to regret the superior way they had behaved. At such times I always imagined myself making brilliant loveless matches and then revealing coldly to Nancy that I had never cared for anyone but herself.

At the lowest depth of my misery, I was introduced to a girl named May Dwyer, and somehow, from the first moment, there never was the least strain or fantasy between us. Fantasy and



"He was preparing a writ of mandamus or habeas corpus or something, and we left him pretty much alone."

May would never have gone together. She had a directness of approach I had never met with before in a girl. The very first evening I saw her home, she asked me in to meet her parents. This did scare me, I admit, but I promised to come in another night, and at once she told me what evenings she was free. It was not forwardness or lightness in her; it was all part of that directness which made her immediately both a companion and a girl. I owe her a lot, for without her I might still be showing off my French and German to women who attract me.

Even when I did go in for a cup of tea, I wasn't unduly scared, after the first few minutes. Her father was a long, sad civil servant, and her mother a bright, direct little woman not unlike May herself, and the pair of them argued with him, whatever he said. This only made him hang his head lower, but suddenly, after I had been talking for a while, he began to argue with me about the state of the country. He caught me out on several points, and this cheered him up so much that he insisted on my drinking a bottle of Guinness with him. By this time I was in my element; I always have liked a good argument.

"Cripes!" said May when I was leaving. "Do you ever stop, once you start?"

"I like an intelligent talker," I said loftily.

"When you hear as much of my old fellow as I've heard, maybe you won't think he's so blooming intelligent," she said, but she did not sound very indignant, and I had the impression that she was really quite pleased at having brought home a young fellow who could entertain her father. It gave her the feeling that she was really all the time an intellectual but had met the wrong sort of fellow up to now. In the years I was courting her, we quarrelled like hell, but between her father and me it was a case of love at first sight.

Then one evening I ran into Nancy Harding, whom I had not seen for months. It was an embarrassing moment, because I realized at once that my fantasy had all come true. If I had not actually made a brilliant match, I was as good as caught, and yet she was my first and only love.

"I hear you and May Dwyer are very great these days," she said, and something in her tone struck me as peculiar.

"I've seen quite a lot of her," I admitted.

"You weren't long getting hooked," she said, with a smile that somehow did not come off.

"I don't know about being 'hooked,' as you call it," I said, getting on my dignity. "She asked me to her house and I went, that's all."

"Oh, we know all about it," Nancy said, and this time there was no mistaking the malice in her tone. "You don't have to tell me anything."

"Because there's nothing to tell," I replied with a bland smile.

"And I suppose she talks French and German like a native," said Nancy.

That reference to the falsehoods I had told did get home.

"I don't honestly know what you're talking about, Nancy," I said in a complaining tone. "May asked me to her house and I went. If you'd asked me to your house, I'd have gone just the same way. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked in her commonest tone, and suddenly, to my astonishment, I saw tears in her eyes. "And if you had a house like mine, you'd be glad to ask people there, too, wouldn't you? And sisters like mine! And a father like mine! You can grouse about your own old fellow, but if you had one like mine, you'd have something to talk about. Blooming old pig, wouldn't open his mouth to you! 'Tis easy for you to talk, Larry Delaney. Damn easy!"

And then she shot away from me to hide her tears, and I was left standing there on the pavement, stunned. Too stunned really to have done anything about it. It had all happened too suddenly, and required too vast and strange a readjustment of ideas for me to grasp it at all. I was so astonished and upset that though I was to have met May that night I did not go. I went for a lonely walk by myself to think over what I should do. In the end, of course, I did nothing, and it was not until years later that I even realized that the reason I had cared for Nancy was that she, like myself, was one of the Duke's children, one of those outcasts of a lost fatherland, who go through life living above and beyond themselves, like some image of man's original aspiration, till the day they die.

—Frank O'Connor

SMALL ELEGY

In the smart room where Lennie lies,
French draperies are too silk for eyes
That like their hangings plain, like their ties
Thin-striped. Lennie will no more arise

And go now where the cocktail shakers shake
Their crystal energies and pianists fake
Some lovelorn valentines and, on the make,
Mirrored faces join, and part, and break.

And since those wretched limbs, not custom-made
But real and common, in a last charade
Crumble into peace, who's to parade
Up Fifth and down with all his tricks of trade?

The chandelier, the chiffonier, the waste
By-products of the golden calf Good Taste,
Surround his body. To his Never-Faced
Reality, gentlemen, a final toast!

Damn it, he had good taste! That's all he had.
He knew the nearly-good from the not-quite-bad.
Lennie wore the first vest made of plaid.
Lennie gave it up when it became a fad.

Goodbye, Lennie—fad, plaid, and madras!
May artificial angels and high brass
Proclaim a high-fidelity Mass
When you step from, and into, glass.

—Howard Moss

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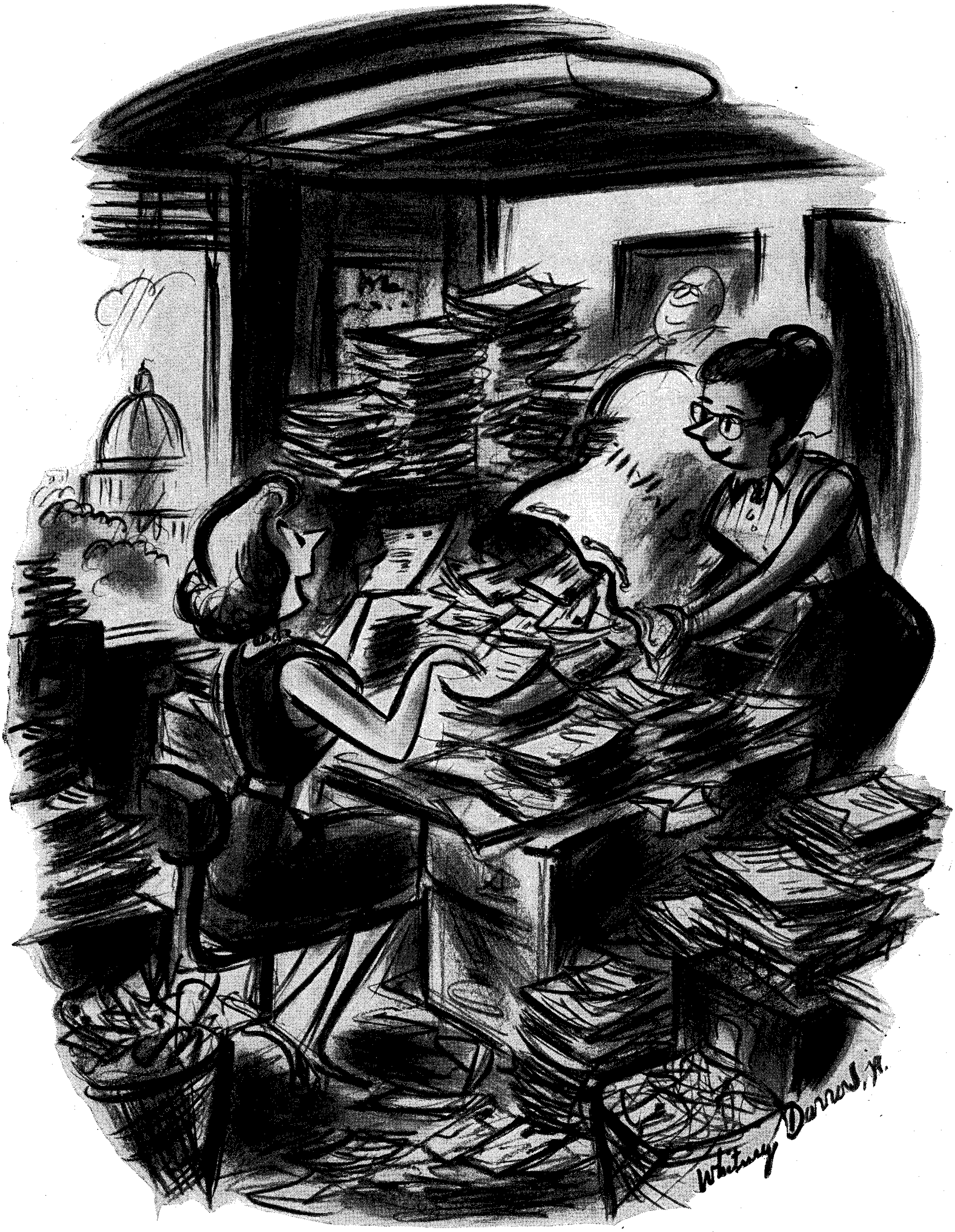

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I just wish he'd go back to saying 'No comment.'"

HOW TO WIN THE PULITZER PRIZE

I TRY to keep a cheerful countenance, but the fact is I have been pretty sore for a long time that I have never won any of those journalistic prizes that are regularly doled out, with appropriate fanfare, on the say-so of juries manned by Norman Cousins, Arthur Krock, Allan Nevins, and other pundits. I think I know how to fix it, however. The news behind the news, a rattling good exposé—that's the ticket. That's the ticket to the thousand-dollar award, the gold medal, the engraved certificate, the first leg-up to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, conveniently located on Audubon Terrace, near Broadway and 155th Street. I say "conveniently located" because it's next to the American Numismatic Society; just up the Terrace from the American Geographical Society, the Hispanic Society of America, and the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation; and not more than a stork's hop from the Sloane Hospital for Women, where your wife can have a baby, the Harkness Pavilion of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, where you can put the baby after it's born, and Fort Washington Park, where you can air the baby later on, if you want to stay in the neighborhood.

The property for the Audubon Terrace cultural colony was assembled by the late Archer M. Huntington, a stepson of the late Collis P. Huntington. The above statement could itself be the news behind the news, because *Who's Who* always put Archer down as Collis's son, not stepson, but I think I can do better. Archer, who died last winter at eighty-five, founded the Hispanic Society, was a member of the four other outfits in its immediate vicinity, and gave away his Fifth Avenue house to the National Academy of Design. The National Academy of Design is just a block north of the Guggenheim Museum, whose new building is being erected by Frank Lloyd Wright, eighty-seven. Heye Heye!—or, as it's pronounced, Hi Hi! The Museum of the American Indian was founded by George G. Heye, who will be eighty-two in September—not to be confused with Clarence L. Hay, a trustee emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History and a director of the Horticultural Society of New York. How I love academies, museums, societies, octogenarians, and babies! Did you know that we also have, right in Manhattan, an American Academy of Safe Driving and an American Academy of Embalming and Mortuary Research? I suppose these academies, which would appear to be at cross-purposes, don't do much inter-academy business, and this brings me, after a lapse that I hope the Messrs. Cousins, Krock, and Nevins will look upon as a colorful digression, to my important news behind the news, or exposé, involving, as it does, a kind of cross-purpose relationship between the municipal Sanitation Department and the Department of Commerce and Public Events. One that is being happily solved, as we shall see.

Garrett Price

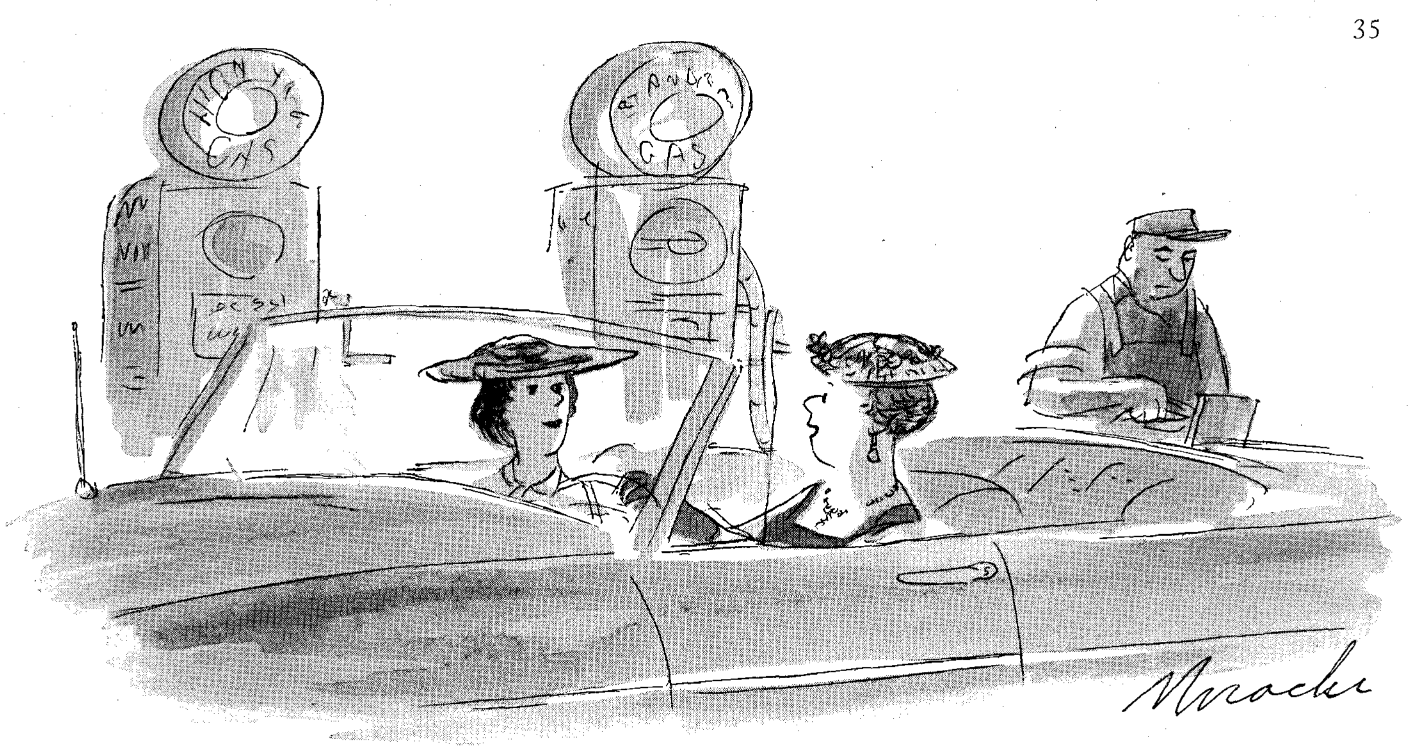
MY exposé, and the vehicle of my coming good fortune, has to do with the ticker-tape parades that traditionally greet distinguished visitors to New York. The most recent of these took place last month; its beneficiary was President Sukarno, of Indonesia. The news about these parades follows a general pattern—the escorted ride from the Battery to City Hall, the Mayor waiting on the steps, the spontaneous, sometimes wild, rain of paper from office windows en route. Well, whatever may have been the case in the halcyon days of Grover Whalen, the news behind the news today is that this rain would often not be more than a dribble if it weren't for some fairly strong-arm, though unseen, tactics. Perhaps not even that; the skies might be absolutely clear. What luck that I am able to document this! I have in my possession a letter, dated May 17, 1956, from the office of the Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Commerce and Public Events to Mr. L. Porter Moore, Executive Director-Secretary of the Downtown Manhattan Association, Inc. I can't say how I obtained this, because we Pulitzer Prize seekers have to protect our sources, but here it is:

DEAR MR. MOORE:

Following your meeting with Commissioner Patterson this morning, I am writing to confirm our request that you inform the members of the Downtown Manhattan Association and others in lower Manhattan that continuance of enthusiastic welcoming of Heads of State with ticker tape parades is urgently desired. The custom, as established during World War I, has become famous around the world. New York City's particular brand of greeting is now anticipated by our distinguished guests.

Not only is this the wish of Mayor Robert F. Wagner, but the United States Department of State is equally desirous that the custom be continued as spontaneously as in the past. Recently little ticker tape has been in evidence during such parades. It is likely that the reason for this can be traced to the splendid effort now being made by our citizens to "Keep New York City Clean," in response to that campaign. On these infrequent occasions of parades to City Hall, the Sanitation Department's sweeping and cleansing motorized apparatus follows up to make Broadway clean again a few minutes later.

Your cooperation in augmenting the



"What I do is, first I take it to one garage and find out what's the matter with it, then I take it to another garage and tell them what's the matter with it."

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rain of ticker tape will be greatly appreciated and will foster international good will in this World Capital.

Sincerely,
Emma Alden Rothblatt

A postscript reads:

> The next ticker tape parade will be on May 23 in honor of H. E. Dr. Sukarno, president of the Republic of Indonesia. The parade will be from the Battery to City Hall at noon. The cooperation of firms en route is requested.

This coöperation was forthcoming. The *Times* was able to report, anent President Sukarno's welcome, "He rode in an open car down Broadway for the city's traditional ticker-tape parade."

Not a word in the *Times*, however, about the news behind the news! In the interests of establishing myself journalistically, and showing up the *Times*, I telephoned Mr. Moore and asked him what really happened. His reply was: "Our Association has a hundred and fifty members—mostly big corporations and building owners, such as the American Express Company and the Chase Manhattan Bank—from Canal Street to the tip of Manhattan. We found that ticker tape was not coming down the way it used to. President Gronchi, of Italy, and President Berres, of Uruguay, two dignitaries who preceded President Sukarno, got hardly any ticker tape at all. These foreign dignitaries look forward to ticker tape, and they were disappointed. It makes an interesting display, and they felt a little deprived. We looked into the matter, after being nudged by Commissioner Patterson's office, and found that the reason for the dearth of ticker tape is that most brokerage offices now use electronic devices and don't *have* ticker tape. Or not much, anyway. Some of them have substitute ticker-tape machines, for emergency use. The Stock Exchange has these, and we made use of them. We got the Exchange to save up old ticker tape for a week prior to Sukarno's visit, and had this put in bags and delivered by Sanitation Department trucks to the buildings along his route. So the Sanitation people cleaned up the stuff they themselves had brought a while earlier! In future, we hope to start the Exchange saving up ticker tape ten days ahead of a distinguished visitor. This will enable us to make a really brave showing."

Well, there you are. The World Capital's enthusiastic, spontaneous ticker-tape parades are being pelted by stale stock-market quotations, and my name is Lincoln Steffens. If President Sukarno picked up any of that paper and acted on it as an investor, he's a gone goose. That's no way to improve relations with Indonesia, or with all the other countries that keep sending us dignitaries. The picture of the Chase Manhattan Bank handing out, or throwing out, misleading market prices is an unsettling one. I suggest that the Downtown Manhattan Association provide its members with bundles of up-to-date *Wall Street Journals* and a few gross of shears. Then those junketing Presidents, busy in their Waldorf suites with pots of glue, will have something to go on.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

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ANNIVERSARY

Where were we in that afternoon? And where
is the high room now, the bed on which you laid your hair
as bells beat early in the still air?

A two o'clock of sun and shutters. Oh, recall
the chair's angle—a stripe of shadow on the wall—
the hours we gathered in our hands, and then let fall.

Wrist on wrist, we relive memory: shell of moon
on day sky, two o'clock in lazy June—
and twenty years gone in an afternoon.

—Richmond Lattimore

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A TRACE OF BELFRYISM

FLORENCE

THE first time I visited Florence, some thirty years ago, I thought it must be one of the world's noisiest cities. But that was before the invention of the Vespa motor scooter, an instrument that has given Florentine noise such technological efficiency that I am now convinced it is unmatched anywhere. The Vespa scooter's aural effect is roughly that of a mobile buzz saw, and its approaching and receding racket echoes through the streets and piazzas of the old town with an insistence that makes conversation difficult and contemplation all but impossible. The racket seems to be increased by the narrowness of the city's medieval streets, through which thousands of motorized Florentines propel themselves like projectiles through gun barrels, their heads bent forward in the style of bicycle racers and their trajectories scattering pedestrians to the comparative safety of the miniature sidewalks. My first thought on seeing and hearing all this was that the Florentines were universally bent on going somewhere in a hurry, but the fact that the whole city can be traversed on foot in about half an hour, coupled with some subsequent observations, showed me that I did not have the true explanation. Most of these subsequent observations concerned a man with a pneumatic drill below my hotel window, who has been engaged for some time in a resonant but plainly hopeless task—demolishing one of the huge pylons of Renaissance masonry that supported the Ponte Santa Trinità before the Germans blew it up to cover their retreat during the war. This man doesn't seem to be getting anywhere at all. The masonry is a veritable mountain of stone and, as far as I can see, is not decreasing perceptibly in size. But he clearly enjoys his work. He starts promptly at eight o'clock in the morning and continues until half past five in the afternoon, filling the whole basin of the Arno with a bedlam that even dims the sound of the Vespas. Between his bouts with the masonry, he spits on his hands, bows with an engaging grin to the throngs of Florentines who have gathered on the riverbank to applaud him, and gestures with pride at the formidable implement of which he is the master. Everybody but me seems deeply gratified by his performance, and it isn't difficult to deduce from this that the Florentines make noise not because they have to but simply because they love it.

These remarks may seem a rather indirect way of approaching my main task, which is to report, as an itinerant critic, on some of the events of the Maggio Musicale, Florence's traditional spring festival of music, but I think they have some bearing on it. Music is, after all, an art that is cultivated most successfully in noisy nations. The sedate and reserved Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians have never been very good at creating it. Its starting point is the conveyance of emotion by means of sound, and, obviously, people who love sound—any kind of sound—are more susceptible to a love of music than people who love silence. This is, at any rate, a serviceable theory for me at the moment, since it certainly applies to the Florentines and also makes me a bit more tolerant of what they are doing to my ears.

Before getting on with the doings at the Maggio Musicale, I think I might properly mention another sort of approach to the festival. That is the approach of Count Guido Chigi-Saracini, an enormously wealthy Tuscan nobleman who lives in the nearby city of Siena and is widely regarded as Italy's greatest patron of music. Count Chigi's approach to the Maggio Musicale consists of not approaching it at all. This is a cause of considerable regret to the Florentines, since Count Chigi is the outstanding musical monument of Tuscany, and a visit from him would confer on their festival a dignity nearly comparable to that attendant upon a visit from the Pope. But Count Chigi has rarely travelled the forty miles of winding highway that connects his city with Florence, and he has never in his life deigned to spend the night here. The suggestion that he might sometime do so induces in him an air of utter outrage. "What? In Florence?" he asks rhetorically, as if the reason for his refusal were self-evident. The reason, actually, is rather complex, and has nothing whatever to do with the circumstance that the Count himself runs a rival festival in Siena, which takes place in September and is somewhat shorter, but by no means less distinguished, than the Maggio Musicale. The Count is above such petty rivalry. Indeed, he is such a great man that rivalry of any sort is practically unthinkable in connection with him. His distaste for Florence and the Florentines springs from far deeper sources. Through a slight acquaintance with him over a period of years, I had become aware of this distaste, and on paying a call on him at his vast palazzo in Siena I found it quite undiminished.

Count Chigi is the last remnant of an ancient Sienese family that has produced at least one Pope and whose genealogy reaches back uninterruptedly to the thirteenth century. The family's money, like that of the Medicis of Florence, was amassed in the Renaissance banking business, and today the Count is occupied in dispensing it on a scale reminiscent of the lavishness of that famous Florentine clan. In addition to his music festival and numerous charitable and civic undertakings, he supports a summer music school in Siena, at which some four hundred graduate students from all over the world gather annually to receive the final polishing that he hopes will turn them into artists. Their instruction, at the hands of internationally famous musicians whom he collects in Siena for the purpose, costs them nothing. Though the students live in various hotels and palaces scattered about the city, most of the classes are held in the Count's own palace, a tremendous, rambling medieval structure, whose cavernous rooms, decorated with sombre damask and plush hangings and an unbelievable accumulation of Renaissance art, have remained unchanged—in atmosphere, at least—since the seventeenth century. The Count frankly describes his summers at the palace as "a sort of musical Hell," and he often retires from the din to a simple upstairs bedroom, where he sleeps on a thoroughly modern cot. Nevertheless, he is a firm believer in the civilizing effect that his aura of Renaissance tradition has on the minds of his protégés, and he is something of a stickler for old-fashioned propriety, strictly forbidding his female students to wear slacks and preferring that they do not wear their hair short. The Count also disapproves of women's riding horses astride. "The sidesaddle is infinitely safer," he maintains. "A woman's knee, thank God, is shaped differently from a man's." Apart from setting forth a few such taboos and prejudices, Chigi treats his musical wards with fatherly solicitude and truly stunning patrician gallantry, and the alumni of his school look back on their experiences there as an enriching communion with the aristocratic atmosphere that characterized the Golden Age of their art. Above all, the Count seeks to instill in the students a respect for the gentler and more gradually flowering aspects of both art and life. "I pity young people who have finished with everything by the time they are twenty," he says. "They moan that life is unsatisfactory and empty. Naturally! That which you have immediately on asking for it is immediately exhausted. It is the lovely slow transitions of life that give it its quality—the first time one realizes that another person finds one not wholly unsympathetic, the first time a gift of flowers would not be considered presumptuous, the first time (sometimes after years of acquaintance) one is permitted to use a Christian name. Intimacy should dawn, not erupt."

"You ride very well."

Chigi is now seventy-six years old. He is a very tall, spare, white-haired man with a craggy, aquiline face and a presence as imposing as that of a Gothic cathedral. He carries the weight of his role as a great gentleman and a living anachronism with unaffected grace and pride, laughing good-naturedly at the incongruities it sometimes leads him into in a progressive world, but firm in his faith in the eternal survival of the values he represents. Though he made a short, early, and disastrous venture into marriage many years ago, he is, in effect, a lifelong bachelor. He loves the company of beautiful women and enjoys the opportunity for social contact with them that his academy provides. His attitude toward them, as toward everything feminine, is that of a confirmed romantic—wildly enthusiastic, worshipful, gallant, and slightly aloof. He is pleased but somewhat taken aback by the occasional demonstrations of affection that come his way from his female students, particularly the Americans. "When I have known them but a short time," he remarked to me, wonderingly, "they come up and throw their arms around me. But they mean nothing by it," he added hastily. "They are so simple and honest, and they have such vitality. I love vitality." The Count, whose observations I have been translating from a combination of French and Italian, is reputed to know no English except the word "Dammit." A friend of his reports that once, when captivated by an American lady who knew neither of his languages, he gazed at her helplessly for a few moments, then plucked a rose from a nearby vase and, bowing, offered it to her with a reverent "Dammit!"

Count Chigi is devoted to the Madonna, with whom, in the words of his American secretary, Olga Rudge, "he has a very special relation." During the recent war, when the Allied armies were approaching Siena, the Count made a vow to the Madonna that if the city was spared destruction he would present a pair of bronze doors to Siena's cathedral. His prayer was granted, and today the magnificent doors—elaborately sculptured, like those Ghiberti made for the Baptistery in Florence—are in place, one panel depicting the gaunt, patrician figure of Chigi himself, standing in meditation before the Madonna's image while the Archbishop of Siena looks on.

Count Chigi's enmity for the Florentines, like everything else about him, is a matter of tradition, but it is not on that account less deeply felt. As many Sienese are, he is a descendant of a long line of Ghibellines, whereas the old Florentine families are descendants of the Guelphs. The persistence of this distinction, involving the historic feud between the Pope and the head of the Holy Roman Empire, may strike the modern visitor as slightly quixotic, but to the Sienese it is still a burning issue. The Count himself feels so strongly on the subject that he becomes quite irritated if a guest at his palace remarks that the weather happens to be better in Guelph Florence than in Ghibelline Siena. Though Sienese have been known to marry Americans, Germans, and even Indo-Chinese, a Sienese who married a Florentine would be summarily ostracized by his fellow-citizens. In the minds of the Sienese, the great symbol of this age-old feud is the famous Battle of Montaperti, in which, in the year 1260, their forces defeated the Florentine Guelphs just outside the walls of Siena, massacring some ten thousand of them and dragging the Florentine flag, with its emblem of red lilies, through the city in dishonor. A glance at the history books shows that the Florentines subsequently clobbered the Sienese pretty thoroughly and that, later on, King Philip II of Spain made a present of the whole city of Siena to the Florentine Medicis. These depressing facts, however, do not dim the glory of Montaperti one whit in the view of the Sienese. Other wars have come and gone, but when a Sienese speaks of *the* war, he means the one that culminated in the Battle of Montaperti. Count Chigi, from the towers of whose palace the news of the Sienese victory was proclaimed, can describe the battle in detail and with the passion of an eyewitness, gloating with flushed pride over the humiliation of the Florentine forces. On the ceiling of the vast music hall that is the central architectural feature of his palace he has caused an enormous mural to be painted. In tribute to the art of music, it contains likenesses of the great musicians Guido d'Arezzo, Frescobaldi, Palestrina, and Monteverdi, but its main subject is a huge depiction of the Battle of Montaperti, with the victorious Sienese warriors trampling the defeated Florentines into the dust.

Though united on the subject of Montaperti, the Sienese have their political divisions. For many years, the city has had a Communist mayor, who thoroughly disapproves of Chigi's status as Siena's largest landowner, and who talks vaguely about a coming revolution in which Chigi will be dispossessed, though he agrees that the revolution should be so timed that it will not interfere with either the Count's September music festival or the famous Palio, the semiannual medieval horse race in the town square, over which Chigi also presides. In the opinion of the average Sienese, however, Chigi, as Siena's leading citizen, holds a position of civic and anti-Florentine grandeur that puts him above politics, and during a recent election campaign the walls

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of the city were chalked with the somewhat incongruous but resplendent slogan

VIVA IL COMUNISMO!
VIVA CHIGI!
VIVA MONTAPERTI!

The Florentines—who, after all, inhabit a considerably larger city than Siena—regard this intensely embattled attitude with a combination of sadness and humor. They refer to it as *campanilismo*, a word that may be roughly translated as "belfryism" and that connotes something by no means uncommon among the residents of Italian towns. A *campanilista* is a man who believes that the people surrounding his own campanile are the truly civilized élite of the earth, while those surrounding other campaniles are apt to be thieves and assassins. *Campanilismo* is nationalism reduced to parochial dimensions, and it is a real political force in Italy, even though enlightened Italians are inclined to smile at it. And even though the Florentines smile at the *campanilismo* of the Sienese, they are not without traces of the same complaint.

I came across a rather fine example of *campanilismo* some years ago, when a Florentine pianist and composer—a Maestro Brugnoli—fixed me with a sober stare and said, "Of course, everybody knows that all good music is Italian, and that it was the Florentines who invented it."

This arresting statement struck me at the time as utterly outrageous, and I collected myself sufficiently to ask, "What about Bach and Mozart?"

"Typically Italian composers," he replied blandly.

"And Wagner?"

"Well, when Wagner is good, he is typically Italian. Unfortunately, his work is somewhat uneven in quality."

I have since become more indulgent toward Maestro Brugnoli's views. It is, of course, true that the style of Bach and Mozart, like that of nearly all eighteenth-century music, owes much to Italian influence, and it is also true that the Italians, throughout musical history, have hewed firmly in their music to certain basic aesthetic principles, from which the peoples of the north have sometimes deviated, to their peril. The Italians have never lost sight of two important facts—that the essential ingredient of the art is melody, and that all good melody originates in the glorious traditions of song. The intellectual divergences from these principles that show up in the foggy chromaticism of Wagner, in the impressionism of Debussy, and in the arid cerebral idiom of the modern twelve-tone composers have all been evolved outside Italy, and anyone who agrees that singable melody is the essence of music is justified in the view that these divergences are responsible for a good deal that is extra-musical. Thus, the Italians, in their firm addiction to melody, do have some claim to consideration as the musical nation par excellence, and their simple, direct approach to music may well survive all the mental complexities that have been heaped upon the art in other environments. Moreover, the second part of Maestro Brugnoli's statement, while oversimplified, also contains an element of truth. It is not true that the Florentines invented music, but it is an undeniable fact that they invented the art of opera. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, under the rather curious impression that they were re-creating the Greek drama, a group of Florentines, including Jacopo Peri, the great musical innovator, and Vincenzio Galilei, father of the astronomer Galileo, gathered at the palace of Count Giovanni Bardi, in Florence, to work out a new theatrical art form, in which song was to be substituted for speech. This new form caught on with tremendous speed, and although its major developments took place outside Florence, the credit for its origin rests securely with the Florentines. The presence of a chorus as a standard feature of most operas today is a remnant of the supposedly Greek tradition these Florentines sought to revive—a survival into modern times of the chorus of Sophocles and Euripides.

Having invented opera, the Florentines apparently soon lost interest in it. The important music of Italy has mostly been composed in other cities, and the only widely celebrated musical figures Florence has since contributed to the world are Jean Baptiste Lully and Luigi Cherubini (both composers whose careers were associated with France, rather than with Italy), the pianist, composer, and musical theoretician Ferruccio Busoni (although even he was actually from a town a few miles away), and the singer Luisa Tetrazzini. Count Bardi's palace, where the historic invention was made, still stands on the Via de' Benci, near the Arno, and bears a marble plaque that proclaims Bardi's prowess as a military man but makes only a casual reference to the group of musicians (known as the Florentine Camerata) who gathered there in the fifteen-hundreds. The old palace has a rather run-down and neglected appearance and has been divided into several private apartments. After locating it, with some difficulty, I approached the concierge with the idea of visiting the rooms in which Peri, Galilei, and their companions had thought out the principles of Italy's greatest musical art form. But she told me such a visit was impossible. In fact, she seemed slightly mystified that anyone should display an interest in the ancient edifice whose keys were entrusted to her.

THE Maggio Musicale, on the strength of which Florence makes its present claim to being one of Italy's leading musical centers, owes more to the city's status as a tourist attraction than to any outstanding musicality on the part of today's Florentines. It is supported by a grant from the Italian government. The opera house in which its most important productions take place—an old theatre that was once known as the Politeama Fiorentino and is now called the Teatro Comunale—is, of course, Florentine, and so are the permanent and quite serviceable orchestra and chorus. The operatic casts, conductors, and artists who participate in the festival, however, are drawn largely from other parts of Italy and from the rest of the world, so the affair has an international character, and, thanks to the brisk tourist trade, it has an international audience as well. Its

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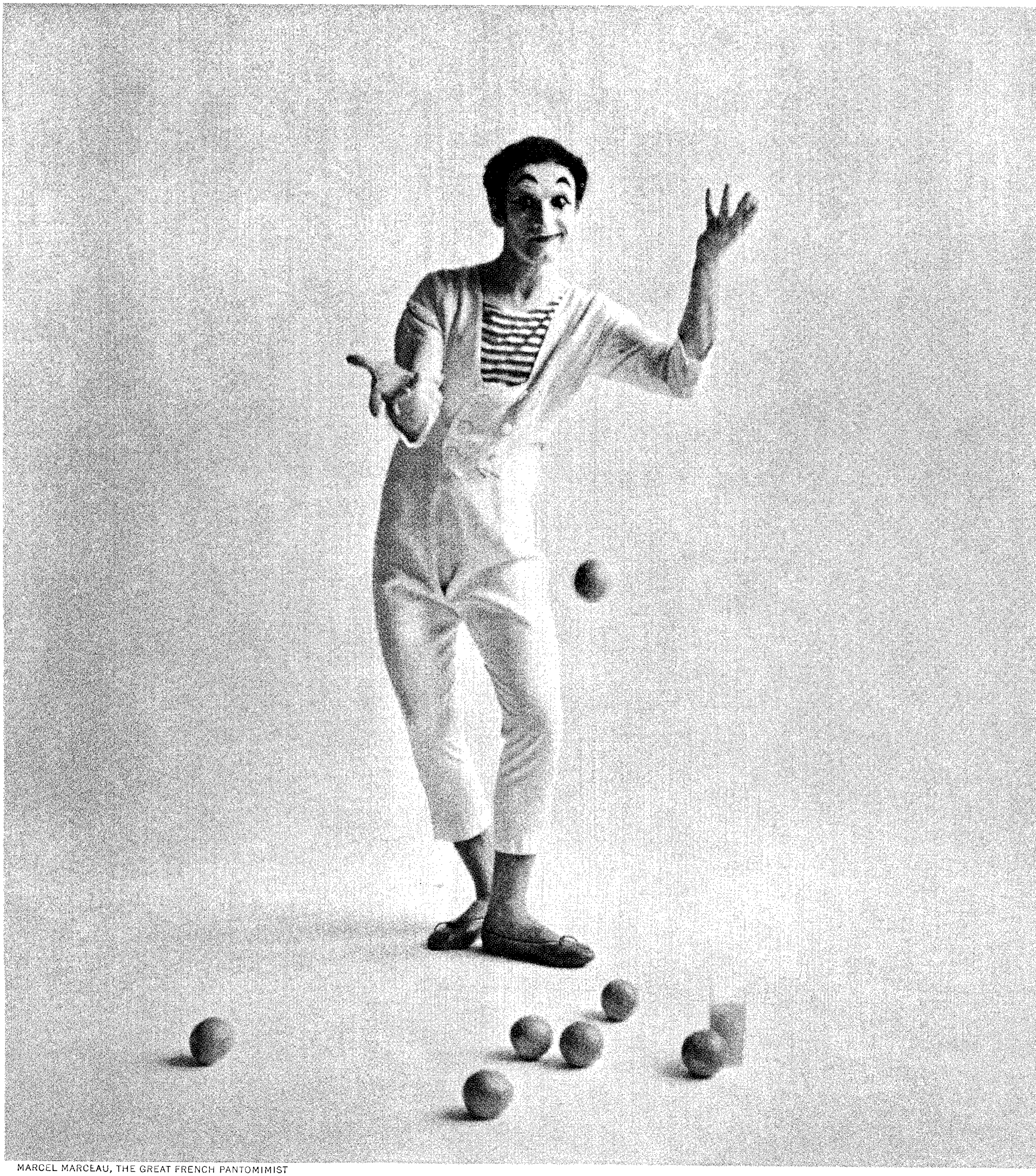

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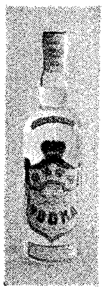

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distinguished history began in 1933, but was temporarily interrupted in 1945 and 1946, because the theatre's stage had been destroyed by American bombardment. ("It was not the Americans' fault," one of the theatre's directors assured me courteously. "The Teatro Comunale was, regrettably, located close to a strategic railway yard. Fortunately, no one was hurt.") Since 1946, the Maggio Musicale has taken place annually, presenting many important premières and revivals and a very impressive array of world-famous musicians. It has been particularly noteworthy for its revivals of operas by the great Giuseppe Verdi, having put on no fewer than fifteen of his stage works, including such rarely performed items as "Nabucco," "I Lombardi," "Macbeth," "Luisa Miller," "I Vespri Siciliani," and "Aroldo," in addition to the usual "Aïda"s, "Trovatore"s, "Traviata"s, and "Rigoletto"s. From the very beginning, it has shown a tendency to spread beyond the month of May, from which its title derives, and now it extends from the last weeks of April well into July, encompassing such varied activities as chamber-music concerts in various palazzos and outdoor ballet performances in the beautiful Boboli Gardens, adjoining the Pitti Palace. The schedule of the current Maggio Musicale includes appearances by the pianists Claudio Arrau and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, the violinists Jascha Heifetz and Nathan Milstein, an institution known as the Orchestra da Camera Olandese, and the "Coro Maschile dello Harvard Glee Club." It also includes productions of Verdi's "La Traviata," "La Forza del Destino," and "Don Carlo," and, in the Boboli Gardens, some lavish ballets, among them Beethoven's "Le Creature di Prometeo," Verdi's "Le Quattro Stagioni," and Richard Strauss's "La Leggenda di Giuseppe."

So far, the festival's biggest event has been the first performance in Florence of Wagner's complete "Nibelung" cycle, sung by a visiting troupe of artists—mostly Germans, Austrians, and Scandinavians—in the original German, despite the program's adherence to the Italian habit of designating its component operas as "L'Oro del Reno," "La Walkiria," "Sigfrido," and "Il Crepuscolo degli Dei." By good fortune, I arrived in time to attend the entire cycle, and though I am not by any means a starry-eyed Wagnerite, I found it rather interesting to expose myself again to this mammoth agglomeration of preposterous drama and inspired music, which has been

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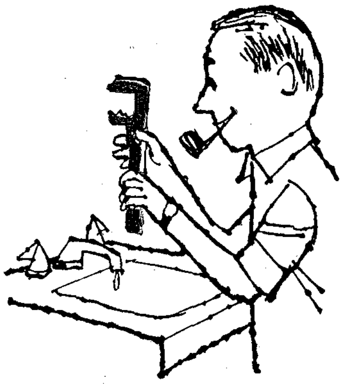

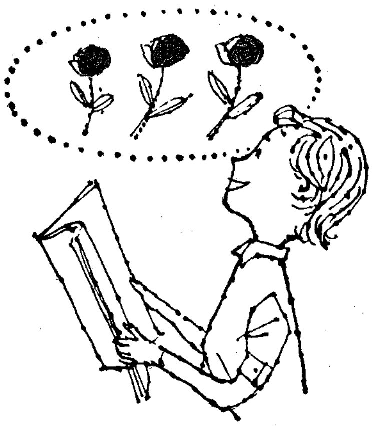

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absent from the New York musical scene for several years.

THE Teatro Comunale is certainly not one of Europe's handsomer opera houses. Its interior is as drab as the inside of a hatbox, and its gallery seats are no more than bare concrete benches, on which the holders of the cheaper tickets perch uncomfortably, with nothing to lean against but the knees of the people behind them. The people on the parterre floor, however, dispose themselves in luxurious plush-upholstered armchairs that make listening to practically anything a pleasure. Happily, my position as a visiting critic entitled me to one of them, and I sank into it with satisfaction before "L'Oro del Reno" began. The lobby outside was magnificently decorated with potted azaleas in full flower, and the presence at the main door of two carabinieri—in splendid uniforms, with swords in their hands and tricorne hats on their heads—had given my entrance a gratifying air of pomp. The performance, like all opera performances in Italy, was late in starting, but since "L'Oro del Reno" is comparatively short, it had run its course before midnight. "Sigfrido" and "Il Crepuscolo" turned out to be marathons, the latter commencing shortly after eight and, what with the long, social Florentine intermissions, continuing until well after one in the morning. The theatre was packed for every performance, and though some tourists were in evidence, they were nothing like as numerous as the Florentines on hand to greet this unprecedented artistic invasion from across the Alps.

In the matter of scenery and staging, I found the Wagnerian productions slightly disappointing. The sets, designed by Cajo Kuhnly, of the Stuttgart Opera, were so modernistic and stylized as to be somewhat monotonous, and they did not do justice to the tricks of supernatural stagecraft that Wagnerian opera demands. Personally, if I am to be subjected to the mythical rigmarole of the "Ring" at all, I like to see my Rhine Maidens swimming in midair, my Erda rising mysteriously out of the stage floor, and my Alberich changing himself by miraculous theatrical prestidigitation from a gnome into a serpent. These points were completely neglected by Herr Kuhnly, perhaps on the ground that they are too old-fashioned and childlike to be bothered with, and the result—Rhine Maidens merely wandering about with perfunctory swimming motions of the arms, Erda merely walk-

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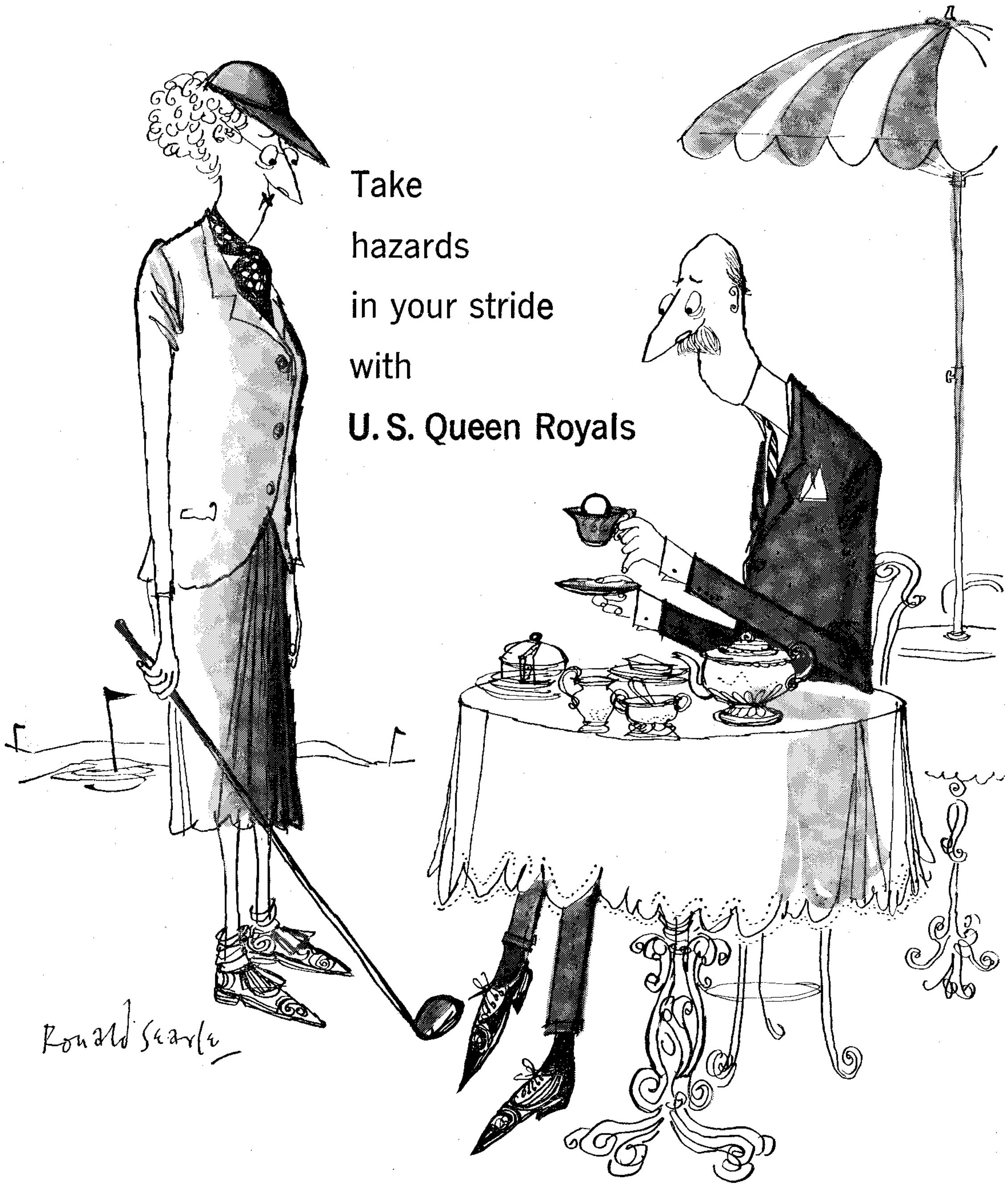

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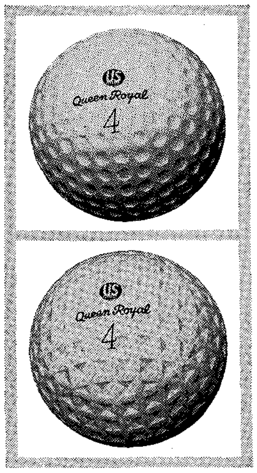

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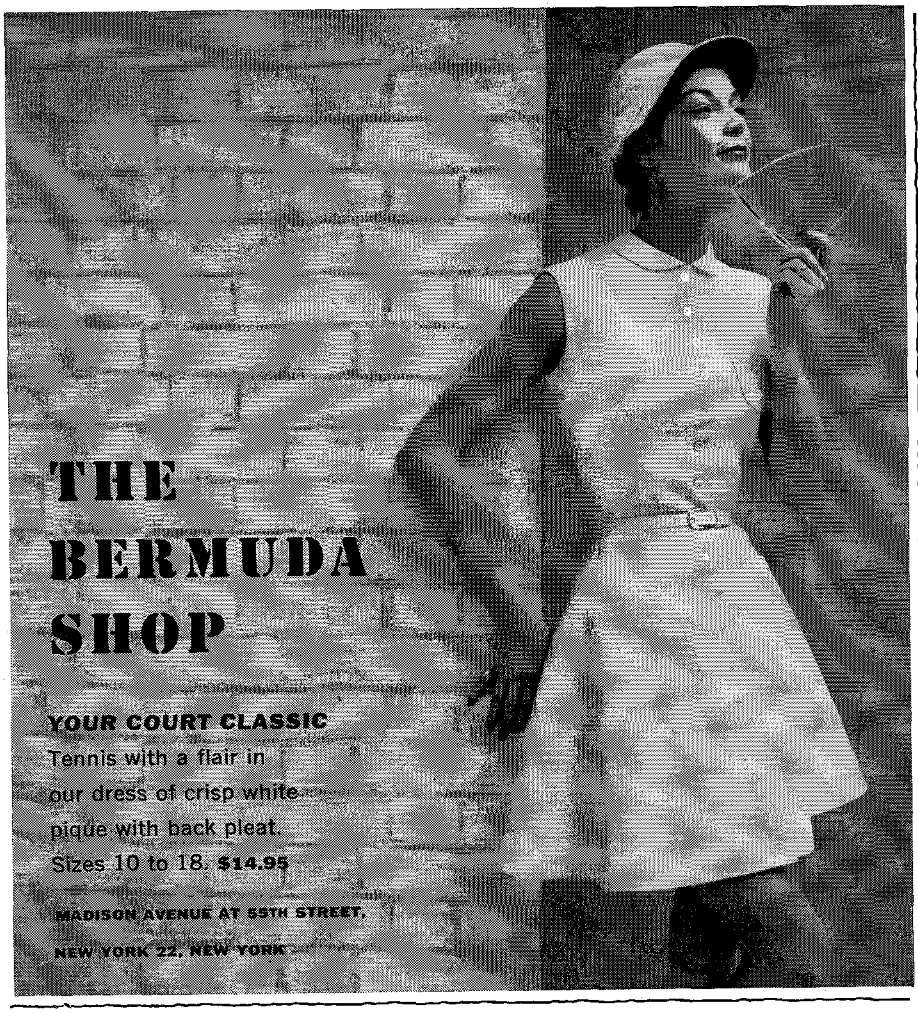

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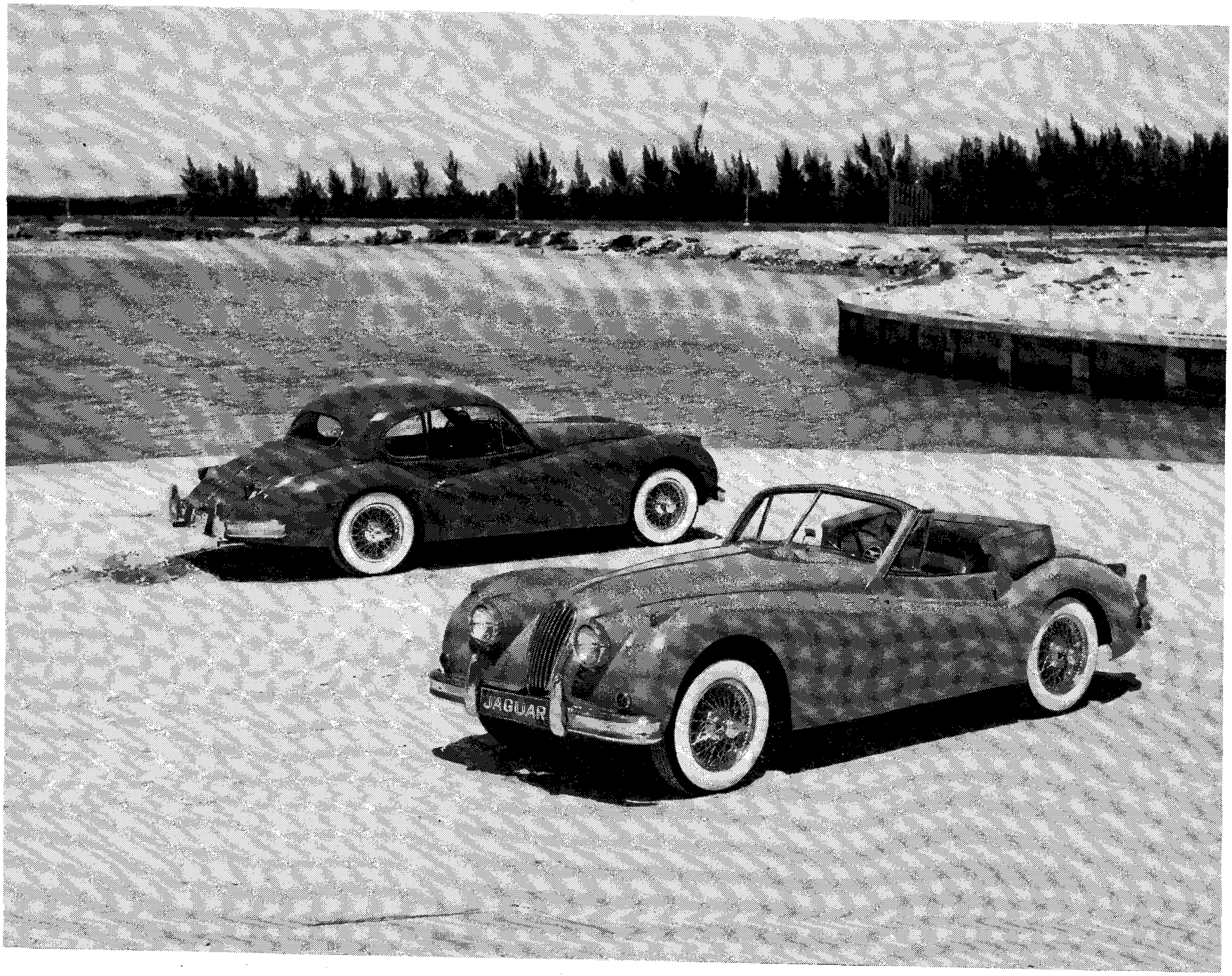
ing onto the stage, and Alberich merely stepping behind a flat, as if to tie a shoelace, while an unconvincing serpent was flashed on the backdrop beside him by means of a projector—had none of the atmosphere of infantile magic that, to me, is part and parcel of the Wagnerian wonderland. The orchestra of the Maggio Musicale, moreover, seemed to lack the smoothness and incisiveness of German and American ensembles, its brass, in particular, sounding both rather thin and rather coarse in the opening "L'Oro del Reno" performance. Its work picked up substantially in quality in the more familiar "La Walkiria," but it never quite attained the organlike richness these Wagnerian scores call for. On the other hand, it had an excellent conductor in Herbert Charlier, of the Bremen Opera, and the singers in the various casts—several of whom were from the Festspielhaus, in Bayreuth—had the authoritative manner and the scrupulous craftsmanship so often found among members of German and Austrian opera companies.

Chief among these singers was the Bayreuth *Heldentenor* Wolfgang Windgassen, whose somewhat vaporous name was completely belied by his admirable voice in the roles of Siegmund, Siegfried, and Loge (in "L'Oro del Reno"). While lacking the brilliance our Lauritz Melchior had in his prime and the lithe stage appearance that Set Svanholm brought to his Metropolitan Siegfrieds, Herr Windgassen nevertheless turned out to be an actor of considerable presence, and he sang with agreeable tone quality and without the forcing that is unfortunately somewhat characteristic of German tenors. The male side of the roster also contained some other first-rate performers—notably a Yugoslav bass named Tomislav Neralic, who sang the role of Wotan with insight and refinement; Gustav Neidlinger, who was a superb Alberich; and a gigantic bass named Otto von Rohr, who handled the villainous parts of Fafner, Hunding, and Hagen with dignity and with a voice that, if sometimes a bit rough, was about as powerful and as deep in range as any I have recently heard.

On the female side, the star of the performances was Birgit Nilsson, of the Stockholm Opera, a sturdy-looking soprano who undertook the various Brünnhilde roles. Miss Nilsson's "Ho-yo-to-ho"s were accurate and full of the requisite vitality, and the upper part of her voice, at least, was ringing, clear, and always meticulously in tune. I have heard more eloquent Brünnhildes, but



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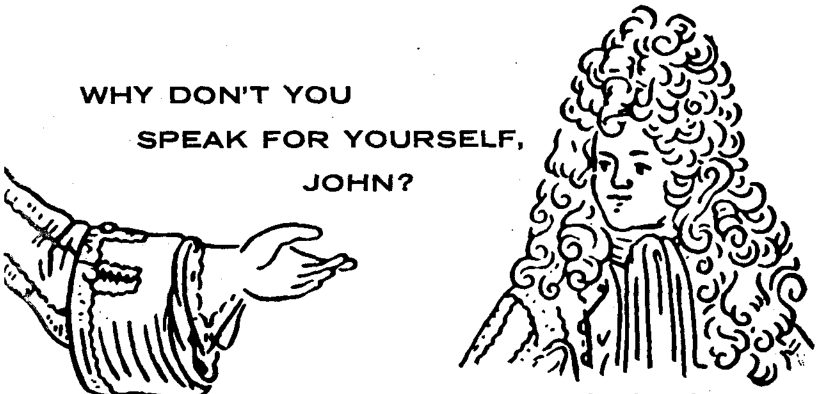

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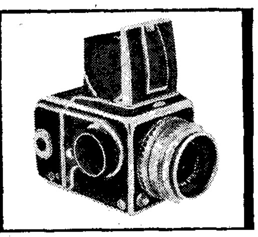

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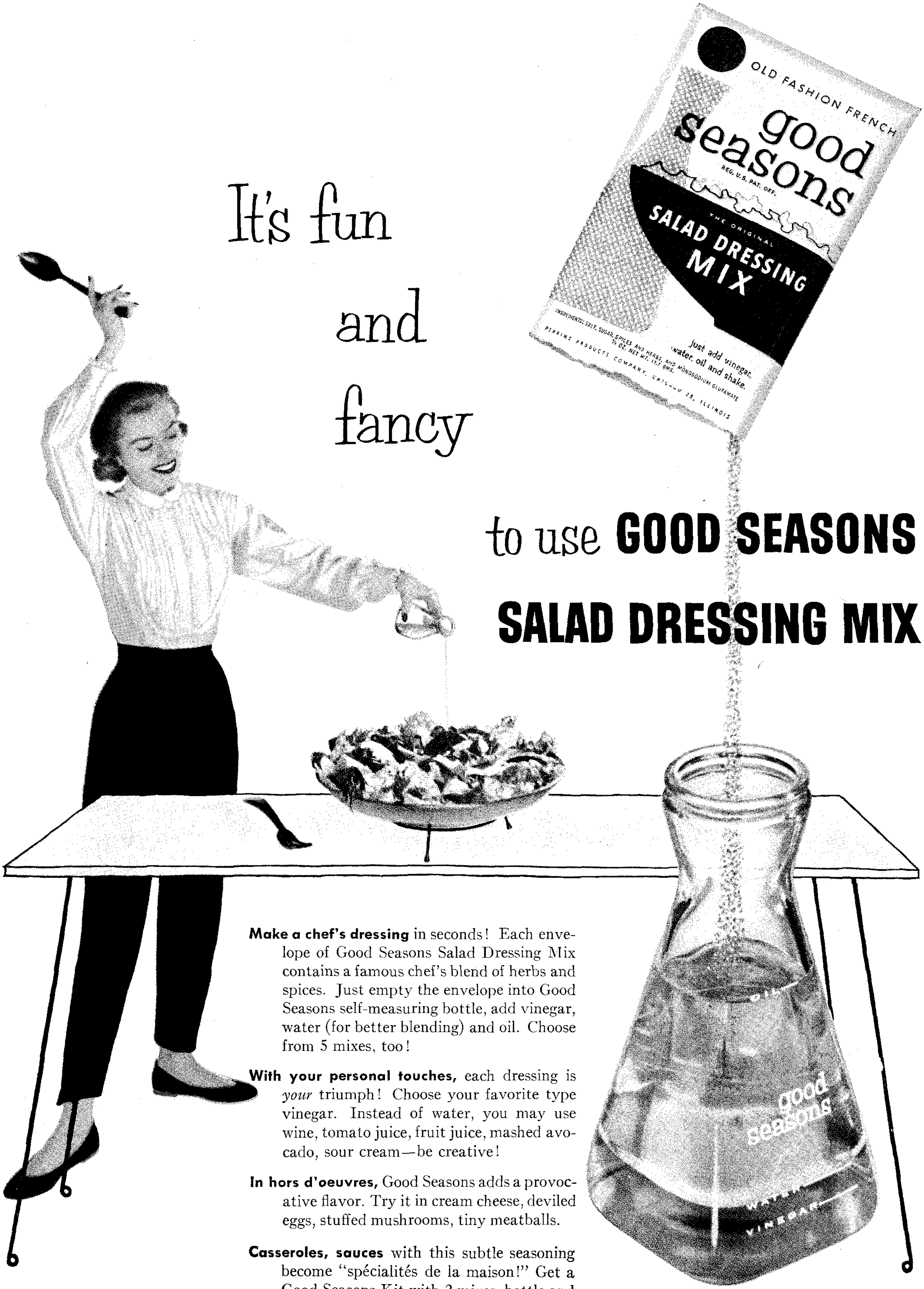
hers was, on the whole, an unusually precise, workmanlike one. Herta Wilfert, a soprano from Bayreuth, was the prettiest Sieglinde I have ever seen, and though her singing was not always as secure as I could have wished, she showed qualities of temperament and vigor that, I think, may in time make her an important personality of the Wagnerian stage. One other female artist who impressed me was Ruth Siewert, who comes from Karlsruhe and is shortly to be connected with the Düsseldorf Opera. Miss Siewert appeared as Erda and, later on, as the Valkyrie Waltraute, and in both roles she displayed a voice of very distinguished calibre and a sense of musical style that was impeccable.

Thus, in spite of some shortcomings here and there, Florence's first taste of the complete Wagnerian "Ring" cycle—or " 'L'Anello del Nibelungo' di Riccardo Wagner"—was quite a success. And though the productions of the operas were in most ways firmly Germanic, I think that even my onetime friend Maestro Brugnoli would have conceded that they had enough of the "Italian," or melodic, side of Wagner to qualify as music. Certainly the Florentines seemed to think so. They applauded and bravoed the visiting northerners like a football crowd, and I couldn't help reflecting that Count Chigi, proudly immured in his palace in Siena, was missing a pretty good thing.

FOLLOWING this production of the "Ring," I attended a performance of "La Traviata" in which Renata Tebaldi sang the part of Violetta. Since Miss Tebaldi has not yet sung the role at the Metropolitan and is scheduled to do so next season, I was glad to avail myself of this opportunity for a preview. The production as a whole proved to be spirited and visually pleasing, with particularly lovely, if completely traditional, sets and costumes, designed by an Italian named Attilio Colonnello. The conductor was the respected veteran Tullio Serafin, whose artistry in the Italian repertoire is remembered by Metropolitan audiences of a couple of decades ago, and the two principal male roles, those of Alfredo and his father, were taken by singers of some distinction—a tenor named Nicola Filacuridi, who had a fair-sized voice that was a little on the robust and throaty side, and a baritone named Ugo Savarese, who turned out to be an experienced performer with a pleasantly reserved and tasteful musical style. The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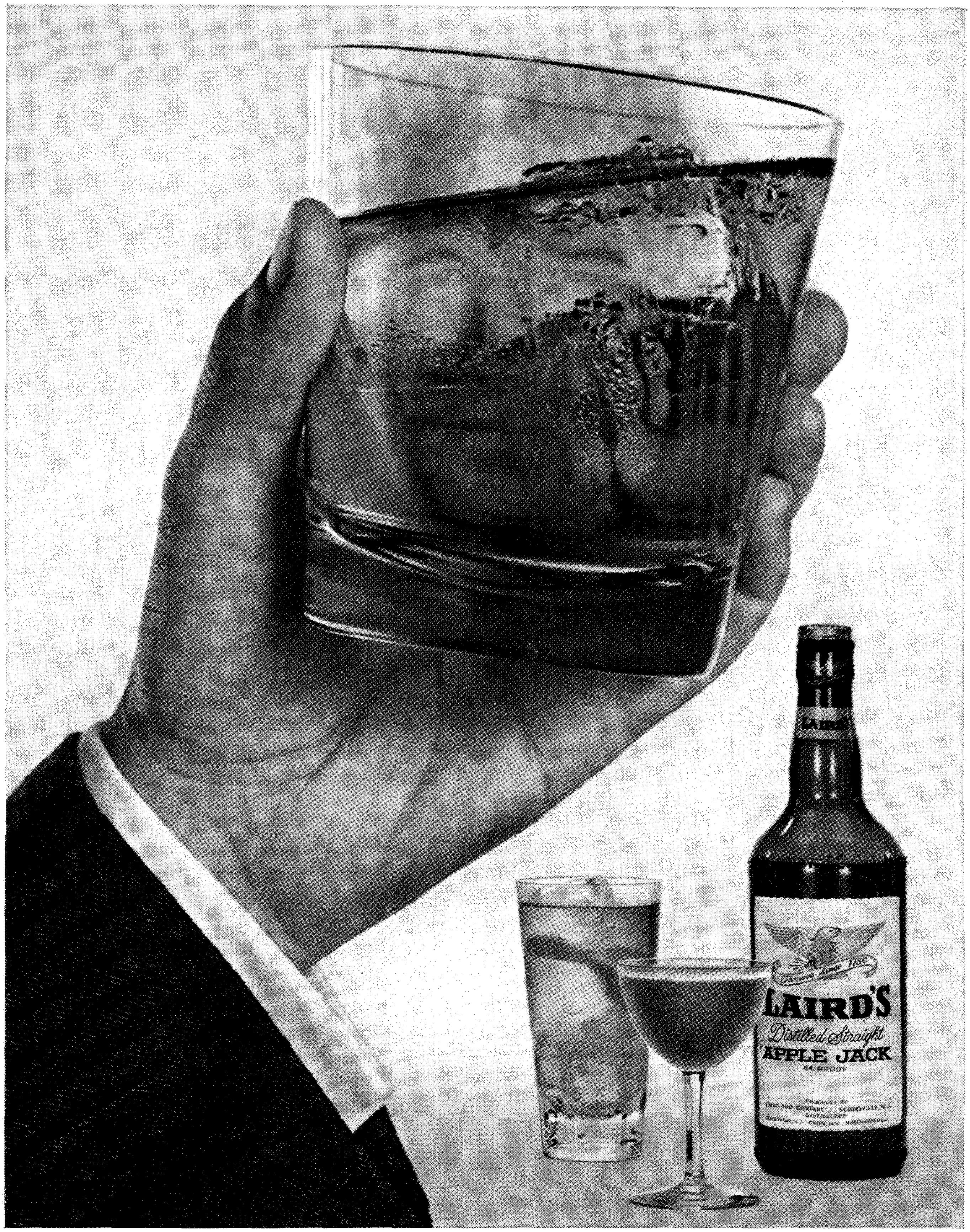

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orchestra of the Maggio Musicale, obviously more at home in Verdi than in Wagner, played eloquently, and the chorus sang with exemplary precision. The tempos adopted by Mr. Serafin had an elasticity that, as is likely to happen in Italian performances, occasionally got out of bounds by American standards, and both the music and the action were more uninhibited emotionally than what we are accustomed to. Encores were not only permitted but encouraged, and in the second act Miss Tebaldi, whose "Amami, Alfredo" had brought down the house, made her saddened exit from the stage and then returned to do the whole aria over again, much to the delight of the audience—and I must say to mine, too. Before I heard her as Violetta, I had had some doubts about the agility and sparkle she would bring to this brilliant and difficult part, since her voice has always seemed to me a bit heavy for the role's coloratura requirements. But in this I found myself somewhat mistaken. Mr. Serafin assisted her in "Sempre libera" by taking it at a slightly reduced speed, and at this speed her negotiation of its trills and roulades was remarkably clean and accurate. I have never been one of Miss Tebaldi's completely unreserved admirers. To me, her voice, though certainly of the first rank in opulence, has not so far shown itself to be particularly expressive, and I have pointed out in reviews of her New York performances that she has a rather bad habit of using melodramatic tricks—sudden pianissimos and explosive swells—that are not always in accordance with the canons of refined *bel canto*. On this occasion, she again used these tricks now and then. Her "Dite alla giovine," in the second act, for example, began in an almost inaudible pianissimo and progressed to some very loud lamentations, which tended to distort the niceties of the aria's musical phraseology, although the result was sensational enough, I am sure, to be good box-office. On the whole, however, her interpretation was a lusty one, and I look forward to hearing it repeated—with, I hope, a few emendations in the direction of discipline—at the Metropolitan this winter.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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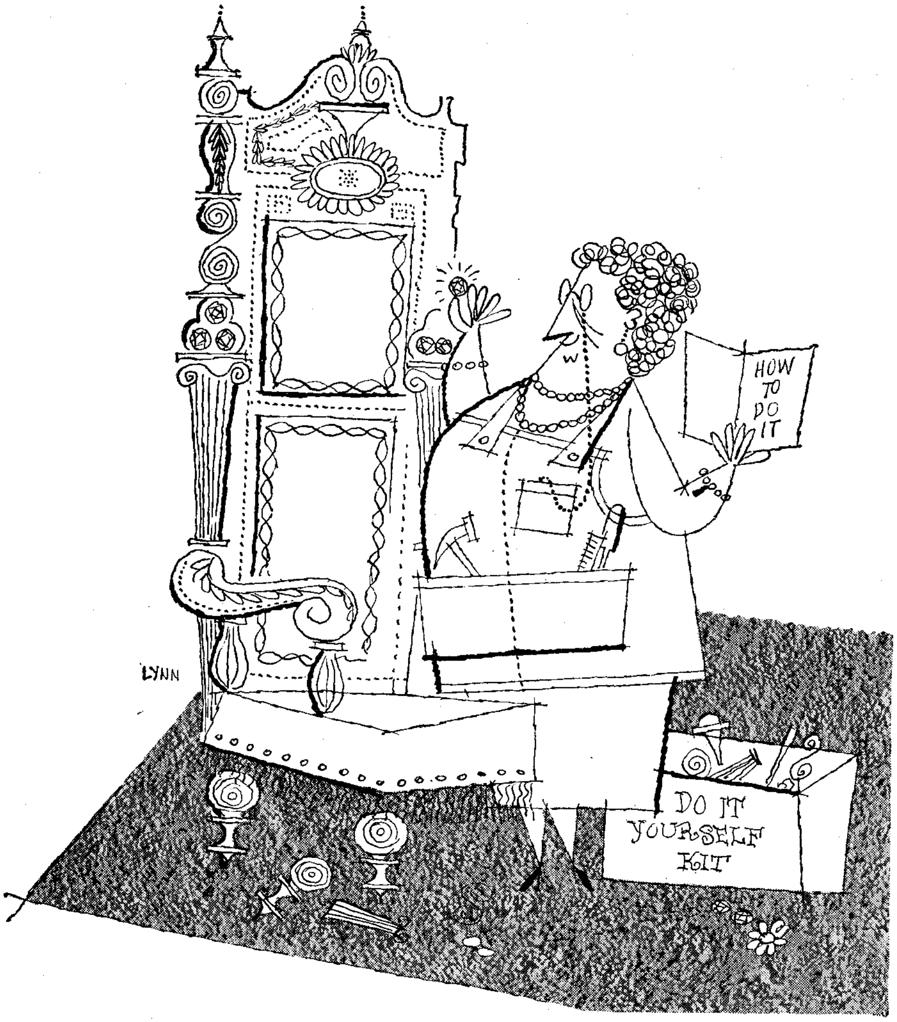

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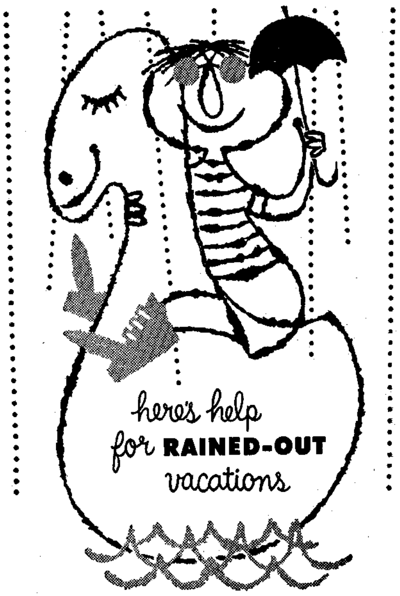

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TABLES FOR TWO

Distinguished Visitor

Jacqueline François, a French songstress who has come to the Persian Room of the Plaza to make her American night-club début, is an artist who improves the current after-dark scene enormously. For some years, I had been hearing enthusiastic comments about her accomplishments, and I was aware that her recordings had won her a following in this country, but I somehow missed out on her work, and was totally unprepared for the absorbing half hour or more I spent in her presence the other evening. She is a shapely, well-turned-out woman with close-cropped reddish-gold hair, mobile features, and a radiant smile, and her rich mezzo-soprano voice, effortlessly produced, is capable of an astonishing variety of shadings. What's more, her singing has none of the pinched, nasal tones characteristic of so many French entertainers, and I suddenly realized that, for the first time, I was listening to a French singer of popular songs who has an honest-to-goodness voice. True, she can spit out a savage monosyllable in the best tradition of the Parisian street singer, but there is always a gratifying musical impulse behind the thrust. In addition—and this, of course, is what makes Mlle. François an artist—she achieves complete identification with her material; her lovely voice expresses the content of each song almost magically, and with a simplicity that conceals art. The whole thing is even more impressive when you consider that the material itself is far from unusual; almost all the numbers I heard her do could be described as standards, and the majority of them were of the ballad type. Still, no matter how familiar such pieces as "Les Feuilles Mortes," "September Song," "Mademoiselle de Paris," "Le Ciel," and "L'Ame des Poètes" may be, Mlle. François has a fresh approach to each. Except for one chorus of "Les Feuilles Mortes" in English—which she had clearly learned phonetically and did not understand—she sang in French, and when, toward the beginning of her recital, she swung gaily into the catchy strains of "Lullaby of Birdland," the effect was oddly engaging. Her excellent

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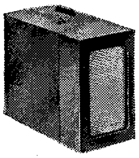

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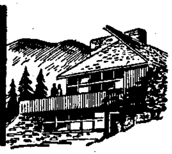

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The right questions at the right time

Anthony Leviero of the Washington staff of The New York Times won a Pulitzer Prize several years ago for his story of what happened at the Wake Island meeting of President Truman and General MacArthur.

It was an exclusive story. Nobody else had it. Tony's getting it was typical of how (to quote *Time*) this "quiet, bespectacled, bushy-browed, diligent" reporter works.

The rest of the country was listening to MacArthur tell Congress that old soldiers may be fired, they never die. But Tony knew the real story that day lay not in Congress, but in the secret minutes of that Wake Island meeting.

Tony had covered that meeting. At least, he had covered as much of it as was permitted at the time. Now, he figured, the full story ought to be told. He went after it, dug out the facts, reported them.

Digging out hard-to-get facts and reporting them has been Tony Leviero's job for the past 30 years. A Brooklyn boy, he had to quit school at 14 to help support his family. He put in several years as office boy, clerk, copy boy.

By the time he was 21, Tony was covering the police beat for the New York American. He moved from there to the Bronx Home News, in 1929 to The New York Times. Except for four years as an Army intelligence officer watching enemy developments, he has been with The Times since.

Tony's quiet diligence scores many an exclusive Washington story for Times readers. How does he do it? His answer is modest, "by asking the right questions at the right time."

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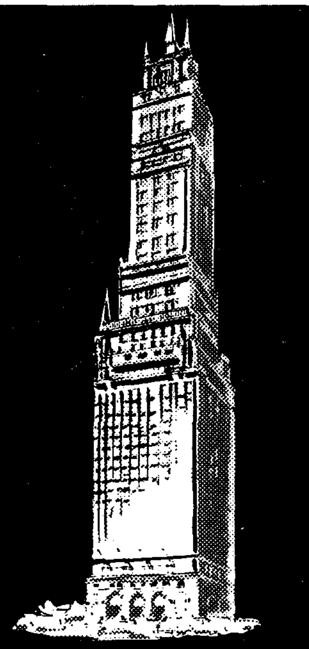
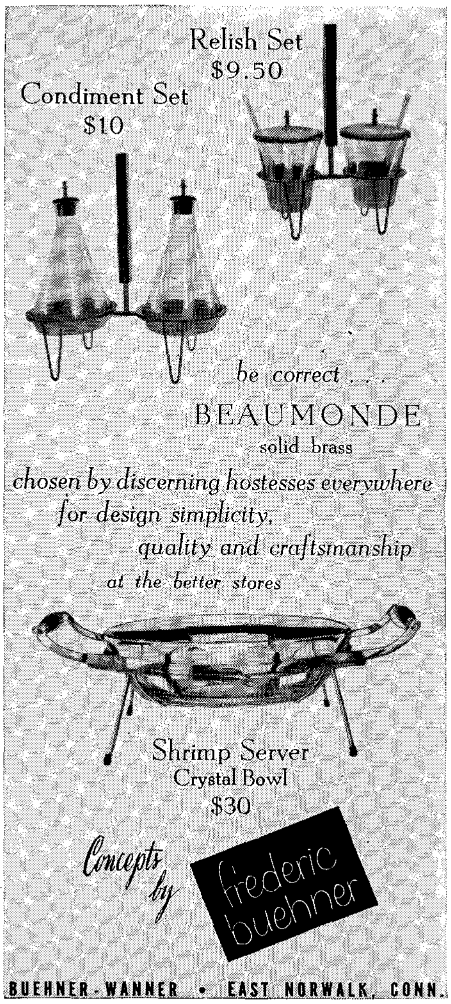


AN ADDRESS OF INTERNATIONAL PRESTIGE

accompaniment is provided by a five-piece band (piano, guitar, accordion, bass, and drums), which works from special arrangements.

THE Cameo, which has made it something of a policy to have on hand a small jazz unit headed by a pianist who is also a vocalist, currently has on hand the Buddy Greco Quartet. They're a fairly diverting bunch who would be more diverting if Greco didn't find it necessary to sing practically everything they tackle. A gifted jazz pianist, he is inclined to subordinate his real talents to a café voice that, while pleasant enough to listen to now and then, is only mildly compelling. I thought that his bouncy vocal style was at its most attractive and inventive in a spirited arrangement of "Mimi," but I also thought that he showed his abilities to a lot better advantage in an instrumental medley that began with "The Nearness of You," continued with "I Can't Get Started with You," and closed quietly with the last, descending measures of the Puccini aria "Un bel dì vedremo." Greco's supporters include a bongo drummer, a conventional drummer, and a bass player.

THANKS to the raucous singing of Bibi Osterwald, to the deafening pantomime act known as Tony and Eddie (wordless singing to recordings run off at full blast), and to a variety of other noisemakers, not the least of which is the highly charged audience, there is probably no more boisterous hangout in town these nights than the Bon Soir, a Greenwich Village cellar. I was interested to observe that the pantomime act, which I ran across several years ago, when Tony had another partner (also called Eddie), has become considerably more complex, though by no means more subtle. In the old days, Tony and Eddie made use of quite a modest assortment of wigs and doodads as they gestured and grimaced their way through some well-known recordings. Now they've got enough gear to discourage a frogman, and the recordings are tricked up with various interpolations and switches in speed. I'm afraid I have a good many reservations about the whole notion, but it is, at any rate, fast-moving low comedy from start to finish, and the ear-splitting music that emanates from the loudspeaker is all but drowned out by roars of approval from the convivial Bon Soir crowd. Miss Osterwald, I am happy to say, is not at a loss in these surroundings. A sturdy blonde who plants herself so firmly on



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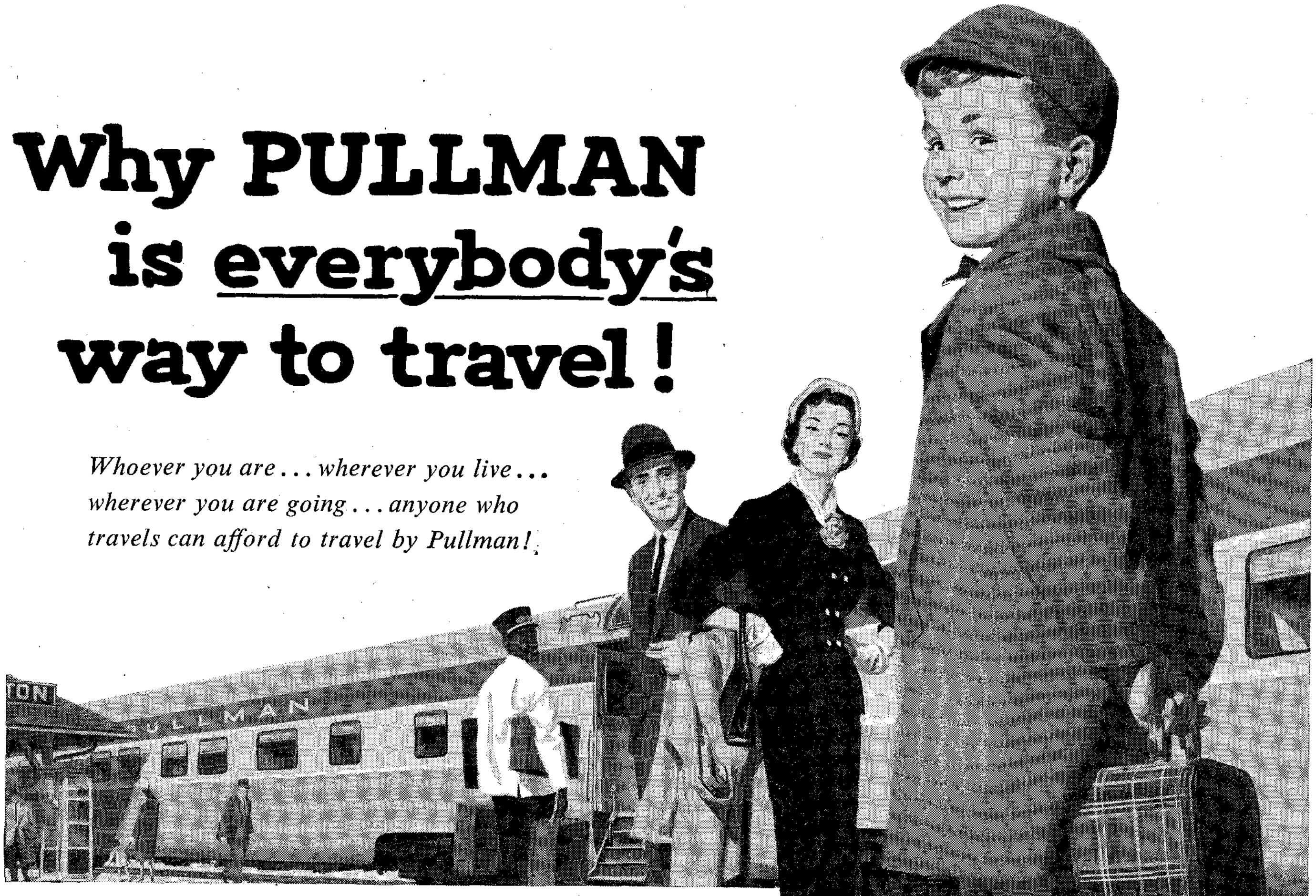

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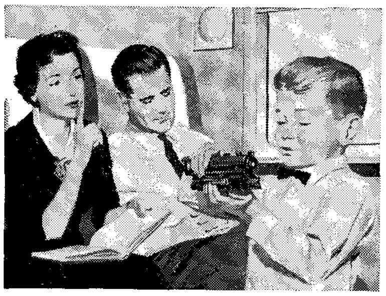

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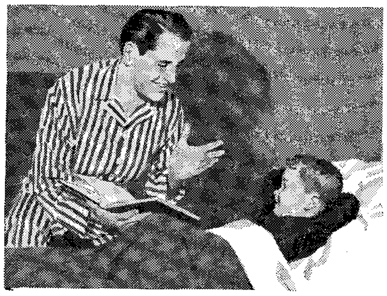

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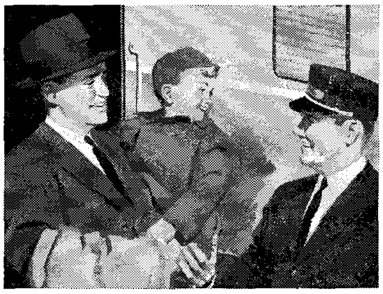

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the small stage that it would take an earthquake to dislodge her, she grinds out all sorts of nonsense about love and womankind, including a sophisticated example of the gut-bucket school entitled "Ya Either Got It or Ya Ain't." After these pleasures, the quiet humor of a soft-sell comedian named Phil Leeds falls strangely on the ears, but Mr. Leeds is no novice at his trade, and he swiftly gets the audience in his grasp.

OVER at the Village Vanguard, Maxine Sullivan is making her first local night-club appearance in a long while. Set off by the flattering, gently swinging background music of the Clarence Williams Trio, the tiny Miss Sullivan is among the easiest of singers to listen to as she liltingly intones such varied works as "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "If I Had a Ribbon Bow," "By Myself," "Miss Otis Regrets," and a somewhat neglected Duke Ellington number, "I Didn't Know About You," which in my opinion is among the Master's most appealing compositions. Maintaining the lively pace here are Joey Carter, an easygoing comedian with quite a few bright observations to make, and Johnny Mathis, a stylish singer of popular songs who has developed a lot since I heard him a few months ago at the Blue Angel.—D. W.

•

Little Red Sky went to the dentist twice a year. The dentist looked for small holes in his teeth and repaired them before they should start to ache. The dentist had a wonderful machine that was run by electricity. It made a soft, whirring noise, like the wings of a bird flying up from a field. The dentist showed him how it worked and then polished Little Red Sky's teeth and told him to continue to brush his teeth with Baking Soda (Pure Bicarbonate of Soda).

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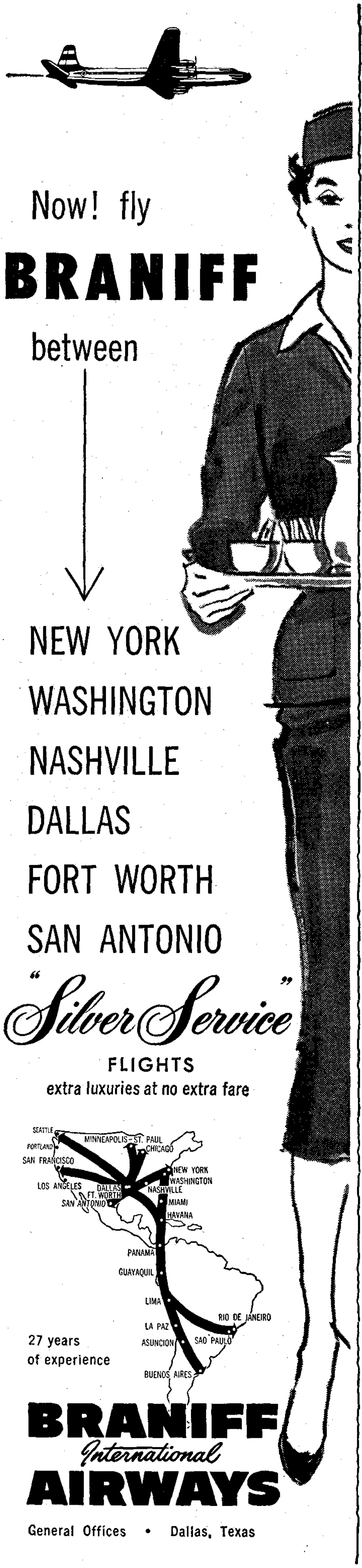
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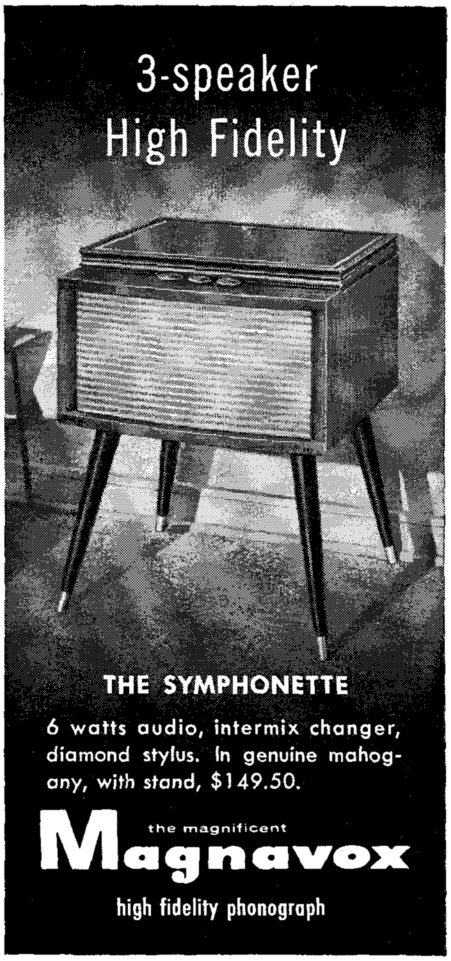
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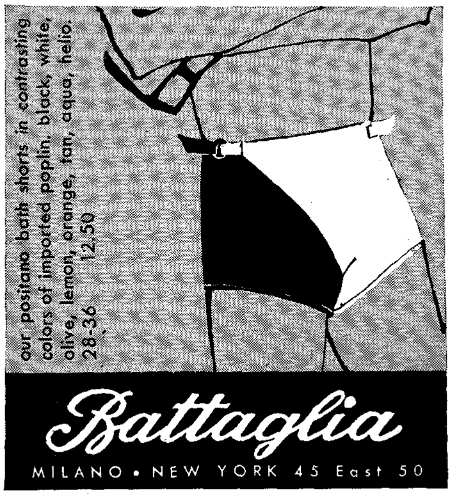
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WAH-WHO-EEEE

NOT long ago, at a friend's house, I heard "The Confederacy"—a record album of songs of the Lost Cause—for the first time. The distinction I thus acquired of being practically the last American, and certainly the last Southerner, to hear it came to me quite by accident; I just happened to have missed it all along. Anyway, after my host had played it through, he asked me what I thought of it. "I liked it all—everything about it—except for one part," I said. "The Rebel yell."

"What about the Rebel yell?" he asked.

"It just wasn't the yell," I said.

He looked at his wife. "I bet you didn't know we had ol' Jeb Stuart sitting here," he said. Then, turning to me again, he asked, "What makes you think you know so much about the Rebel yell, General?"

"Because I happen to be one of a relative handful of men who have heard the Rebel yell as it should be heard—yelled by Confederate soldiers under battle conditions and in authentic surroundings," I told him with dignity. "Further, I had the honor of participating in the yell myself on several occasions," I added untruthfully, and, after a suitably dramatic pause, went on to explain.

In 1935, when I was a third-classman at the Virginia Military Institute, somebody conceived the idea of inviting the corps of cadets to take part in a reënactment of the Battle of Chancellorsville. The Institute authorities accepted, and we began extensive preparations, learning Civil War formations and practicing the various phases of the battle. We were to be the Confederates, and a battalion of Marines were to come over from Quantico to portray the Union troops. Since the script and history called for them to get beaten, they were not very enthusiastic.

One day a few weeks before the reënactment, the cadet corps was marched out onto the drill field and formed into a hollow square, into which came the Commandant and a wispy old gentleman whom he introduced as Colonel Somebody-or-Other—let's say Tolliver—one of the last survivors of Pickett's Virginians. There were quite a few Civil War veterans still around in 1935, and by that time a good many former drummer boys had become colonels and generals. The Colonel, the Commandant explained, had consented to render the Rebel yell for us, so that we could practice it and be perfect in it by the day of the reënactment. With that, he motioned to Colonel Tolliver, and the Colonel stepped forward, looked about him, cleared his throat, and then rared back and yelled. Considering the frailty of its source, it was an unbelievable yell, and even aside from that it was an astonishing one. It had a keening, ululant quality that raised the hackles on my neck and seemed to hang in the air after the yell was over. For a second, we could hear the echoes bouncing off the barracks wall at the far end of the parade ground.

The Commandant broke the ensuing silence. "Now, then," he said. "The Colonel says the Rebel yell breaks down into three parts. The first part is the syllable 'wah,' the second, which you accent, is 'who,' and the third is a long-drawn-out 'eeee.' Like this." And the *Commandant* rared back and yelled. It was a fairly good yell, as yells go, but it couldn't hold a candle to Colonel Tolliver's, and I don't think it would have been very awe-inspiring even if all of Pickett's men had yelled it that way. The Commandant tried it once or twice more without getting any better, Colonel Tolliver favored us with a final, frightening blast, and they left.

WE worked hard at yelling during the next few weeks, and by the time of the reënactment we were fairly proficient, but our best was only a pastiche of Colonel Tolliver's. Even so, we seemed to impress the people we yelled at from the trucks that drove us down to the battlefield. The reënactment took place before about fifty thousand spectators, among them the late Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, an authority on the yell in his own right, whom I mention because years later I heard him give it, and noticed that he didn't sound much like Colonel Tolliver, either.

Our part in the engagement called for us to advance down a swale perhaps a mile long and, after being beaten back once, to re-form and overrun the Union defenses manned by the unhappy Marines. The battle opened with an impressively noisy and smoky cannonade, after which we advanced out of our hiding place in a patch of woods and moved toward the Union lines. In our

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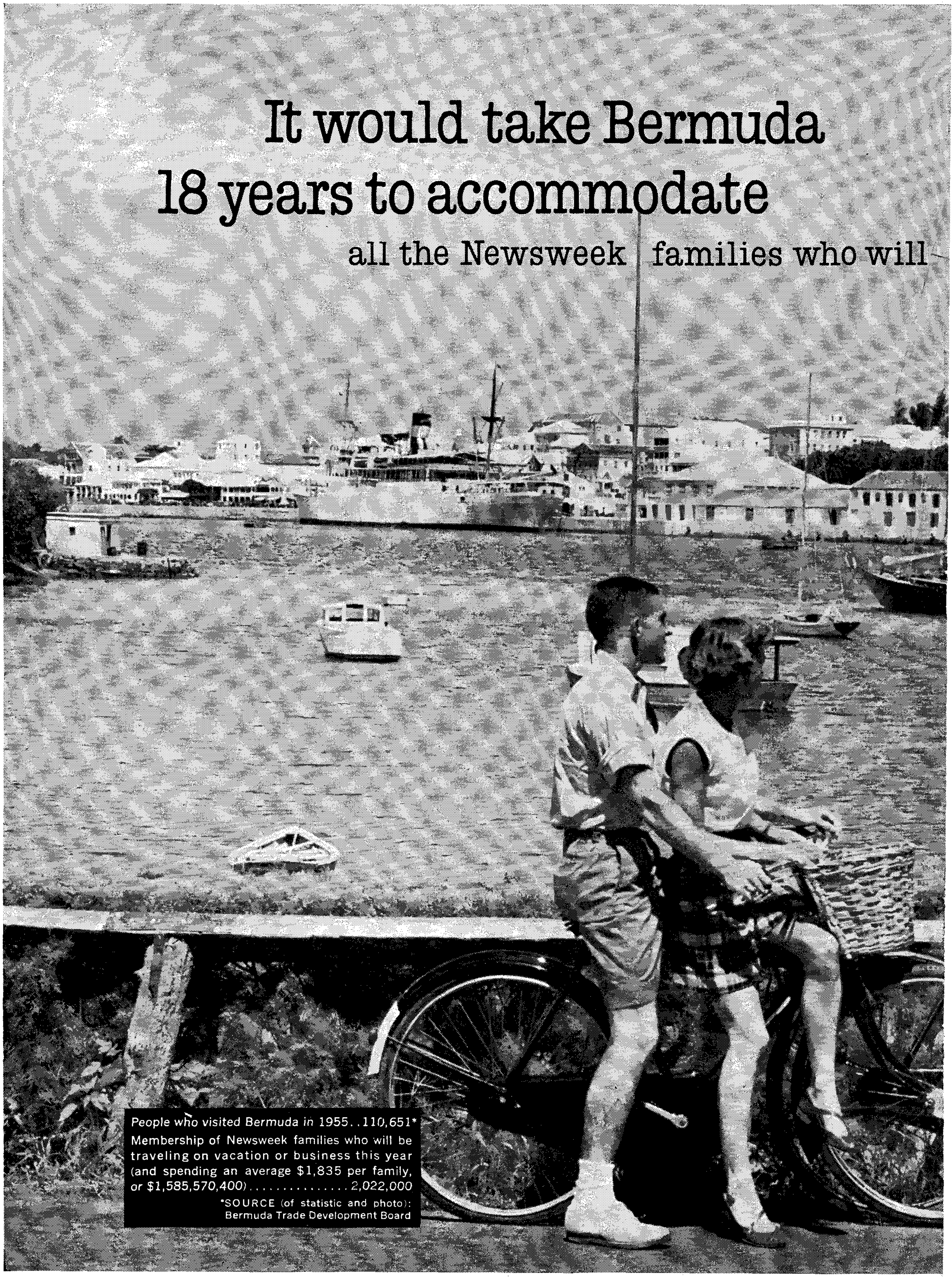

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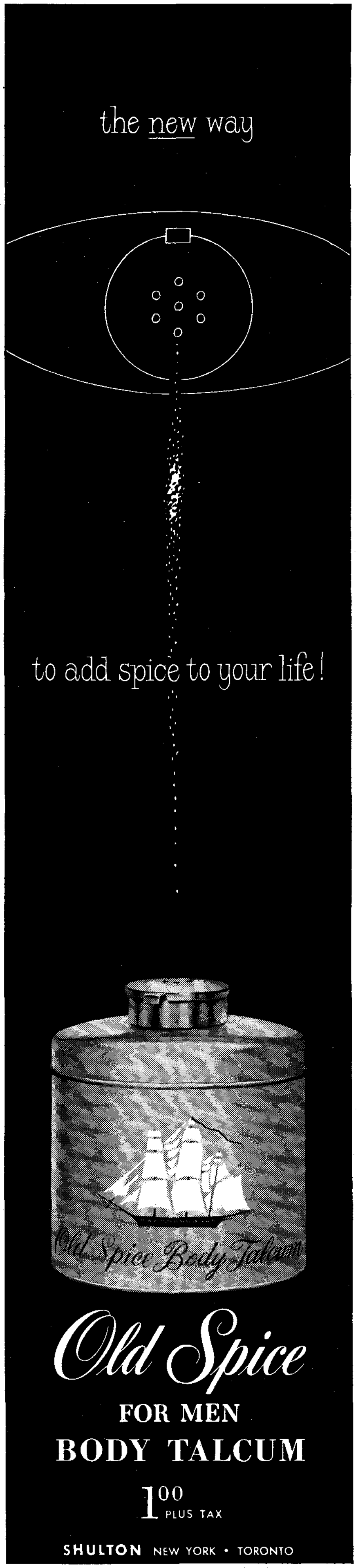
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rehearsals over similar ground back in Lexington, we had been told that, on signal from our platoon leaders, we were to give our first yell when we had gone a certain distance, another when we were about halfway to the enemy lines, and a final one during the last moments of the charge. For some reason, though, we didn't do it; perhaps the platoon leaders forgot, or perhaps there was too much noise generally, but we advanced down the swale, assaulted the Union lines, and were thrown back, all without a single yell.

While we were re-forming for the charge that was to succeed, I decided that I had done enough running for that day, and soon after we moved out, I slumped to the ground in what I thought was a fairly good imitation of a man struck by a Minié ball, and, from a comfortable position in a patch of tall grass, watched the gray line of cadets break into a trot as their charge started. The trot became a dead run over the last hundred yards or so, and I heard them begin to yell. It was a high, tingling yell that would have made Colonel Tolliver proud, and I am certain the battlefield had heard its like before—but it wasn't exactly "Wah-Who-Eeee," and it wasn't being done on command, and afterward, when I talked to some of my fellow-cadets who had had energy enough to stay alive during the charge, they said they didn't remember yelling at all.

THE reënactment of Chancellorsville was such a success that it touched off a wave of other battles, and before I graduated from V.M.I., I fought and bled, in a manner of speaking, at both First Manassas and Petersburg. As it happened, I was not involved in a charge on either occasion, but both times I heard, from those who were, a yell like the one that had risen above the din of the reënacted Battle of Chancellorsville.

After I left V.M.I., I didn't think much about the Rebel yell until the real war, for me, came along, and I found myself briefly attached to the 29th Division in France during the siege of Brest. The division was made up largely of Southern boys. It was a National Guard outfit, and was commanded at the time by Major General Charles Gerhardt, a West Pointer who had been an expert polo player and, I was told, had once coached the Academy polo team. General Gerhardt had his idiosyncrasies, like everybody else, and in attempting to inject a kind of varsity spirit into the 29th Division he had

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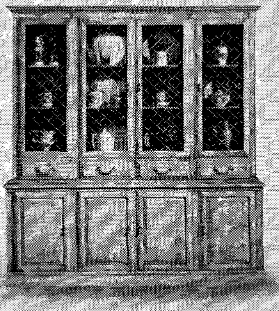
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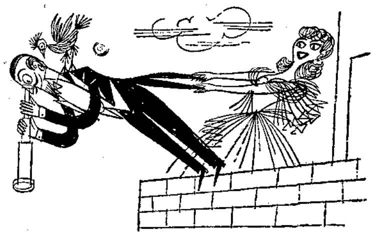
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thought up a division combat yell: "Twenty-nine, Let's Go!" Somebody told me, as I remember it, that his polo team had all been members of the Class of '29, and that this had been *their* yell.

Be that as it may, the notion of hardened infantrymen overrunning a German position while shouting "Twenty-nine, Let's Go!" like so many college rooters struck me as incongruous and improbable, and so, sitting in a ditch outside Brest one day after an attack, I asked an officer who had been engaged in it if his men had behaved like a cheering section during the final assault. He took his helmet off and scrubbed his hand through his hair. "Hell, no," he said tiredly.

I was struck by a sudden thought. "Did they yell at all?" I asked.

"Sure they did," he said. "All the time, like banshees. I don't know *what* it was, exactly, but I can tell you one thing. It wasn't 'Twenty-nine, Let's Go!' "

I was sure it wasn't, and that it wasn't exactly "Wah-Who-Eeee," either, but I had an idea that if Colonel Tolliver could have been there he would have recognized it.

—CHESTER GOOLRICK

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION COMBINED WITH HEAVY PRECIPITATION

[*Weather report transmitted from the Truax Field weather station to Radio Station WIBA, May 6th*]

1730C TEMP 50 WIND ENE 15MPH RH 67

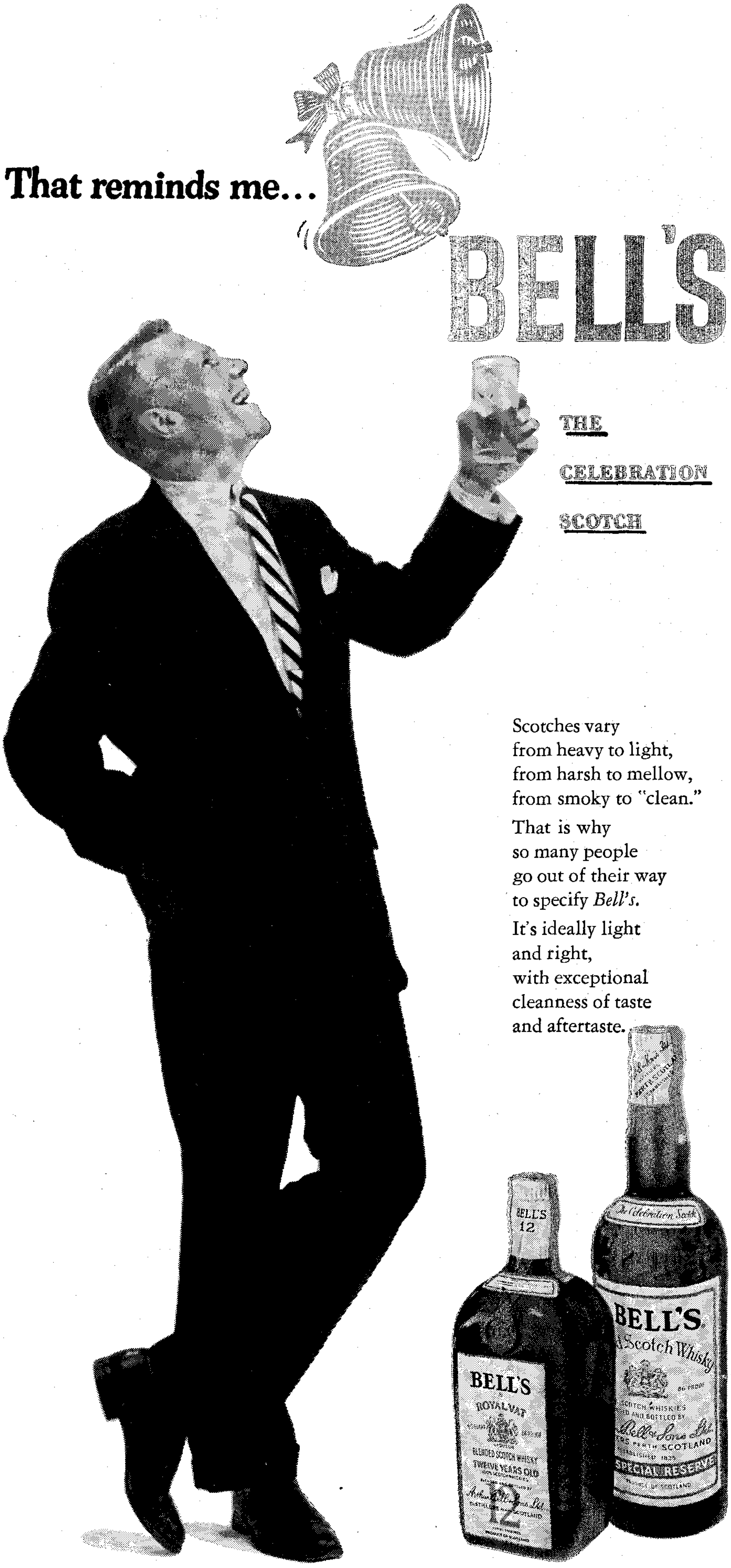
THE HIGHEST TEMP THIS AFTERNOON WAS 51 AND OCCURRED AT 1645C.

WE HAD 1.12 INCHES OF RAIN IN THE PAST 24 HOURS

CORRECTION THE AMOUNT OF PRECIP IN THE PAST 24 HOURS WAS .81 INCHES

1825 C TEMP IS 49 WIND ENE 13MPH

A NOTE OF INTEREST IS THE FACT THAT WE HAVE HAD A LITTLE OVER 5 INCHES OF PRECIPITATION IN THE PAST WEEK AND A HALF OR SINCE APRIL 25. THIS IS A LITTLE UNDER 2 INCHES ABOVE THE NORMAL EXPECTED FOR THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. THE TOTAL ACCUMULATION SINCE APRIL 25 IS A LITTLE UNDER 5 INCHES OR 4.70 INCHES. AND THIS IS ABOUT A INCH AND A HALF OVER THE NORMAL ACCUMULATION EXPECTED AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. PLEASE IGNORE THE PREVIOUS SENTENCE. THAT IS THE STATEMENT OVER 5 INCHES SHOULD READ LIGHTLY UNDER 5 INCHES. TO CLARIFY THE PREVIOUS STATEMENT LET ME STATE AGAIN THAT SINCE APRIL 25 WE HAVE HAD A TOTAL OF 4.7 INCHES OF RAIN. THIS BRINGS OUR TOTAL TO DATE TO 9.16 INCHES FOR THE TOTAL ACCUMULATED SINCE JAN. 1. THE NORMAL EXPECTED TO ACCUMULATE TO THIS TIME OF YEAR IS 7.46 INCHES. THERE FORE WE ARE 1.70 INCHES ABOVE THE NORMAL. WHEWM.



That reminds me...

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

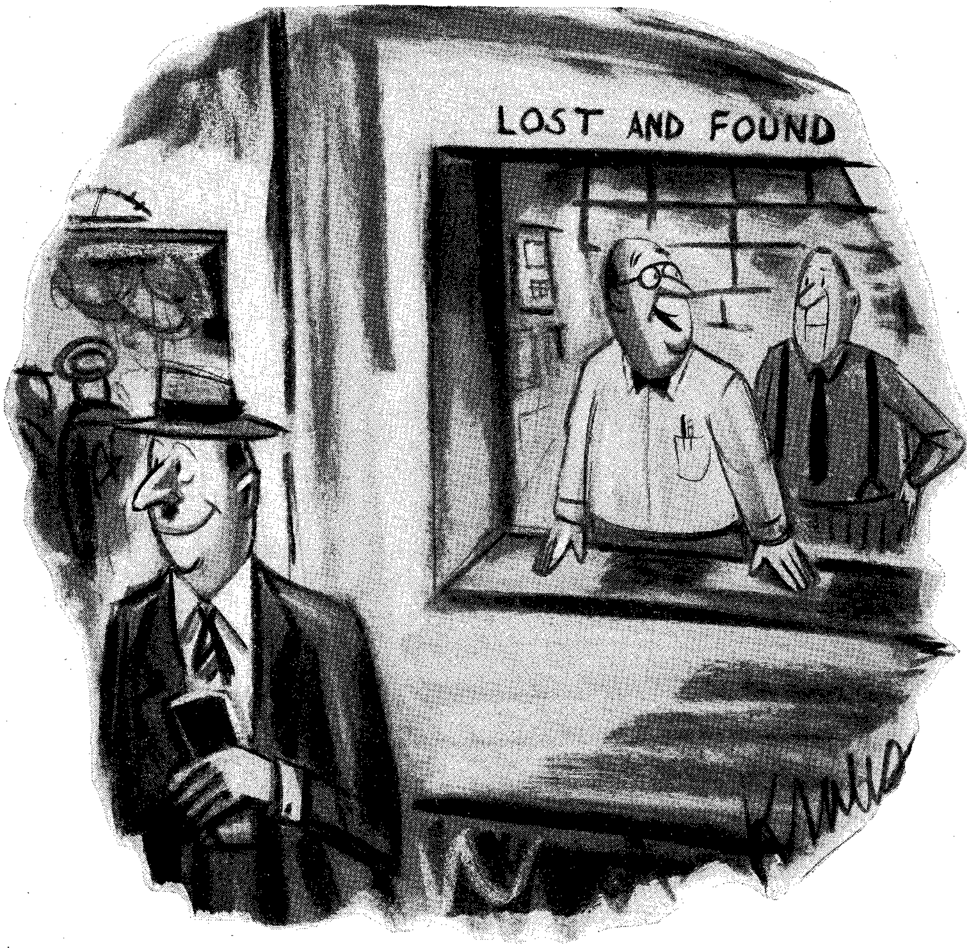
FEMININE FASHIONS

A FEATURE of the clothes made in Paris for Bonwit Teller is a travelling suit of fine wool jersey, with a hip-length fitted jacket and a straight skirt. It appears in several versions. The garnet one is adorned by a Peter Pan collar that is low enough to show off a choker necklace; the chamois one has horizontal self tabs across the hips; the navy one has a rib-knit shoulder yoke and half belt. The collection includes a svelte sheath dress of basket-weave cotton with a print tapestry of gold, rust, and gray-blue flowers. Another Parisian is a dress of oyster cotton faille on which red, yellow, and violet flowers grow. Its neckline is wide and heart-shaped, its flaring shoulder cape is bordered with green grosgrain, and its skirt is box-pleated. It has an air of sedate and feminine prettiness. A flowered cocktail dress—pink, red, and gray on silver-green silk—has a scoop neckline and a draped skirt that is caught up at the sides into a harem effect. The prices of all this run from $69.95 to $275.

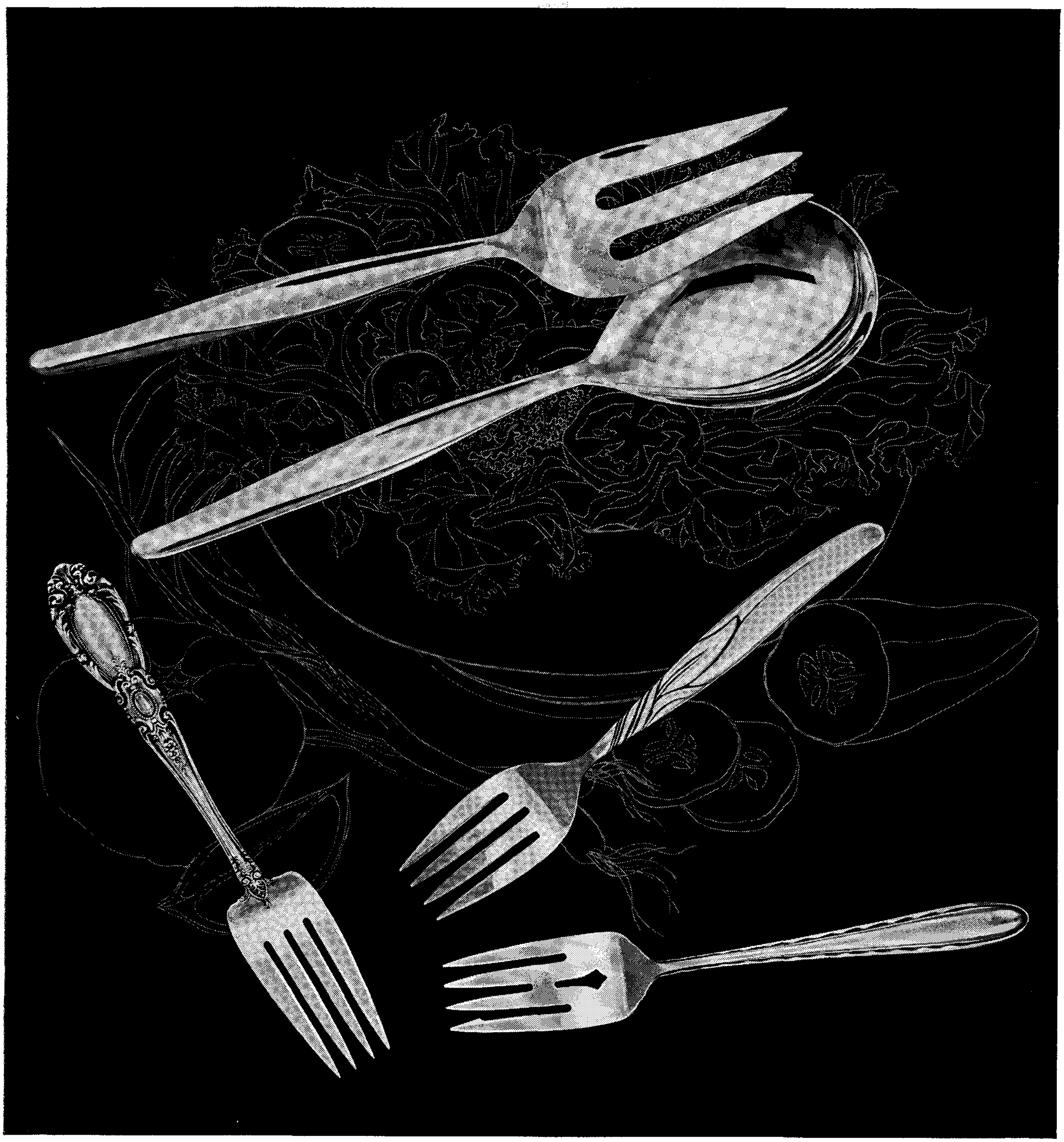
THERE are more imported clothes at Macy's-by-the-Sea, many of them from France and Italy. A fairly complete beach wardrobe—a shirt, a gathered skirt, shorts, tapered slacks, and a mandarin coat that can be worn as a dress when it's belted in—is of white cotton, strikingly landscaped, in red or navy, with Italian fishing villages. White cotton with alternating narrow and broad stripes of bright yellow produces a blouse, a jacket, and a Bikini bathing suit; blue-and-white striped cotton produces a bloused jacket that buttons in front and at the back, trousers that end just below the knee and are buttoned at the side, and slacks with flap hip pockets. In case a patch is needed before summer's wear and tear is over, a piece of the material is thrown in free with each garment. Charcoal-gray shantung on which tiny Shocking-pink apples are scattered makes a handsome shorts-and-jacket outfit. Among the native American handicrafts are elasticized bathing suits, clinging as can be, which should dry out in no time. One of seed-stitched sand-and-white orlon has a white ribbed cuff around the off-shoulder décolletage. A maillot of diagonally striped red-and-white orlon plunges to a narrow V in front and curves down at the back into a waist-deep oval. A half-skirted white orlon suit is embroidered all over with red orlon ferns and berries. The bathing suits are from $15.95 to $25. The separates ascend to $27.95.

THE dashing cotton separates in the Beach Department of Saks Fifth Avenue are printed in curious designs evolved by a Peruvian Indian tribe two thousand years ago. (The patents, I guess, must have run out by now.) Pale-pink cotton with picket-fence stripes of strawberry pink and green is offered in the guise of a street-length skirt and a bathing suit that ends in shorts. An outdoor lounging dress and a bathing suit with a pleated skirt are of pale-green cotton with mystifying orange, dark-green, and chartreuse figures lurking on it; a bathing suit with attached shorts, a beach jacket, and a sun dress that fastens down the bodice with buttons of hammered silver metal are of pale-green cotton with a pattern in raspberry and mustard all over it. The highest price in the lot is $49.95. Very modern, in an African way, is a white cotton printed with black-and-white leopard heads whose green fake-jewel eyes really gleam at you. It's used for a softly tailored blouse and a stiffened skirt that ties about the waist with a sash of green polished cotton. Prices are $14.95 and $29.95, respectively.

SOME of the holiday clothes at Abercrombie & Fitch are of rough raw silk—a nice change from the ubiquitous cotton. A single-breasted Johnny-collar box jacket and Bermuda shorts appear in a variety of plaids and in several solid colors. Gored skirts and sleek slacks appear only in solid colors. These silk goods cost from $10.95 to $29.95. Natural linen mixed, to its great advantage, with dacron results in a mannish jacket that would look just as



"The way their faces light up when I give them back the thing they've lost—that's what makes this job worth while!"



CHOOSE FROM 17 TOWLE PATTERNS. ILLUSTRATED HERE FROM TOP DOWN: CONTOUR (SALAD SERVING SET); KING RICHARD, SOUTHWIND, SILVER FLUTES (SHOWN IN SALAD FORKS).

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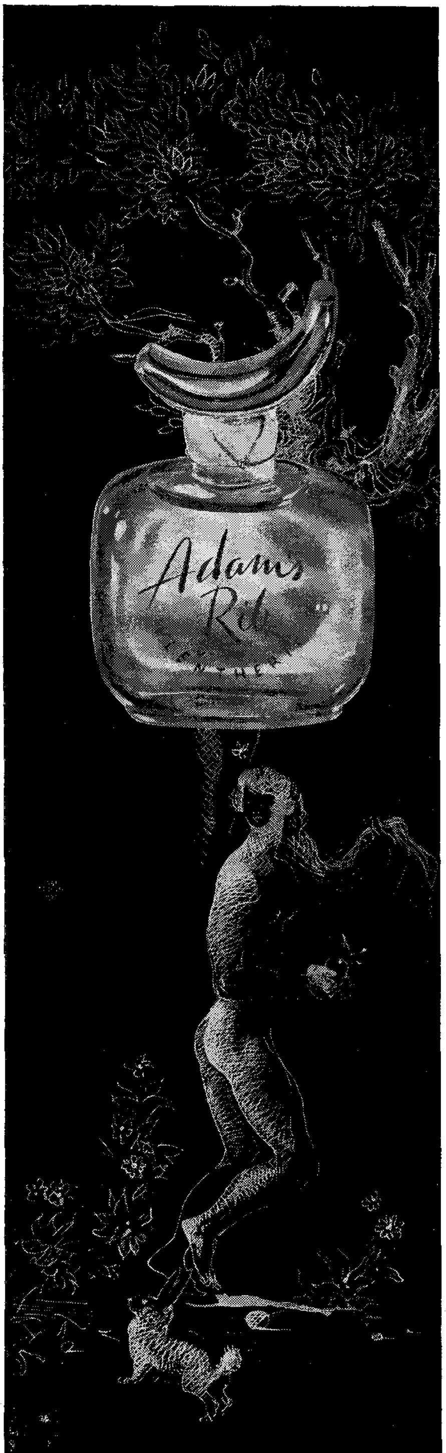

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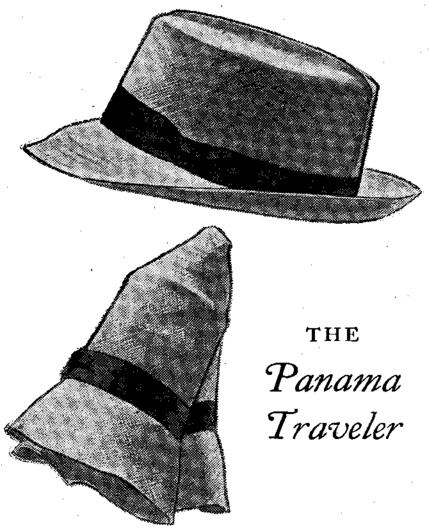
well with a straight skirt as it does with the brown cotton gabardine shorts suggested by A. & F. The jacket is $35, the shorts are $9.95. A white cotton shirt with a hunting print (terra cotta and gold) is to be worn, the shop hopes, with a straight skirt of rust linen. The shirt is $6.95, the skirt is $15.95. A sleeveless blouse of gray cotton strewn with green leaves and lavender clover is accompanied by lavender shorts and a lavender button-down-the-front skirt, both of an opaque cotton called baby duck because it's lighter in weight than duck, which it closely resembles. For tennis, there are shorts of white cotton-and-dacron and a polo shirt of cotton mesh woven in Austria and trimmed with Swiss ribbed cotton.

FOR women who expect to spend summer in town, Jay Thorpe comes up with some good ideas. A definitely city suit from France is of white and light-blue cotton faille sprinkled with delft-blue diamonds. There's a nipped-in jacket, a shawl collar, three-quarter sleeves, and a low belt; $125. A fitted suit of gray Jacquard cotton has a double collar and double cuffs—the top one of white linen, the bottom one of taupe linen edged with taupe cotton lace. A two-piece, full-skirted cotton dress that is practically a suit shows up in pea-green, taupe, and brown plaid with a brown velvet collar. These two are $69.95 apiece. And a bouffant shirtwaist dress of white starched voile that's dotted and striped in black has a Lord Byron collar of white silk voile and a long black velvet necktie; $40.

IN De Pinna's Town Shop, there's a shirtwaist dress of black chiffon satin that is sleeveless except when you tack on the short separate sleeves the management has thoughtfully provided; $125. Two waistlines, Empire and natural, are marked by bands of bright plaid linen on a perfectly plain low-necked sheath of black linen, and a bolero of the plaid linen completes the outfit; $95. One of the cotton dresses is covered with a lovely confusion of dark-green foliage and purple-blue flowers. Its boat neckline and square armholes are bound with purple grosgrain, and the waist is girded by a purple grosgrain sash that streams down almost to the ankles. A similar dress is done in bisque shantung with vertical stripes of black. Its binding is black grosgrain that ends in a bow in back, and more grosgrain encircles the hem. Either one is $69.95. The most romantic note in this group is a sheath of white linen em-



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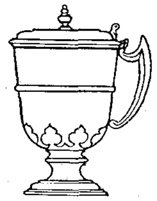

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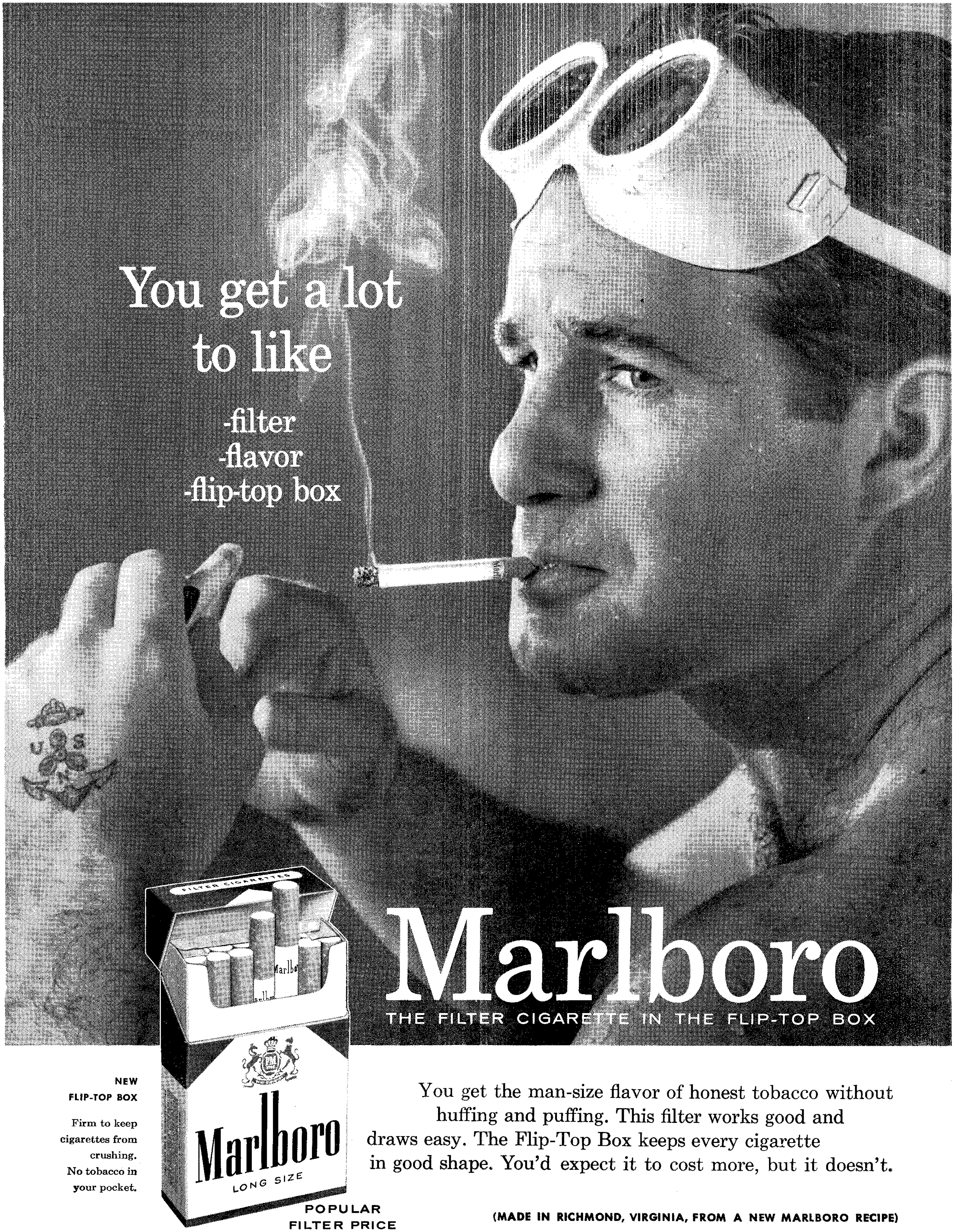
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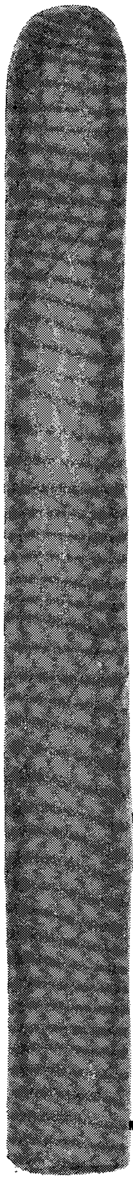

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broidered with pink-and-gray leaves and trimmed at the décolletage with pink chiffon that widens into a long scarf that can be draped, folded, or flung, as you wish; $135.

BERGDORF GOODMAN presents a crowd of cool and inexpensive dinner-at-home gowns. The Empire waistline of a white cotton printed with sprays of pink-and-beige fern is bound with strawberry velvet ribbon. Pink cabbage roses and shadowy white lilies of the valley bloom on a dirndl-skirt white cotton that buttons from bosom to hem with big fake pearls. Another white cotton, striped and dotted in copenhagen blue, has a deep-V décolletage in front, and the skimpy bodice is fastened with gold-metal hooks and eyes. A sash of polished cotton that is half copenhagen blue and half strawberry pink finishes this one off. For the beach, there are one-piece pajamas of red bandanna cloth and a reversible loose jacket, red bandanna on one side and white terry cloth on the other.

WILLIAM J., at 44 West 54th Street, has beach hats that could be worn to lunch anywhere in town. A Mad Hatter sailor of natural straw has taffeta streamers striped in college colors. A toast leghorn is draped with puckered China silk that shades from white to bois de rose to fuchsia. A sailor of natural straw is wrapped with brown cotton fish net. A tiny feather sea gull sits on the peaked crown and another stands on the brim, which turns back from the face; $25. Iridescent blue metallic straw makes a shovel bonnet that is cut away at the crown and at the nape of the neck, and black-and-white striped straw makes a sombrero with gray ostrich feathers rising like smoke from its crown. Pleated nylon net that won't wilt in the salt air is converted into a miniature coolie hat held on the head by black velvet bonnet strings. It folds flat for packing and costs $8.95, which is where these hats start. Straw plaques surmounted by a dozen Shocking-pink ostrich plumes are really just for laughs.

THE Bermuda Shop has moved diagonally across Madison to 545, at the corner of 55th Street. It is showing natural-straw beach hats with nosegays of clover, geraniums, daisies, or small field flowers tucked into the printed-cotton bands around the high crowns. The same cotton print is used for Bermuda shorts, halter tops, and

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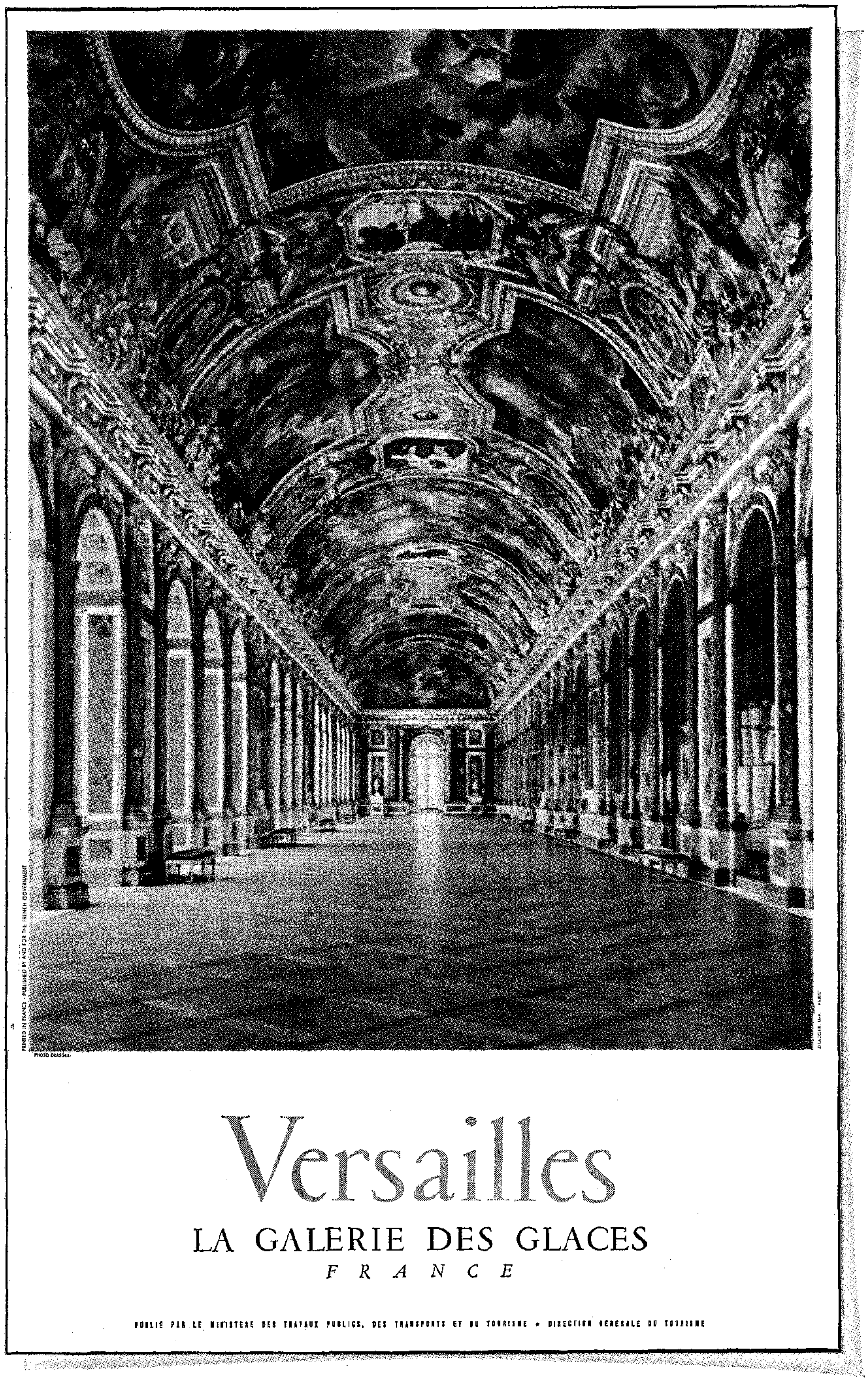

Versailles

LA GALERIE DES GLACES

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dirndl skirts. Prices are $8.95 to $16.95.

FRED LEIGHTON, down at 15 East 8th Street, has acquired a lot of hand-woven cotton skirts in Guatemala, some of them pleated and all of them distinguished. There's no need to say that these skirts last almost forever. A pleated one of white cotton bears a diminutive vertically striped Mayan pattern in red and navy. The same design, enlarged, multicolored, and rambling, appears on a pleated skirt of black cotton. These skirts are from $26 to $50. Mexico supplies Mr. L. with wraparound skirts of unbleached muslin on which scenery is painted in colors that are often bold indeed; $12.50.

ALSO in the Village is Robert John, at 175 Macdougal Street, who turns out the most fetching sort of accessories. A commodious duffelbag of denim striped in royal blue and white is seventeen inches high and nine inches across its blue leather base. An English fisherman's shirt has been copied in red, orange, natural, or black sailcloth. Suède shell slippers with flat heels and instep straps come in camel, gray, olive, and dusty pink. Prices are moderate, and the shop is open Monday through Saturday from eleven to nine.

UPTOWN again, to Bronzini, at 5 East 52nd Street, a firm that makes beach wraps and slippers in its own workrooms. A vast circle of Italian terry cloth with a long, narrow hole in the middle miraculously becomes a two-tiered swallow-tail cape coat when you fold it along the slit and then put your arms through it. Slippers for the beach, the bath, or travel are of domestic terry cloth, soles and all, ruffled and elasticized around the foot and sprinkled at the pointed toe and across the vamp with sea shells, glass teardrops, half moons, fake-gold coins, or gold-metal roses. The robe is $25, the slippers are $10. Everything is in a selection of solid colors. —M. M.

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MOST SUCCINCT NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from an Associated Press wire dispatch received by the Los Angeles Examiner*]

A103
ADVANCE FOR AMS FRIDAY MAY 11
BRIEFS (370)
SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, MAY 10 (AP)—BRAZIL HAS PLENTY OF BANANAS AND NOT MUCH NAVY.

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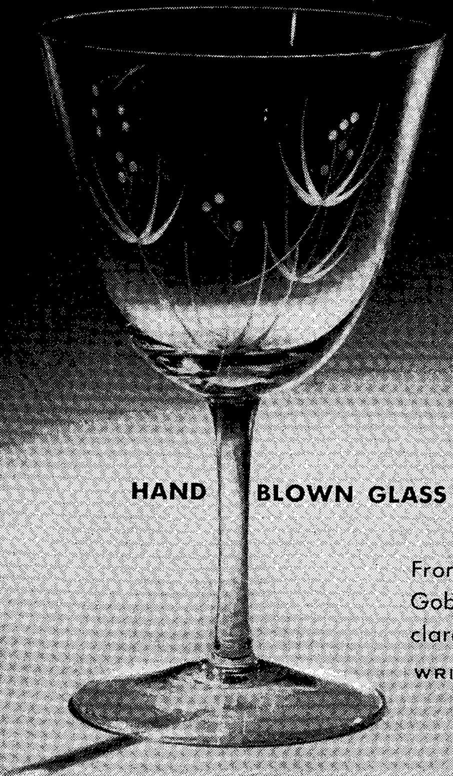

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE

Jehovah's Witnesses constitute the one group of people in the world who not only feel no anxiety about the threat of a nuclear war but actually look forward to one with considerable pleasure, since they believe that it might prove to be the last earthly upheaval before Armageddon—the final battle between the forces of good and evil that is so grimly predicted in the Bible. The Witnesses bank strongly on Armageddon; for it is their comforting conviction that they will be the sole survivors of the cataclysm. Moreover, while some people who do not share their faith foresee a bleak post-cataclysm future of living in caves and subsisting on bark and berries, the Witnesses firmly believe that once the forces of evil have been totally overthrown, they themselves will live in joy and plenty forever on an altogether perfect earth. Possibly because of this cozy theological bomb shelter they have built for themselves, the Witnesses also constitute the fastest-growing religious body around. In fact, while the two hundred and fifty-four other denominations in the United States have registered a seventy-four-per-cent increase in their combined membership during the past quarter of a century, the Witnesses have leaped ahead with a gain of twenty-three hundred per cent, or at a pace thirty-one times as brisk as all the rest put together. At present, there are a hundred and eighty-seven thousand Jehovah's Witnesses in this country and about half a million in other lands—all of them practicing ministers, on either a part- or a full-time basis, and all of them prepared, and even eager, to brave the contempt and abuse of a frequently hostile public. Though the Witnesses are a peace-loving lot themselves, they are also inveterate sidewalk and house-to-house proselytizers, and their zeal in spreading the word among unbelievers that the end is near sometimes leads not to conversions but to violence. On a number of occasions in recent years, infidels have risked being on the wrong side at Armageddon by stoning Witnesses, burning their homes and meeting places, tarring and feathering them and riding them out of town, and, in a few cases, trying their best to murder them. To all these displays of ill-humor the Witnesses submit in a spirit of cheerful humility—and push the next doorbell.

Until recently, what few glancing encounters I had had with Jehovah's Witnesses consisted mainly of refusing copies of the group's two bi-weekly magazines, *Awake!* and the *Watchtower*, that were proffered me by hopeful-looking men and women on street corners. These encounters had given me the impression that the Witnesses were a fairly individualistic crowd—long on fervor, no doubt, but short on organization. To be sure, this impression received a jolt a couple of years ago when swarms of them attended a convention at Yankee Stadium. Then, a few weeks ago, I read that twelve thousand of them would be congregating in Jersey City this summer, and I decided to try to find out what was back of it all. Accordingly, the next time a sidewalk Witness—in this case, a shiny-faced girl in her early twenties—held out a copy of the *Watchtower*, I paid my nickel for it and chatted with her a minute or two. She was friendly and communicative, and told me, among other things, that although she and her colleagues are properly known as Jehovah's Witnesses, the sect itself is legally incorporated as the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society, and that its international headquarters is Bethel Home, in Brooklyn. A few days later, I decided to call up headquarters for a little more information, and was somewhat startled to learn from the switchboard operator that Jehovah's Witnesses have an officer in charge of public relations—a man named Ulysses Glass. On being connected with him, I was somewhat more startled when he invited me to come over and be his guest at breakfast at seven the following morning. The idea had a certain appeal, however, and I assured him that I would be there.

Bethel Home, which the Witnesses built and own, is an imposing ten-story rose-brick structure on Columbia Heights, a street that runs along the bluff of Brooklyn Heights, parallel to the East River. The neighborhood is a pleasant one, rather reminiscent of Boston, with quiet, tree-lined streets of brick and brownstone houses. The Witnesses' headquarters occupies one of the choicest locations there. It was a quarter to seven when I arrived, and I found Glass already waiting for me at the main entrance. A tall, craggy Hoosier in his late thirties, wearing a tan jacket, brown slacks, and a yellow butterfly-bow tie, he welcomed me to Bethel Home with a cordial handshake and led me into the lounge—an uninspiring, institutional kind of room about forty feet square, with several couches and easy chairs along the walls and a large refectory table in the center. As we sat down in front of a picture window looking out over lower Manhattan, I remarked that the building had an enviable view.

"I suppose so," Glass replied, with a perfunctory glance out the window. Then he turned to me and said, "But we're more interested in looking ahead to the new world to come than in contemplating this old one." I said that I had been surprised to find Bethel Home such a large building, and wondered how it was that the

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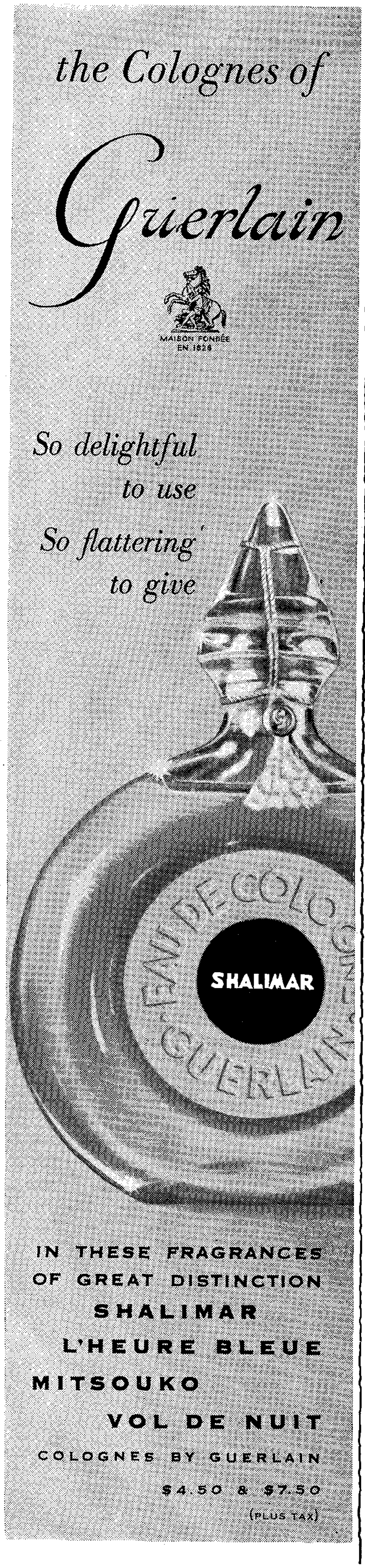

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administrative work of the Witnesses required so much space. At this, Glass brightened and leaned forward. "This isn't *just* an administrative headquarters," he said. "Right now, there are four hundred and fifty-one of us living here—forty-five women and the rest men. That includes those who work here at Bethel and the three hundred and twenty-three employees of our printing plant, a few blocks away, on Adams Street. Everyone who works at Bethel or at the plant is a Witness, and everyone here, from our president on down, gets only fourteen dollars a month, plus room, board, and travelling expenses. We're practically self-sufficient, too. We have our own laundry, dry-cleaning plant, and shoe-repair shop. Of course, with all the walking we do, the shoeshop is a pretty busy place." He paused to let me enjoy this little jest, and then went on, "Most of our food comes from our own farms—one on Staten Island, where we also have our radio station, WBBR; one at South Lansing, New York, where our training school, called Gilead, is located; and a third at Port Murray, New Jersey. We also make and repair our furniture and most of our equipment, and we even have our own doctor and our own chiropractor. Naturally, there's a long waiting list of Witnesses who want to work here. Applicants have to be between seventeen and forty to be admitted, though we do make exceptions if they have skills we need. Just let a dentist apply, no matter what age! Witnesses who join us here sign up for a minimum of three years, and some of them will probably stay for life." He paused again, took a deep breath, and looked around the room. "You know, Bethel cost over a million dollars to put up, seven years ago," he said. "And not only that, it was built on the site of Henry Ward Beecher's home."

I said I supposed the main job of the printing plant was to turn out the Witnesses' two magazines, and this had the effect of setting Glass off again. "Well, that's an important part of the job over there," he said, "but it's not all of it by any means. We printed a total of sixty-six million copies of the *Watchtower* and *Awake!* last year, but we also printed better than forty-six million Bibles, books, and booklets, plus a hundred and sixty million tracts, calendars, and leaflets. Every day, fifteen tons of literature, in sixty-five languages and Braille, rolls off our presses. As a matter of fact, our output of printed matter is said to surpass that of any other movement in America—religious *or* secular."

The lounge and hallway had begun to fill up with Witnesses waiting for breakfast, and at five minutes to seven a bell rang. Glass and I got up and joined the crowd that had begun moving downstairs to the basement, where the dining room was. "The Witnesses here have a pretty full schedule," Glass told me on the way. "They work eight hours and forty minutes a day, five and a half days a week. Almost every evening they have some kind of study meeting, and on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday they minister house to house, store to store, and on the streets. Now and then—every couple of weeks or so—they take an evening off for their own entertainment. Of course, they are far from our only workers, even locally. Every week, in New York City alone, seventy-three hundred and eighty-nine Witnesses put in a total of twenty-six thousand hours canvassing the two and a half million dwelling units in the five boroughs. What's more, we've worked out a block-by-block strategy that enables us to cover the entire city three times a year."

The dining room, large and rectangular, was painted a light yellow and furnished with blue-topped metal tables and matching chairs, all of which, Glass told me, had been made in the Bethel Home workshop. Most of the Witnesses, I noticed as I looked around the quickly filling room, were in their twenties. With the exception of a few older men, who were wearing suits and neckties and who, Glass said, were members of the seven-man board of directors, everyone was simply dressed—the men in slacks and open-necked sports shirts, and the women, a number of whom resembled 4-H Club beauty queens, in simple cotton dresses. All in all, they seemed a well-scrubbed, sprightly, contented-looking group. Each of the tables seated ten, and most of them were nearly full, but at ours there were only three people besides Glass and me—two husky young men of about twenty, and Mrs. Glass, a small, pert-looking woman with reddish-brown hair. As soon as we were seated, Glass handed me a copy of the Witnesses' *Yearbook* and explained that it contained scriptural texts, one for each day in the year, and that every morning, before starting breakfast, the workers discussed the day's text. Looking at the *Yearbook*, I saw that the text about to be discussed was from Genesis, in the

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Witnesses' own translation: "Then the eyes of both of them became opened and they began to realize that they were naked." A few latecomers hurried across the room to their places, and then, although no apparent signal was given, the hall suddenly grew silent. Glass stared off fixedly at a rustic mural on the wall opposite him, and his wife kept shifting her gaze nervously between her copy of the *Yearbook* and a Bible she had brought with her. Presently, an amplifying system was turned on, and the text was read aloud by a bald-headed man sitting before a microphone at a table near us. Glass whispered to me that he was T. J. Sullivan, Superintendent of Missionaries and Evangelists.

"Who has a question?" Sullivan asked.

After a long period during which nobody said anything, a small man with a great shock of black hair spoke up from the center of the room. "What was meant by the opening of the eyes?" he asked, in a thick Italian accent. "Didn't they have their eyes opened before?"

Sullivan called out a name, and a man's voice answered from the far end of the dining room, "Their eyes were already open, but not to everything. The opening of their eyes could not have referred to their physical eyes, because those must have been open before they ate the apple. Afterward, Adam and Eve knew the difference between good and evil."

Sullivan called out another name, and a muscular, hirsute man off to one side of the room responded. "It wasn't that they received a physically enlarged brain capacity filled with divine wisdom," he said. "It opened the eyes of their heart and of their conscience."

A portly gray-haired man sitting a few tables away from us asked what, exactly, the sin was that Adam and Eve had been guilty of. A soft-voiced Southerner behind him suggested that it was disobedience, but a middle-aged, bespectacled man, whom Glass identified as Hayden Cooper Covington, the Witnesses' lawyer and one of their directors, disagreed. "It was a legal matter," he said. "The tree served as a legal sign, a guidepost, between the God-King and man in their governmental dealings with each other. Adam and Eve failed to fulfill their contract."

"It certainly wasn't sex," said another man when Sullivan called on him. "That had already been settled earlier in Genesis. 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth,' " he quoted.

The gray-haired man who had asked

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what sin Adam and Eve committed—and who, Glass now told me, was Hugo Riemer, another director—looked around sternly. "It was because of the disobedience of an inferior to a superior," he said. "It was because Adam and Eve didn't know enough to keep their place."

With that, the discussion came to an end, and a squad of white-coated young men began briskly serving oranges, oatmeal, scrambled eggs, homemade bread, milk, tea, and coffee. One of the youths at my table, an open-faced, dark-haired fellow, leaned over and said to me, "That was some workout!"

I agreed, and Mrs. Glass turned to me with a sigh. "At least *you* could relax," she said. "*We* have to worry about being called on."

During breakfast, which took ten minutes, Glass informed me that the Society maintains seventy-seven administrative branch offices throughout the world. "We minister in a hundred and fifty-eight foreign countries, ranging from the Solomon Islands, where there is only one Witness, to West Germany, where there are over fifty-four thousand," he said. "There's also a sizable underground Witness movement behind the Iron Curtain, including even Siberia. At present, we have sixteen thousand and forty-four congregations, worldwide. Thirty-four hundred and eighty-four of them are in the United States, and here in New York City there are fifty-five."

As we were leaving the dining room, Glass asked if I would like to see how Witnesses go about their door-to-door work, and when I replied that I had been hoping I could do so, he said he would arrange to have me accompany a young couple named Maurice and Sharon Hagen on their rounds the following day. Mr. and Mrs. Hagen, he told me, had recently become full-time "circuit servants"—Witnesses engaged in organizational and guidance work among the congregations. Previously, they had been "pioneers"—Witnesses who recruit on a full-time basis but have no supervisory status. Glass added, with considerable professional pride, that more than five thousand such pioneers are constantly on the go in the United States. Before I left him at the front door, he gave me the address of a Kingdom Hall, which is the Witnesses' equivalent of a church, on Sutter Avenue, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, and told me I could meet the Hagens there at eight-thirty the next morning. Then, after another cordial handshake, he hurried back in-

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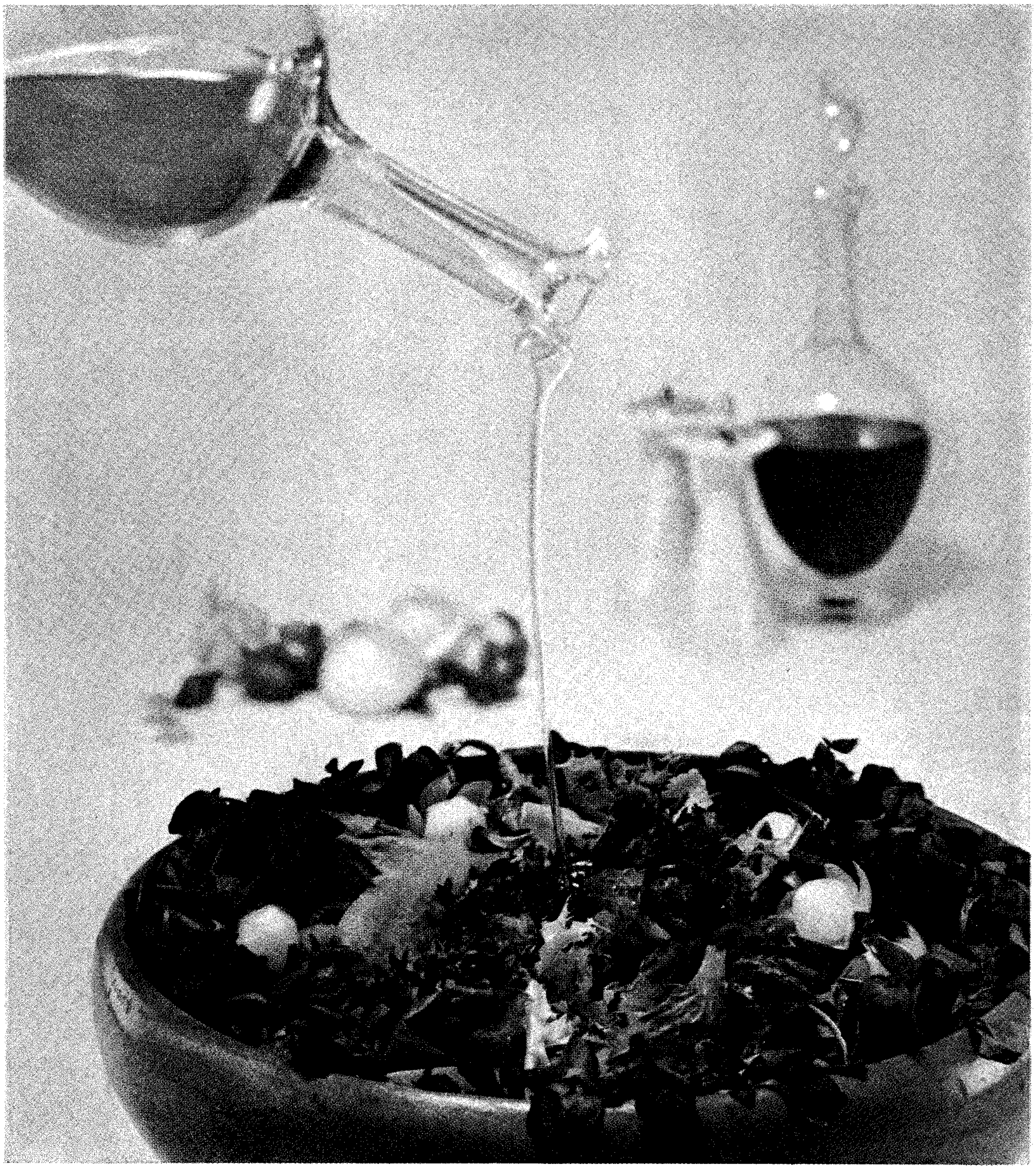

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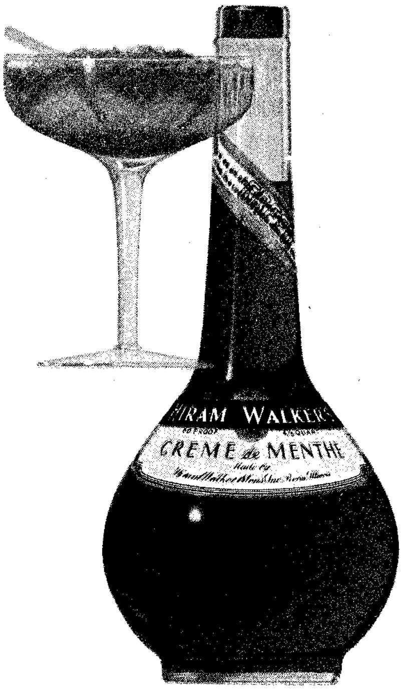
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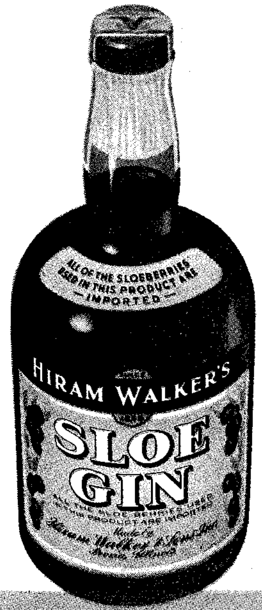
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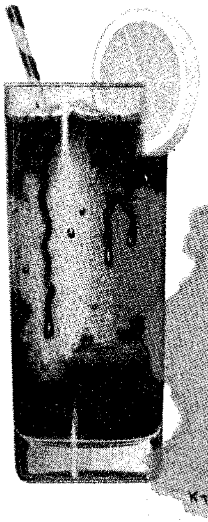

SLOE GIN FIZZ

1½ oz. Hiram Walker's Sloe Gin, juice of ½ lemon
½ Tbsp. powdered sugar.
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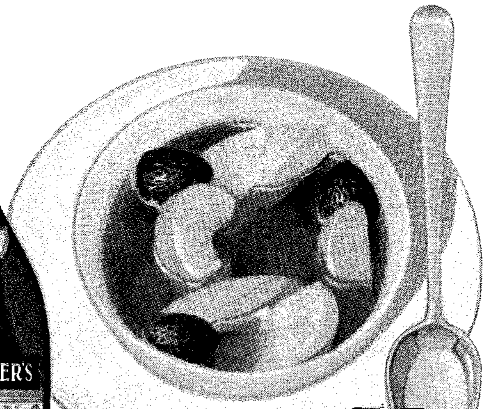

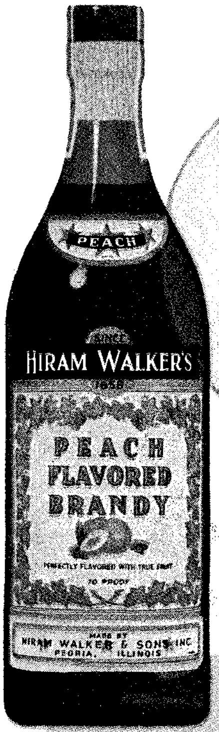
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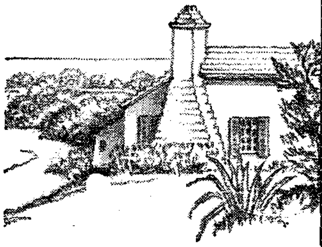
to Bethel Home to begin his day's work.

ALTHOUGH Jehovah's Witnesses claim that the first Witness was Abel, a possibly more defensible case can be made out for Charles Taze Russell, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, who was born in 1852. Brought up a Presbyterian, Russell was unhappy about that church's concept of a fiery and eternal Hell, but he stuck by it until he got into a poolroom debate on the subject one night and, he was obliged to admit, came out a very poor second. This was the last doctrinal setback he ever acknowledged. Impressed by the superior arguments of his adversary, Russell, who was eighteen at the time, embarked on an intensive study of the question, in the course of which he examined the Bible with what he called "the logic of infidelity." His conclusion was that Hell was indeed nonexistent—a belief that later came to be known among his followers as "the no-Hell doctrine" or, more vernacularly, as "turning the hose on Hell." "Would you hold a puppy dog's tail in the fire three minutes?" Russell would ask rhetorically in his sermons in later years, and answer, "Of course not, unless you were subhuman. Yet we are taught that God himself consigns creatures to everlasting torture in fire hotter than any we can imagine." Russell found himself drawn toward the rebel religions, and particularly toward the sects that anticipated the Second Coming, or Advent, momentarily. Adventism, which, according to one religious historian, "reflects the psychology of a distressed class in despair of obtaining the benefits it seeks through the present social order," had a stirring effect on Russell. Convinced that, as he said, "the records of the apostles and prophets are indissolubly linked" but by no means convinced that the adventist sects had read the records right, he set about making his own computations to determine the date of the Second Coming. In the Book of Luke he found what struck him as the key prophecy—that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down . . . until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The "times of the Gentiles," he figured, must have commenced when Nebuchadnezzar overthrew Jerusalem, an event that secular historians place in 586 B.C. but that Russell, confidently applying the rule of unorthodoxy to historical as well as spiritual matters, placed in October of 607 B.C.—a key year in his reckoning. Moving on to Leviticus and Daniel—in a sort of sampling, or spot-check, process



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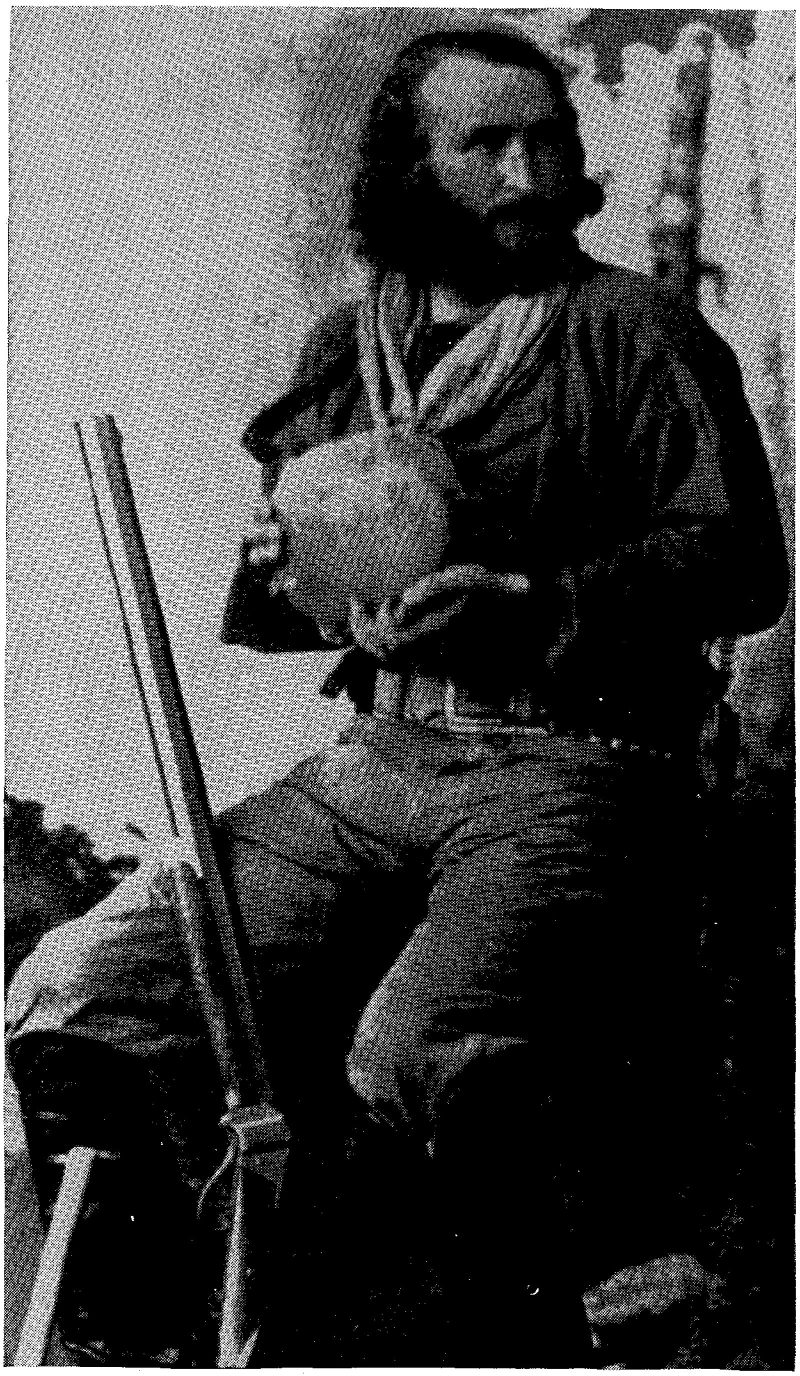

The man who named Tombstone, Arizona

THE SURPRISED government scout from Camp Huachuca reined his horse to a stop at the sight of Ed Schieffelin. And when Schieffelin admitted he was actually living and prospecting in Apache country, the scout warned him, "All you'll ever find'll be your tombstone."

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that has since become the Witnesses' principal method of feeling their way through the Biblical labyrinth—Russell read that Israel was to suffer "seven times" for its sins, and these times, he decided, must be the same as the times of the Gentiles. Then, searching diligently for the meaning of "times," he came upon a passage in Revelation that refers to twelve hundred and sixty days as "a time, and times, and half a time," which, as he saw it, clearly added up to three and a half times. "Seven times" would therefore be twice that many days—twenty-five hundred and twenty, which comes out to seven years. Russell was temporarily discouraged when he realized that this figure would have the Second Coming occurring six hundred years before the First, but he gamely returned to the Bible and before long discovered a passage from Ezekiel in which Jehovah says, "I have appointed thee each day for a year." Now Russell could see that "seven times" should be twenty-five hundred and twenty years, instead of days. Jubilant, he subtracted six hundred and six from this number (letting the last two months of 607 slide) and came up with the year 1914, which, he fervently believed, would be the date of the Second Coming.

Russell, a small, ascetic-looking man with a patriarchal bearing, which in his later years was accentuated by long white hair and a flowing white beard, spent nearly half a century warning the world of its imminent end. In 1872, when he was twenty, he began his theological career by organizing a Bible-and-discussion group in Pittsburgh. Six years later, he had a sizable enough following to open a church, and this remained his headquarters until 1909, when he moved to Brooklyn. As the years passed and the recruits flocked in, he established congregations throughout the country, and in 1884 he formalized the movement that Abel had started by incorporating the sect under the name of the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society. In the course of his proselytizing, Russell travelled an average of thirty thousand miles a year to deliver sermons; his books and booklets had a total circulation of close to sixteen million copies during his lifetime; his weekly discourses were sent out, like syndicated columns, to four thousand newspapers; and his "Photo-Drama of Creation," an eight-hour combined stereopticon-and-motion-picture presentation accompanied by synchronized phonograph records, was shown to nine million people. In 1911, Russell's wife, from whom he

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had been separated for fourteen years, sued him for divorce, on the ground of immoral conduct. For one thing, she maintained, her husband had told their young servant girl, "I am like a jellyfish; I float around here and there. I touch this one and that one, and if she responds I take her to me, and if not I float on to others." Russell denied the charge, but although there was no more evidence than Mrs. Russell's unsubstantiated accusation, the divorce was granted. The schism in Russell's marriage resulted in a number of schisms among his followers, to many of whom divorce on any ground was anathema.

Russell's prestige suffered an even greater blow when 1914 passed with no Second Coming; that disenchantment caused his disciples to fall away in droves. Russell, undaunted, explained that since the Scriptures could not be in error, the Advent must have occurred invisibly. As for Armageddon, which his group, together with the other adventist sects, had believed would instantly follow the Second Coming, he now said that the great battle would occur during the lifetime of the youngest generation alive in 1914—a revision that has been heartily endorsed by today's Witnesses, who are fond of pointing out that their religion is undogmatic and "progressive." In October, 1916, while Russell was barnstorming in Texas in a specially fitted Pullman car named Roseisle, which his adherents provided for his convenience, he died of cystitis. His last words were "Wrap me in a Roman toga."

After Russell's death, Judge Joseph Franklin Rutherford, a Missouri lawyer who had been his colleague and legal adviser, stepped into the organization's top job and, urging his followers to "advertise, advertise, advertise," began slowly fattening the shrunken membership rolls. Rutherford, an adept advertiser himself, proved to be an even more prolific writer than Russell; during the twenty-five years he headed the sect he wrote more than a hundred books and booklets, which had a combined circulation of a third of a billion copies. In 1931, he gave his co-religionists, who had theretofore been known, variously, as Russellites, International Bible Students, and Millennial Dawnists, their present name, derived from Isaiah: "Ye are my witnesses, saith Jehovah." Rutherford established the rigid theocratic pattern under which the Witnesses now operate, and he was responsible for their most famous slogan—

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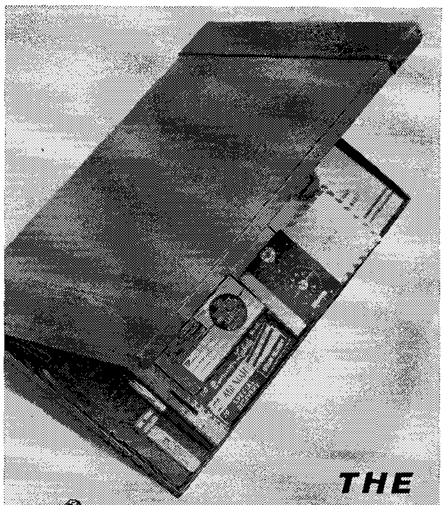
When Russell had to fall back on an invisible Second Coming in 1914, he fortified it by simultaneously announcing the start of a four-year celestial conflict that his spiritual heirs believe fulfilled a prophecy in Revelation:

> And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

In the Witnesses' view, Satan, thrown out of Heaven, fell here on earth, where he has been wreaking his vengeance on man ever since. The First World War was only the beginning of Satan's wrathful handiwork, according to the Witnesses; everything bad that has happened since then they attribute to his continuing state of pique. They quote from Matthew—"Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places"—in an effort to show that the stage is being set for the end of the world, as far as all those who fail to join up are concerned, and they keep a sharp eye out for such manifestations, carefully tabulating their increasingly disastrous effects. The Society's nimble statisticians have calculated that the First World War was seven times as costly, in lives and property, as all the nine hundred and one major wars of the preceding twenty-four centuries put together, and, furthermore, that the Second World War was four times as costly as the First. As for famine, they contend that since 1914 more than twice as many people have suffered from food shortages as went hungry in the previous nine hundred years. Pestilences, like the Spanish influenza that took twenty million lives shortly after the First World War, are also cheerfully charted. Finally, earthquakes occurring between 1915 and 1949 killed 848,450, injured 577,876, and left 14,539,169 homeless, the Witnesses say, and the annual number of these disturbances has been



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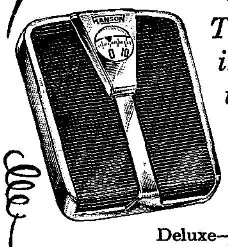

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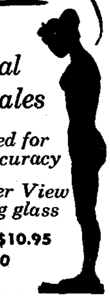

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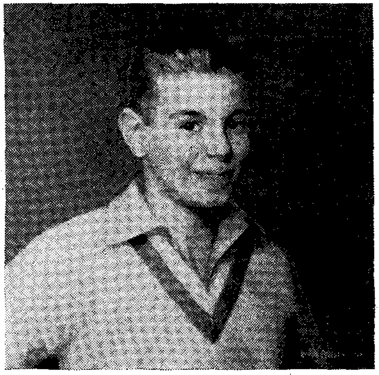

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ten times as great since 1914 as in all the years of recorded history prior to that date. Calamity of any sort is welcome news to the Witnesses, who thus, according to their *Yearbook*, "certainly find themselves in a magnificent position at this time." As it goes on to explain, "They are not fearful of the things occurring in the old world. They are not disturbed because of the thickening darkness, the encircling gloom that afflicts and perplexes all nations. They are not afraid of the wars or the rumors of wars. The reason: They have hope. They *know* the outcome."

For the Witnesses, a further sign of the imminence of Armageddon is the very work they are performing. The text "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (again from Matthew) heightens their fervor, for, as they see it, this means that each door knocked on, each piece of literature placed in the hands of an unbeliever, not only saves one more innocent from the holocaust but brings Armageddon nearer. Still another circumstance they regard as favorable is the fact that they are persecuted. On this score, the Witnesses quote Mark: ". . . they shall deliver you up to councils; and . . . ye shall be beaten. . . . And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." They also quote a more recent text—a report put out by the American Civil Liberties Union in 1941, which states, "Not since the persecution of the Mormons years ago has any religious minority been so bitterly and generally attacked as the members of Jehovah's Witnesses." The A.C.L.U. had not actually compiled statistics on the subject, but the Witnesses, who declare in "Make Sure of All Things," one of their many books, that "persecution to break Jehovah's Witnesses [is] Satan's main effort," have noted that between 1940 and 1944 twenty-five hundred mobs, in a total of forty-four states, set upon one or more of their members. Most of this violence was precipitated by the Witnesses' refusal either to salute or to pledge allegiance to the flag (a graven image, they hold), to bear arms (a violation of the Sixth Commandment), or to place the state above their beliefs ("Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's"). The Witnesses also report that in the fifteen years before 1950 ten thousand of their members were jailed, either for living up to their pacifist sentiments (during the Second World War four thousand of them went to prison as conscientious ob-

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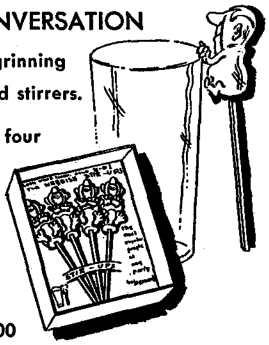

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However much the Witnesses thrive on persecution, they insist upon their legal rights, and in recent years the Society has taken fifty-five test cases to the United States Supreme Court and has won forty-four of them, with the result that the Witnesses now enjoy a number of privileges they used to be denied, including the rights to solicit from house to house, to preach in the streets without a license, to canvass apartment buildings regardless of the tenants' or owners' wishes, to be recognized as ministers of an accredited religion and thus to be exempt from the draft, to decline to serve on juries, and to refuse to salute or pledge allegiance to the flag. Law or no law, though, the Witnesses are confident that forays against them will continue, and they take comfort in the prospect. The word "martyr," they point out, comes from the Greek "*martys*," which means "witness."

Much of the Witnesses' doctrine is difficult for the layman to grasp, but one other thesis it embodies may be worth trying to explain, in order to complete the picture of how they think things will be after Armageddon. This is the concept of "the little flock" and "the other sheep." Since the day Satan was cast out of Heaven by Michael, the Witnesses say, Jehovah has selected a hundred and forty-four thousand of their number—all on the basis of the intensity of their righteousness—who will be resurrected in spirit to reign in Heaven as lords of the earth once the big battle is over. They have this on the word of the prophet in Revelation: "And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him a hundred forty and four thousand." The members of this fortunate group of heavenly rulers are the little flock. They are not selected by any corporeal agency; they just "know" they have been tapped. They are counted at Memorial Suppers, held by every congregation at Passover time, at which only the self-appointed members of the little flock come forward to eat the bread and drink the wine. The majority of the little flock have already died and been resurrected in Heaven, but the Witnesses' latest census shows that 16,815 are still around. All the remaining Witnesses, who will survive Armageddon in their present physical form and then, rejuvenated, set about repopulating the globe, are known as the other sheep. As for Armageddon itself, it is described in the Book of Zephaniah as "a

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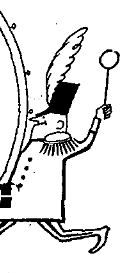

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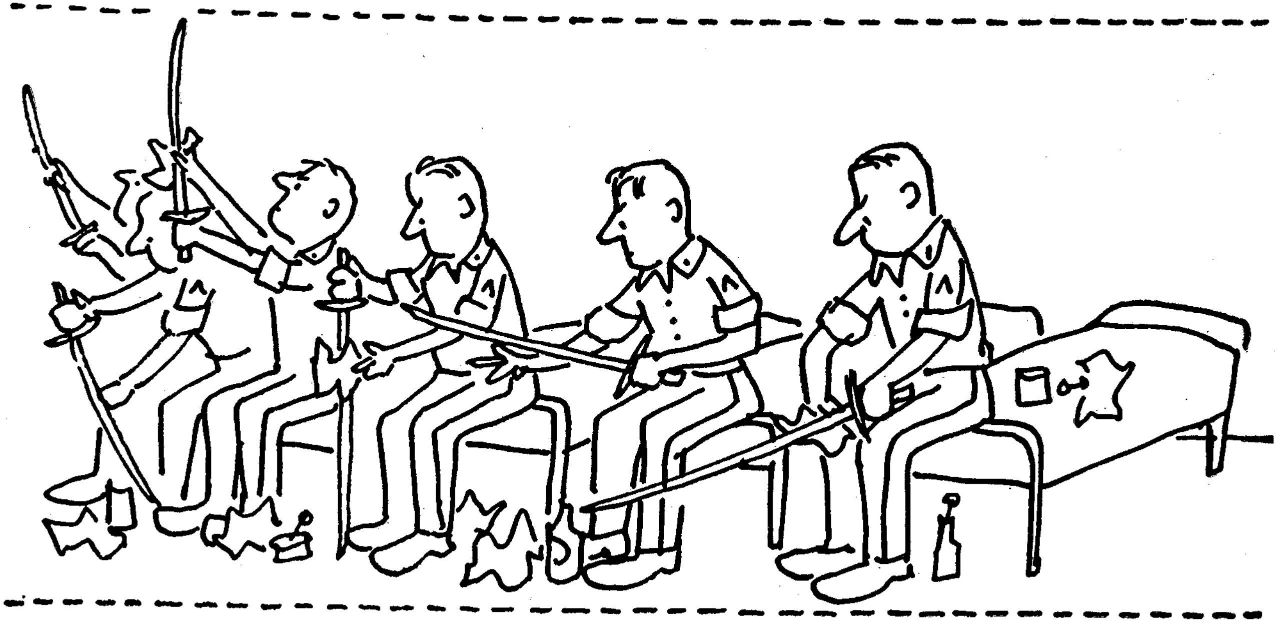

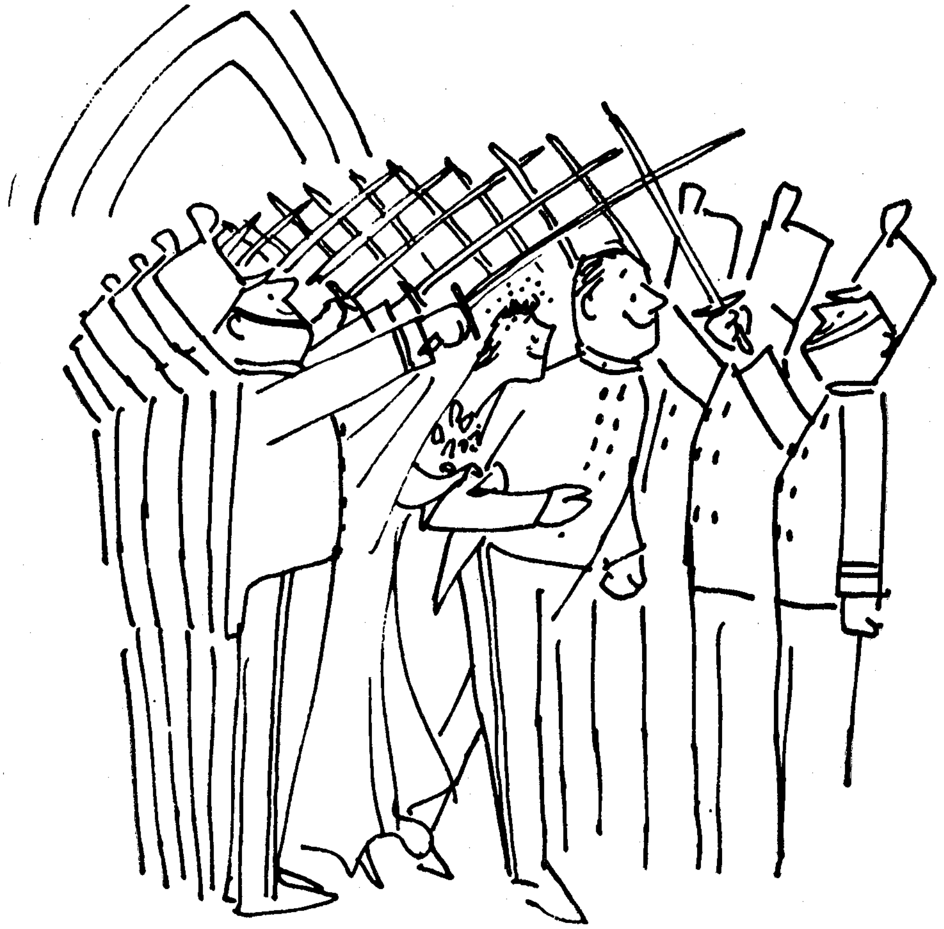

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day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers. . . . [Men] shall walk like blind men . . . and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as the dung." In the minds of the Witnesses, who are notably peaceable and friendly people, that day will be even direr for those who now scoff at them than the direst of Old Testament prophecies. During Armageddon, the Witnesses will stand aside, pacifists to the end, and watch the slaughter of the unbelieving. Afterward, according to their book "New Heavens and a New Earth," "they will go forth and look upon the carcasses of those whom Jehovah has slain, unburied, the food of worms that will not die or cease from swarming over the odious carcasses until they have eaten the bones clean, the food of fire mixed with sulphur that will not be extinguished until it has completed the consumption of all remnants of the carcasses." Once Satan is overcome and bound in chains, the earth will be restored to its paradisiacal grandeur, and the millennium will be at hand. The dead, except for the incorrigibly wicked, will be raised for another crack at life, as the minions of the "other sheep." It is likely that membership in the group of unraised miscreants will be extensive. Even if, as the Witnesses believe, mankind is only six thousand years old, well over two hundred and fifty billion people have lived on the earth, by one estimate, and the lists of the fallen but reformable will have to be culled pretty rigorously if the Witnesses themselves are going to have enough room to turn around in, let alone do any repopulating of the globe. For a thousand years, those who are resurrected will serve the Saved, and at the end of the millennium Satan, freed from his bonds, will stalk the earth once more. This will be everyone's last chance; after an unspecified period, during which Satan will again try to make a mess of things, those who are seduced by his wiles will be rounded up, together with Satan himself, and, after judgment, will be hurled into the lake of fire, Gehenna, to perish forever. The faithful survivors of Armageddon and temptation—true Witnesses all—will inherit the earth.

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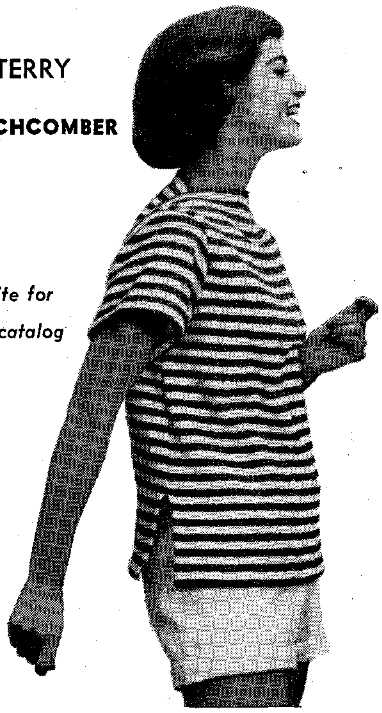

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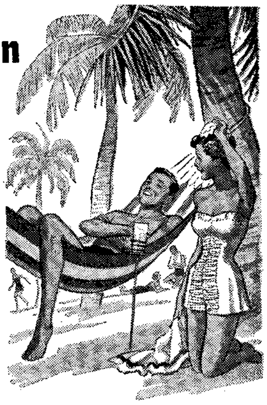

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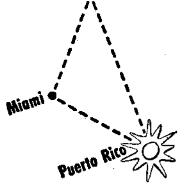

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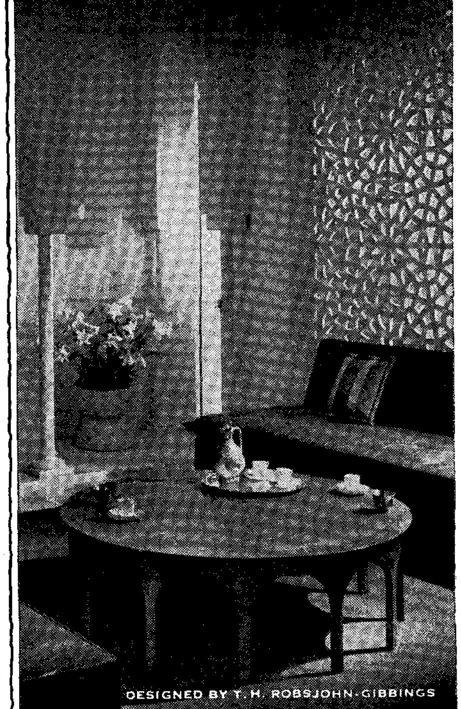
I arrived there on the appointed morning, about a hundred and fifty metal chairs were drawn up in neat rows before a low platform at one end, and a dozen of them were occupied by Witnesses—six women, four men, and two boys of around twelve. Standing in front of them was a tall, handsome, green-eyed, wavy-haired man in his middle twenties, with a wide, resolute smile, who was wearing a brown suit, a white shirt, a green-and-silver striped tie, and an air of imperturbability. "Witnessing means studying, talking, and walking," he was saying as I entered. When he saw me, he came over, introduced himself as Maurice Hagen, and said that Glass had told him I would be there. "We're having a little quiz to prepare for the morning's work," he explained, and invited me to join the group. I took a seat with the others, and he went back to his place. "Now, what's the primary purpose of our door-to-door canvassing?" he asked, smiling at us.

One of the boys put up his hand. "To sell books and magazines," he said.

"No, no," Hagen said gently. "That's our *secondary* purpose—and anyway we don't sell literature, we *place* it. But our primary purpose is to give witness of the Kingdom to come." He went on to say that the book to be placed that day was "Let God Be True," a "Bible-study help," and that potential converts should be assured that it did not represent just any one man's opinion but was the product of intense scholarly research. If it appeared impossible to place a copy of the book, he added, the workers should try to place copies of *Awake!* and the *Watchtower*. "When trying to place magazines, what would be a good approach?" he asked.

A middle-aged woman in the second row put up her hand. "You could show that there are lots of magazines telling how horrible things are but only these two that tell why," she suggested.

"Very good," Hagen said. "You can also tell them that the *Watchtower* has a circulation of two million one hundred thousand copies, in forty languages, every two weeks," he went on. "And that *Awake!* has a circulation of one million four hundred thousand, in thirteen languages, also every two weeks. That's pretty impressive. And remember—you have to be constantly on your toes. You've all read our training book, 'Qualified to Be Ministers,' and I hope you recall the statement that every Jehovah's Witness 'must be able to give an intelligent explanation of God's purposes at any time.' Oh, yes—one other thing. The way you introduce your-



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self is very important. Try to be brief and to the point. You can start out with a variety of topics. For instance, you can say 'I'm here in the cause of freedom.' Or another lead might be 'I'm engaged in a back-to-the-Bible campaign.' That's catchy."

The meeting broke up. The Witnesses loaded their briefcases with books and magazines, and we all went outside. Eight of the Witnesses climbed into an elderly black Chevrolet, while the rest of us—two men, a woman, one of the boys, and Hagen and I—walked up the block to Hagen's teal-blue 1955 Plymouth, which the Society supplied him with. Mrs. Hagen, a vivacious young woman with curly blond hair and blue eyes, was waiting in the car, dressed in a flowered skirt, a yellow blouse, and loafers. As Hagen drove us to the area to be canvassed, he told me that the Society has divided the nation into sixteen districts, each district into a hundred and eighty-five circuits, and each circuit into roughly twenty congregations. "I'm what we call a circuit servant," he said. "I supervise seventeen congregations in Brooklyn and three on Staten Island. My wife's my assistant, and we go from one to another—a week at each. That means at least two weeks with every congregation in the course of a year." His official duties, he said, require him to put in twenty-five hours a week training part-time ministers, or publishers, in door-to-door work, and another twenty-five delivering speeches to fellow-Witnesses, holding study meetings with believers and prospective believers, suggesting to the publishers ways of stepping up their placement of literature, and giving personal counsel, religious or mundane, to anyone in need of it. "This is a good congregation," he remarked as we pulled into a space at the curb on Rockaway Avenue. "A hundred and sixty Witnesses. That's a fifty-three-per-cent increase in the past six months."

"In all the inhabited earth, people are finding the truth," Mrs. Hagen said.

Mrs. Hagen went off with the four other Witnesses, who, it developed, were publishers, and Hagen and I walked on for a couple of blocks, past small, run-down houses and drab apartment buildings, to the corner of Chester Street and Blake Avenue, where we climbed the front steps of a narrow red-shingled house. Hagen knocked on the door briskly, and it was opened by a spindly middle-aged woman dressed in a blue-and-red spangled housecoat. "Good morning!" Hagen said. "It certainly is a beautiful day, isn't it?" he

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continued, his voice taking on the resonant lilt of a trained public speaker's. "I'm a Bible student, and I'm calling in regard to your home. Everyone is interested in their home, aren't they?" The woman nodded, and he went on, "The home I'm referring to is not the literal four walls surrounding you but rather the home all of us live on—the earth. Many people today have become concerned over the destiny of our home—the earth—especially seeing that men have produced weapons of destruction that could destroy our home. What do *you* think about it?"

"The world's going to hell, all right," the woman replied, yawning. "It looks like the end is near."

Hagen brightened. "Do you think that man could destroy the earth?" he asked, opening his Bible. "Do you know that the Bible answers that question? Right here, the Psalms say, 'And he built his sanctuary like the heights, like the earth which he hath established for ever.' Now, some people believe that the sun and the moon will fall out of the sky and destroy the earth, but do you know that the Psalms also say, 'Once have I sworn by my holiness: I will not lie unto David: his seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as the faithful witness in the sky'? Now, perhaps you're wondering whether the earth will always be as it is today, with trouble, wars, sickness, and death."

"Let's hope not," the woman said, and began examining her fingernails.

"Jehovah's word answers 'No,'" Hagen said. "Here's what Isaiah says." He found another passage, and read, "'And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.'"

When Hagen finished reading, he reached into his briefcase and brought out a small rust-colored volume. "In this book, 'Let God Be True,' all these matters are considered in detail," he said. "We have gone to great trouble and a great amount of research to investigate these things for you. We're

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"I don't have any money," the woman said.

"Do you have children?" Hagen asked, ignoring her statement.

The woman nodded, and said "Three."

"Then you'll be interested in the problems of educating children properly to prepare them for the new world, won't you?" Hagen asked her.

"They're all grown up," the woman replied.

"Oh," said Hagen. "Well, then, there are probably grandchildren."

"No," the woman told him. "None of them want to get married."

Hagen reached into his briefcase again and produced a copy of *Awake!* and one of the *Watchtower*. "These magazines offer many articles I know you'll be interested in," he said, opening the *Watchtower*. "Here's one—'Secular Progress and Spiritual Sloth.' That's of vital, practical interest to all right-minded people. Then, here in *Awake!*, our general-news magazine, there's this article—'Religion on the Wide Screen.' We're offering both of these copies for a contribution of just five cents apiece." The woman didn't answer, and Hagen held the magazines forward. "I'm sure you must have a dime rattling around the house," he said.

Dubiously, the woman reached into a pocket, gave him two nickels, and took the magazines. "Coffee's going to boil over," she said, and firmly closed the door.

At the next house, which, except for a gray-shingled exterior, was just like the first one, a colored woman of about fifty came to the door. "My, it's grand out this morning," she said, smiling.

"It certainly is," Hagen said. "Just right for talking about the promise of peace on earth." He started to go on, but the woman interrupted at once to tell him that she had no money. "I'm not selling anything except a promise of life everlasting," Hagen persisted. "Of course, we're all wondering what's going to happen to this old world, aren't we?"

"No need to do that, young man," the woman answered tartly. "If you read the Bible, you'll see it's all written there about the end. You just read your Bible."

Hagen smiled broadly. "I wish there were more like you," he said.

"Sure," the woman went on. "It's all there in the Bible—everything. The

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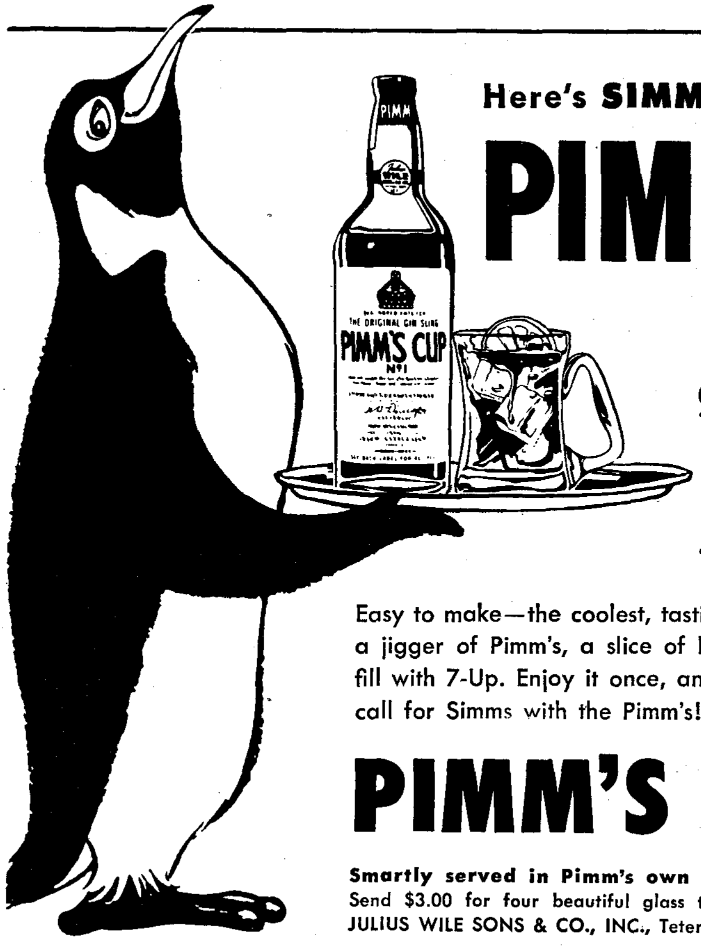

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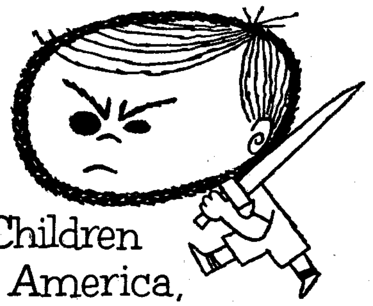

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trouble is people think they're just too all-fired wise. They aren't interested in God's wisdom. They suppose they can get all they hanker after just with brains. It's like building a Tower of Babel to climb up to Heaven. Let me tell you, people are getting too smart for their own good. Why, nowadays they're even calling hurricanes by their first names."

"Exactly," Hagen said. "You probably recall this passage from James." He opened his Bible, and read, " 'Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom—' "

"Sure," the woman said, and recited, " 'But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.' And that's right. But, coming right to the nub of it, you don't need the Bible. When you arise in the morning, you see the sun arise. When you go to bed, you see the moon in heaven. You see the great sea and all the land. That's enough. Right there's religion."

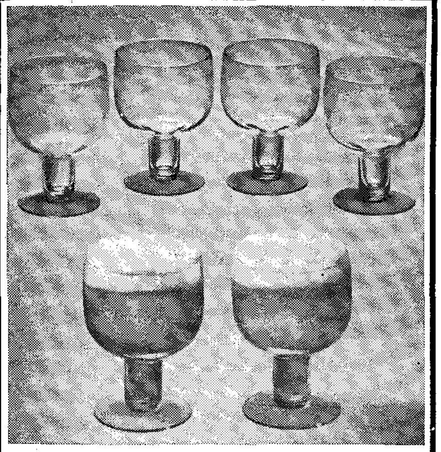
"Some primitive societies do worship nature," Hagen said.

"And they're not far wrong," the woman replied.

Hagen brought out a copy of "Let God Be True," but the woman repeated that she had no money. However, she did buy a *Watchtower*, an *Awake!*, and a nickel booklet entitled "This Good News of the Kingdom." As we were about to leave, she said, "You come back sometime, young man. I'm a good Baptist, but I like talking to a thinking man. You and I have minds. Let's use them."

Hagen assured her that he would come to see her again, and we left. On the sidewalk, he took out a small printed form, at the top of which were the words "House-to-House Record," and wrote down the addresses of the two houses we had visited, the literature placed, and the fact that the second one warranted a return visit—or, in the Society's terminology, a back-call.

At the third place we went to—a ramshackle two-family house that seemed on the verge of collapse—no one was home in the first-floor apartment, so we went inside and climbed a narrow flight of unlighted and unpainted stairs to the second-floor landing, where Hagen knocked on a flimsy door that rattled on its hinges. A rotund colored woman wearing a red gingham dress and espadrilles answered, and



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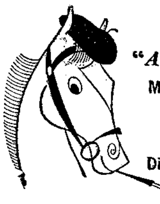

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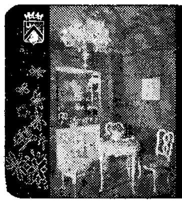

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when Hagen told her he was engaged in a back-to-the-Bible campaign, she invited us in. We went along a short hallway to a tiny kitchen, furnished with a wood-burning stove, an icebox, and a three-legged table, at which a small boy was sitting, and on into what was apparently the rest of the apartment—a room about fifteen feet square that contained two double beds, two straight chairs, and a television set. The walls were painted a glossy royal blue, and their only ornament was a foot-square purple poster on which was inscribed, in white letters, "Jesus Saves."

"I'd like to talk to you about what's going to happen when this Babylonish world passes and the new world comes," Hagen said. Opening his Bible to Isaiah, he showed the woman a passage in Chapter 65. "Can you read without your glasses?" he asked.

"I can read," she retorted, and, taking the Bible, read a trifle unsurely, " 'For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.' "

"Good," Hagen said. "How would *you* like to live on a new earth forever?"

"A preacher come here once and said Heaven was right on earth," the woman said. "Is that so?"

"Well, what do *you* think?" Hagen asked. "Are we just going to Heaven and float around on a cloud playing a harp?" The woman shook her head, and he went on, "Of course not! We have to work. Work is pleasant if it's done well, isn't it?"

Just then, the small boy stuck his head into the room and asked if he could go out and play. The woman slapped him across the face, and he ducked out, wailing.

Hagen smiled. "Do you wonder what it would be like to live forever right here on this earth after it's made into a paradise?" he asked. "Just this morning, I read in the paper about a redwood tree out in California they say is five thousand years old. Can you imagine living on earth for five thousand years?" He took out a copy of "Let God Be True" and opened it. "I know you'd like to read up on this subject," he said. "For just that reason, we've printed this book. It tells you what this new earth will be like and how you can find everlasting life. Take this passage, for instance." He began reading: " 'The visible part of the new world will be a diseaseless "new earth," for the curative power of the divine Physician will be turned toward mankind. Aches and pains will die

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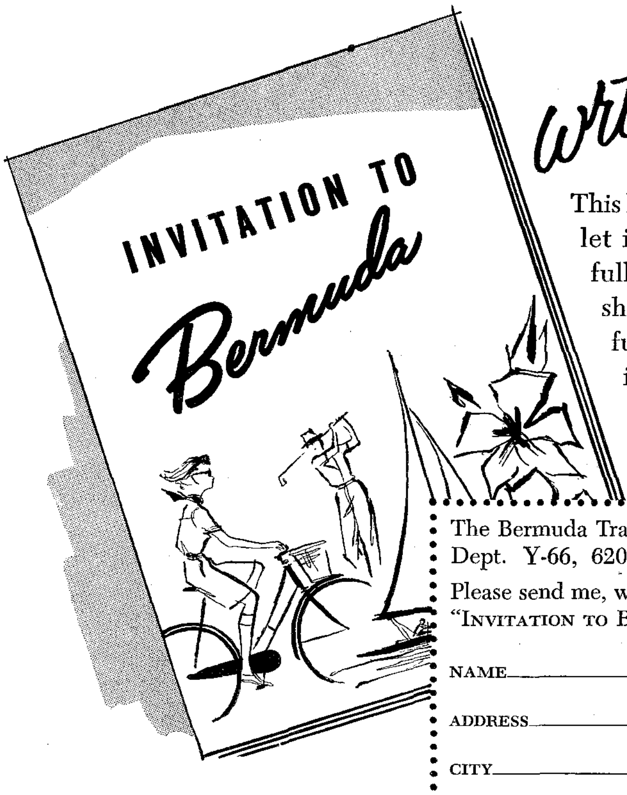

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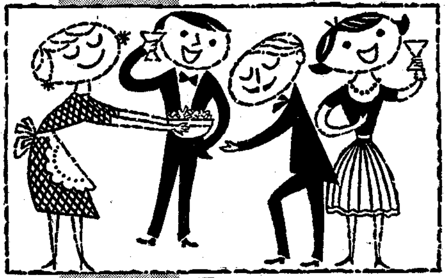

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As Hagen finished, he held the book out to the woman. "I'm going to leave this book, so you can learn about these things and about the Kingdom to come," he said. The woman put out her hand, and Hagen went on, "We're asking for only a fifty-cent contribution."

The woman drew back her hand, and said, "I don't know." Then she smiled. "My little girl—she's twelve—she just love to get in a corner with a book and read, read, read."

"Yes, children often understand things we can't," Hagen said. "They're also full of questions—Mama, who made the stars? Mama, who made the grass?"

"I know," the woman said. "I got six."

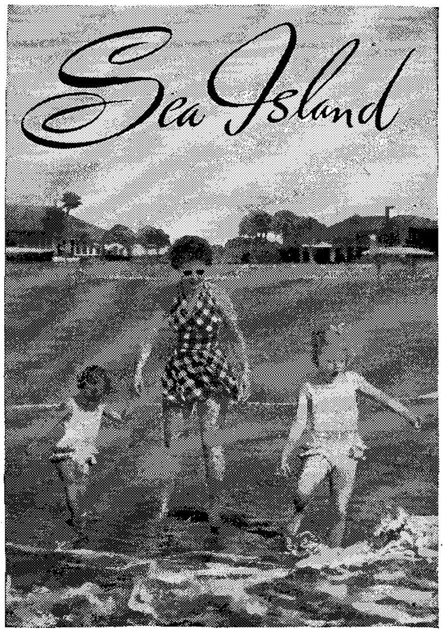
"Then you can see the importance of it," Hagen told her. "Besides, since we stop three times a day for meals, why can't we stop for spiritual food?"

"I can't afford to eat but once a day," the woman said, hesitating. But then she took her worn pocketbook off the television set, counted out some change, and bought the book. Hagen told her that he or a colleague would check back later on to see if she had any questions, and we said goodbye.

Out on the street, Hagen again jotted something on his record sheet, and then, as we walked on, he said, "In some places, all we really try to do is leave one upbuilding thought about the Kingdom."

I asked Hagen if his circuit-servant status meant that the Witnesses supported him, and he replied, "In a way. They pay my wife and me five dollars a month apiece and we get a commission on the literature we place. We stay with a different family each time we visit a congregation, and the family gives us room and board. Bethel Home furnishes our transportation, and the other brothers and sisters, who can work only part time, buy us clothes and what few other things we need. They're very grateful for the work we do. We're not supposed to ask for anything, and we don't. But they see to it that we get what we need."

At our next stop—a narrow three-story brick building—the inner vestibule door was locked, so Hagen rang one of three bells on the wall. In a moment, we heard footsteps on the stairs, and



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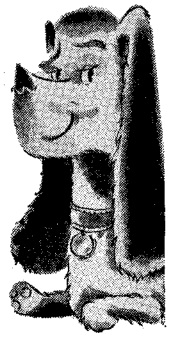

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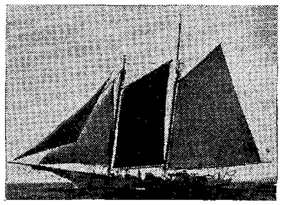

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after a while the door opened and a frail white-haired man in his shirtsleeves stood facing us. "Good morning," Hagen said. "I'm a minister, and I'm calling on you to talk about life and death." The old man frowned and ran a nicotine-stained hand over his eyes. Hagen opened his Bible, and said, "Do you recall when Job asked, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' "

"Sorry, not interested," the man said, backing away.

"Oh, but we're all interested in death, aren't we?" Hagen asked, and held out copies of the two magazines. "Now, there are many things in these magazines I'm sure you'd like to read about," he continued. "There's an article in this issue of the *Watchtower* called 'What Do the Scriptures Say About "Survival After Death"?,' which I know you would find of immense value. For a contribution of just a nickel apiece—"

"Sorry, I don't have a nickel," the old man said, and closed the door.

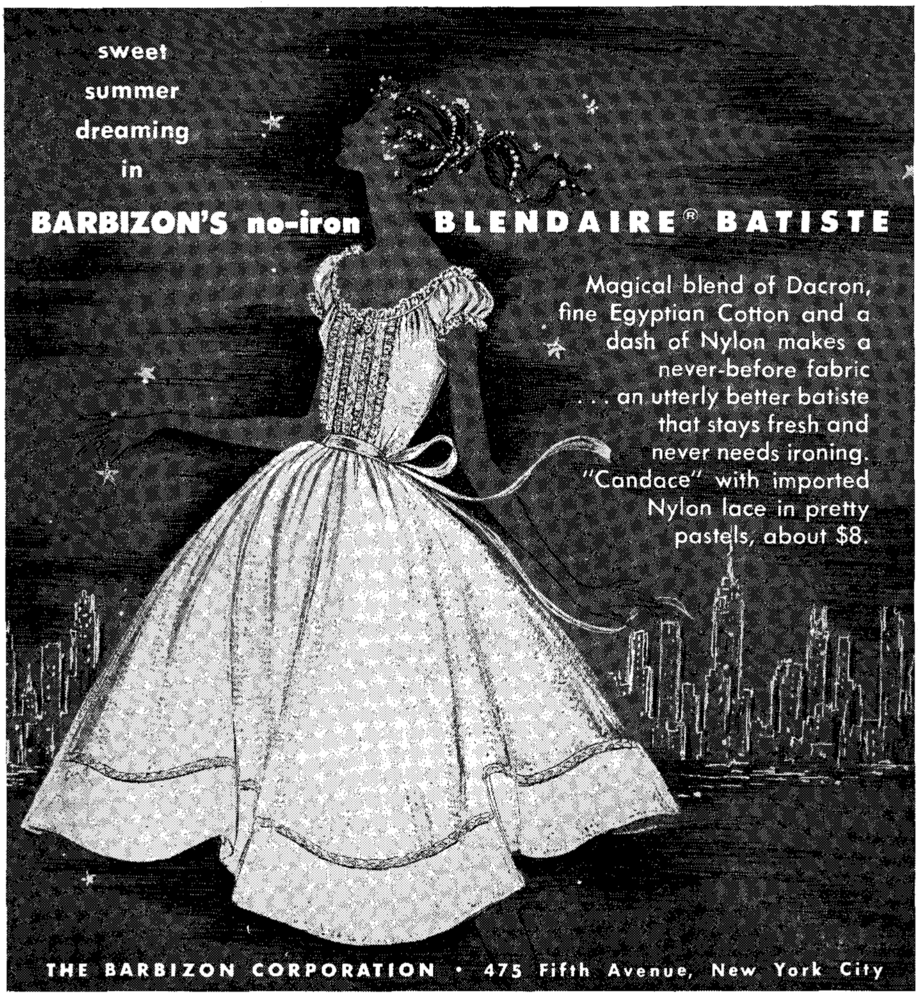
"People seem to have nickels for everything but the truth," Hagen remarked to me, without rancor. He rang the two other bells, but no one answered, so we went on to the next house. There, too, the door to the hallway was locked. Hagen rang one of the bells, and before long a woman's voice called out from inside to ask who was there. Hagen's answer was to ring the bell again. "Maybe it's Western Union," the woman said to someone. We heard her footsteps coming down the hall, and then she looked out through a glass panel in the door. "What d'you want?" she asked through the glass.

"I'm a minister of the Bible," Hagen said. "I'd like to talk to you for a minute about life everlasting."

The woman shook her fist at him and went back upstairs. Hagen shrugged, and rang another bell. This time, a buzzer sounded, unlocking the door, and we went inside. On the second-floor landing, a door was open, and a woman was standing in it, waiting. She was wearing a housecoat, and her gray hair was in curlers. Behind her were a couple of small children. "Good morning," Hagen began. "I'm calling on all busy people who are interested in getting their Bible questions answered in a hurry." He took out copies of "Let God Be True" and the *Watchtower*.

When the woman saw the magazine, she looked startled and backed away a step. "I'm a Catholic," she said.

"I'm glad to hear that you're en-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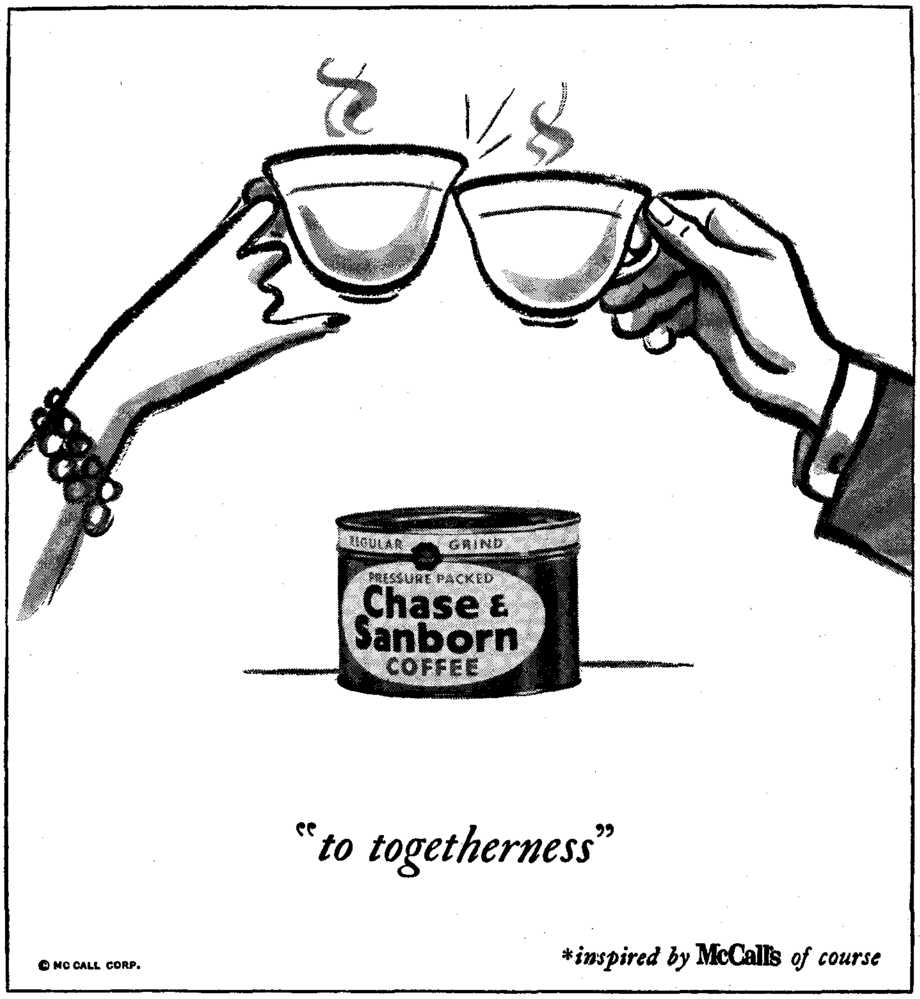

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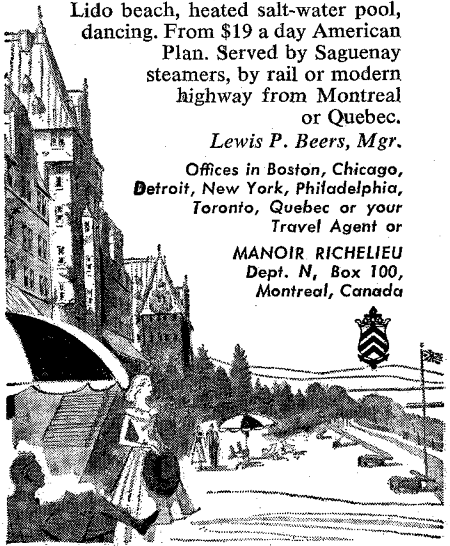

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deavoring to lead a Christian life," Hagen said.

"I have my religion, and I live up to it!" the woman cried. "I don't need any help from you!" And with that she slammed the door.

Hagen turned to me and smiled. "Something tells me that *she* got out of the wrong side of bed this morning," he said. As we started up to the third floor, he added, "Some folks have had it pounded into their heads since childhood that Jehovah's Witnesses are dangerous and not to be listened to. What can you do? We used to give the literature away, until we found that lots of people accepted it just so they could burn it. That's why we ask for a contribution now." At the upper landing, he knocked on a door, and a dog began barking.

"What is it?" a woman's voice asked.

"I'm sorry, I can't hear you very well with the door closed," Hagen said.

"What d'you want?" she shouted.

"My name's Hagen!" he shouted back. "I'm a representative of radio station WBBR."

"I'm not interested," the woman said.

"If you'll tune in at thirteen-thirty on your dial, I think you will be," Hagen told her. There was no reply, so we went back downstairs.

Out on the street, Hagen looked at his watch and said that it was time to meet his wife at the car. As we headed for it, I asked him how long he had been a Witness, and he said since 1949. "I was brought up in Lake Forest, Illinois," he went on. "That's about the wealthiest town in the state. My folks weren't well off, though. My father was a house painter and handyman. He and my mother separated when I was young. Both my mother and *her* father have been Jehovah's Witnesses since they found the truth, just after I did. When I was a kid, I was happy-go-lucky—no concern about anything vital. In high school, I was crazy about airplanes. I decided to be an aeronautical engineer, and spent a year and a quarter at the University of Illinois in engineering. But the trouble was I knew that most of the planes built would be warplanes, even in peacetime, and I didn't like the idea of death and destruction. In fact, I hated it. That was when I turned to Jehovah's Witnesses." He was silent for a few steps and then added, "I guess I was ready for the truth. I felt, Why should I go on learning about

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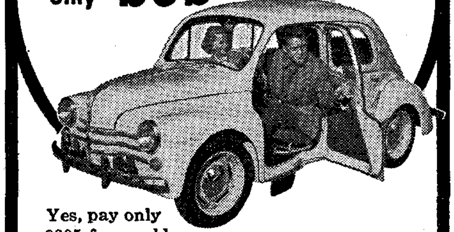

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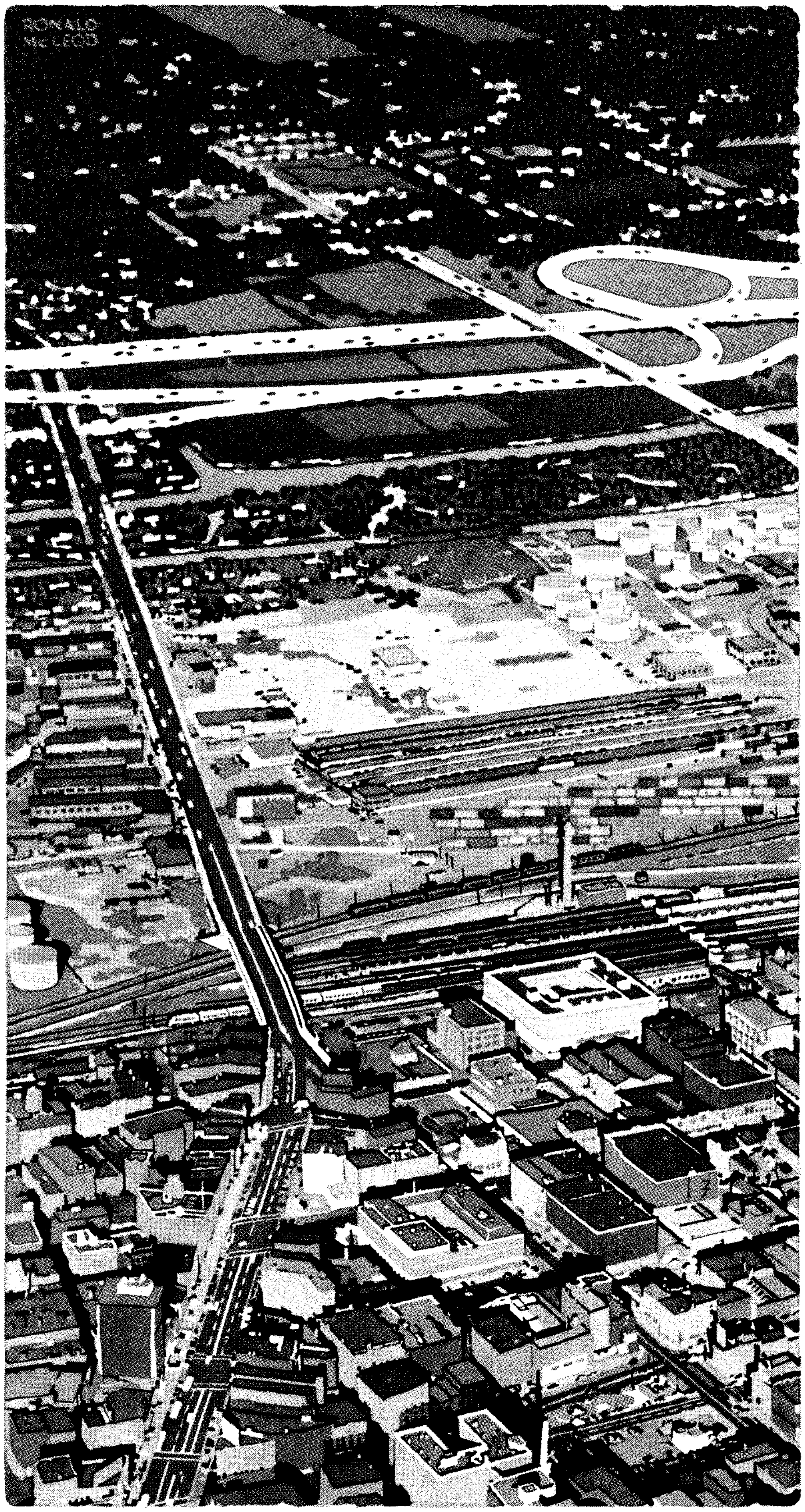

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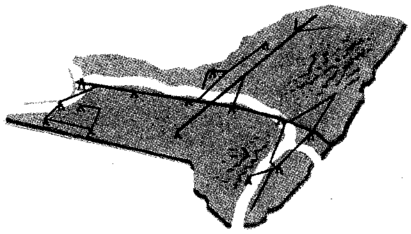

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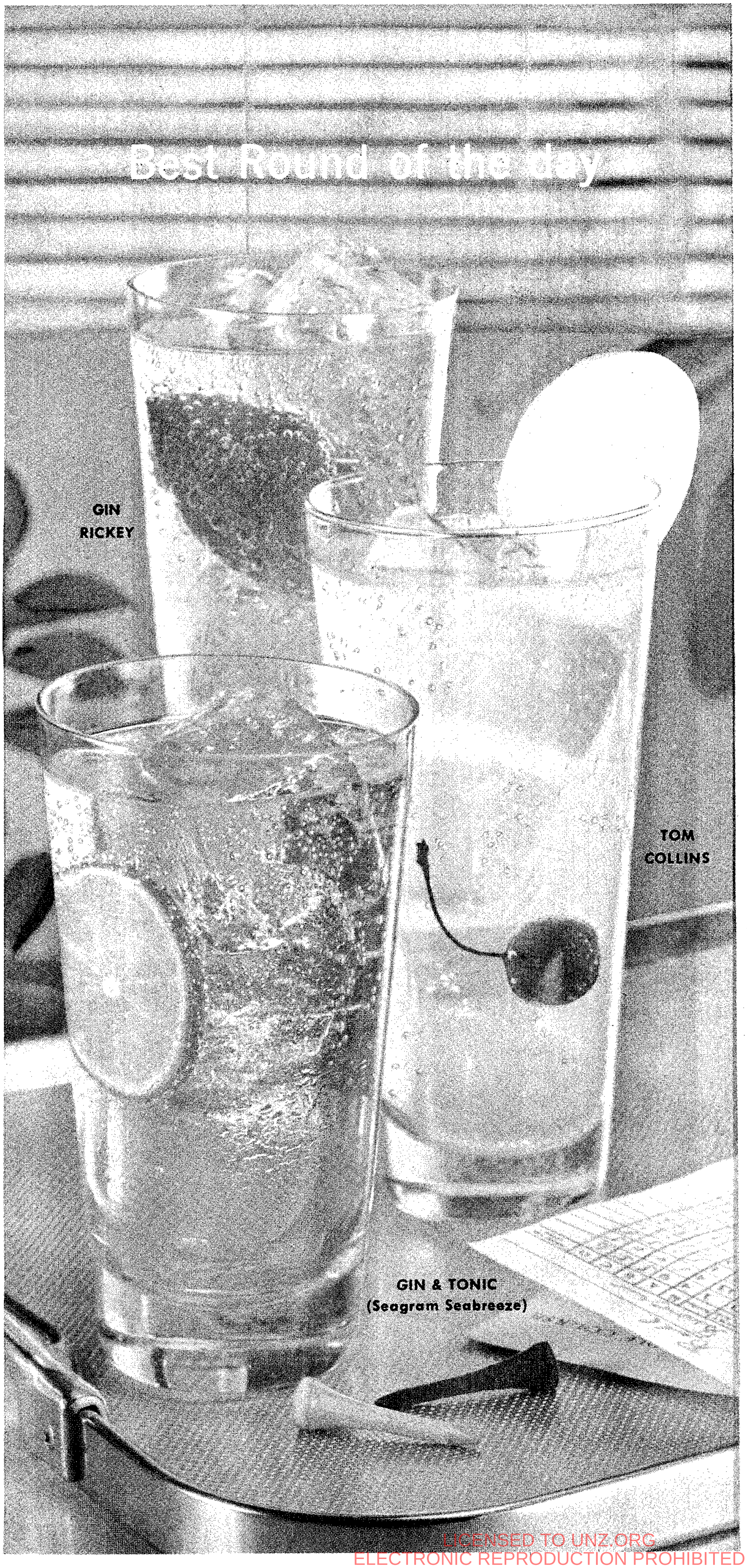
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airplanes when what I really wanted to learn about was God?"

When we arrived at the car, Mrs. Hagen wasn't there, so we got in and waited. Hagen told me that he and his wife had first met at the Kingdom Hall in Lake Forest, which was her home, too, at a time when they were both publishers, and that after getting married, in 1950, they had decided to become pioneers, whereupon the Witnesses sent them to Minnesota. They had spent a year there, and then the Witnesses had ordered them to take a five-and-a-half-month course at Gilead, the training school. Two years as circuit servants in southwestern Texas followed, and then, last summer, they had been transferred to New York. Hagen glanced at his watch again and looked down the street. "Sometimes Sharon gets so wrapped up in Witnessing that she loses all sense of this worldly time," he said. I asked whether he and his wife had any children, and he shook his head. "That would make it impossible for us to Witness full time," he explained. "I want to make this my life's work. I love it. Actually, I've never been happier. Anyway, there'll be plenty of time to have children after Armageddon."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Hagen came along. It had been a pretty good morning, she said as she got into the car with us; she had placed eight magazines and had come across one promising back-call prospect. Then, remarking that she had only a couple of apartments left in the building where she had spent the entire morning, she asked her husband if she couldn't take a few minutes of their lunch hour to finish the job. Hagen said he didn't see why not, and suggested that she take me along. Mrs. Hagen picked up her briefcase, and we went around the corner to a large, dingy apartment house. She had canvassed all but the building's ground floor, she said as she rang the bell of the first door we came to. An elderly woman in a long apron appeared, her hands gloved in dough. "Good morning," Mrs. Hagen began. "I'm calling on all interested people who are concerned with health and life. We're all worried about sickness and disaster, aren't we?" The woman stared at her without expression for a few seconds and then slowly closed the door. Mrs. Hagen shook her head briskly. "It's hard to accomplish much for the Kingdom in a strongly Jewish neighborhood," she told me. "It's the same with a Catholic area, although lots of Witnesses used to be one or the other. Our best luck is with

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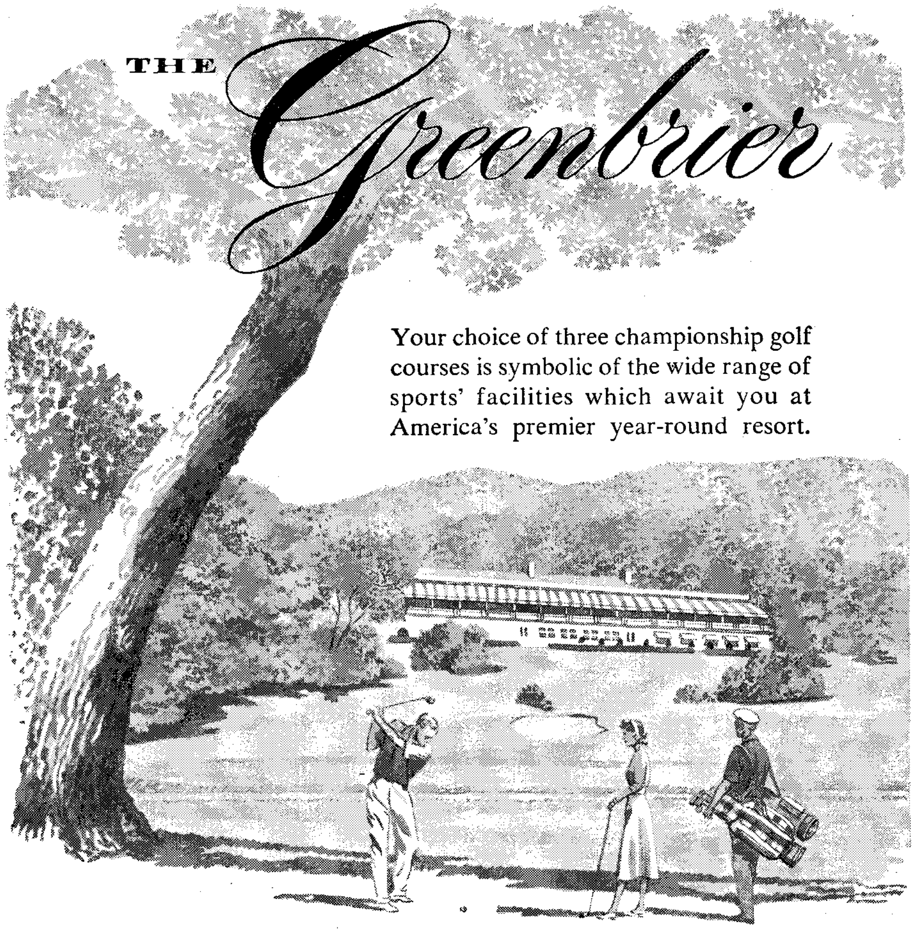

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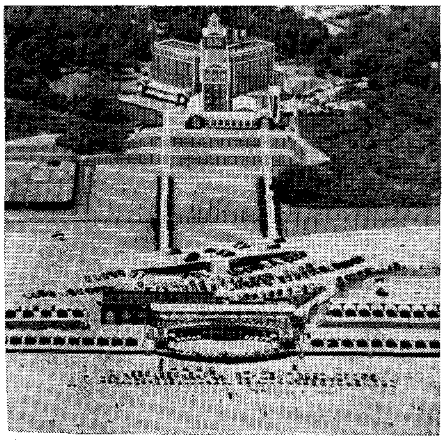

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native-born Protestants, as long as they're not rich." She rang another bell, and a white-haired, bespectacled woman opened the door. "Good morning," Mrs. Hagen began once more. "I wonder if you have just a minute to talk about the vital subject of peace and the Bible."

The woman peered at her suspiciously. "I got my own religion and I won't change it," she said.

"I'm not here to change your religion," Mrs. Hagen assured her. "I'm just interested in studying the Bible."

At that point, two middle-aged housewives came into the hallway from the street, and one, a small, pleasant-looking woman, nudged her companion and pointed at Mrs. Hagen. "Look, Mrs. Moskowitz," she said. "Look at the little girl trying to make a Christian out of poor Sylvie!"

Mrs. Hagen turned swiftly. "I told you upstairs and I tell you again, I'm permitted by the law to speak," she said evenly. "And I'd be grateful if you'd let me go about my business. I'm harming no one."

"Now, look," the small woman said. "Be reasonable. You seem like a nice young girl. You've maybe got a good education and are a good Christian and all, but why bother poor Sylvie? She's got enough troubles. You won't get anywheres with her. You're wasting your time and ours. Look," she repeated earnestly, taking Mrs. Hagen's arm. "Why don't you go to the Christians? *We* won't listen to you. Who's going to listen to a little girl like you, who's got no authority? We won't even listen to the rabbi."

Mrs. Hagen pulled her arm away. "The Psalms tell us, 'Both young men and virgins; old men and children: let them praise the name of Jehovah,' " she said. The woman looked at her in silence for a moment, shrugged, and walked on upstairs with her companion.

Sylvie meanwhile had shut her door, and since her apartment was the last in the building for Mrs. Hagen, we went outside. "It wasn't like this in Texas," Mrs. Hagen said testily as we started walking toward the car. "I guess it's more of a custom out there to be polite." When I asked if she or her husband had ever been manhandled because of their work, she shook her head. "I've been shown to the door," she said, "but that's about all. They say it was a lot different a few years ago." She stopped abruptly and turned toward me. "Everything's different now—at least for me," she said intensely. "You know, when I was in high school, I

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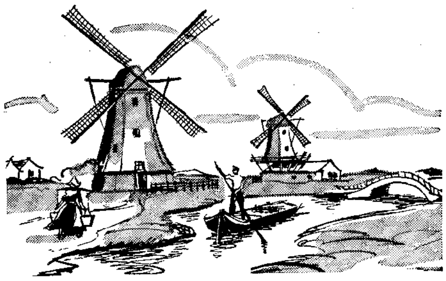

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couldn't stop wondering, Was man put on earth just to die? It all seemed so empty, so worthless, that way, and when I found the truth, I listened. Then I met Maurice, and he talked me into becoming a pioneer with him." We walked on for a few more steps, and she stopped again and took a deep breath. "I have to slow down every once in a while when I get excited," she explained. "I've had a respiratory ailment ever since I was a little girl." She took another deep breath, and we started off once more. "It's been a long morning but an enjoyable one," she remarked as we neared the car. "I love travelling and meeting all kinds of people. It's my life."

The Hagens offered to take me to the nearest subway station, and during the brief ride there I asked if they were members of the little flock. "Oh, no," Hagen replied, with a smile. "My wife and I don't belong to *that* group. You see, those Witnesses are different. They *know* they belong. But don't get me wrong. We don't feel that we've been left out or anything. We really are happy with just being other sheep. Even that's a privilege we hardly deserve. In fact, there's nothing better I can imagine than living right here as a perfect man on a perfect earth and being young forever."

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

THE VICTIM

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Against a counterfeit of flowers
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The window caught an extra glint
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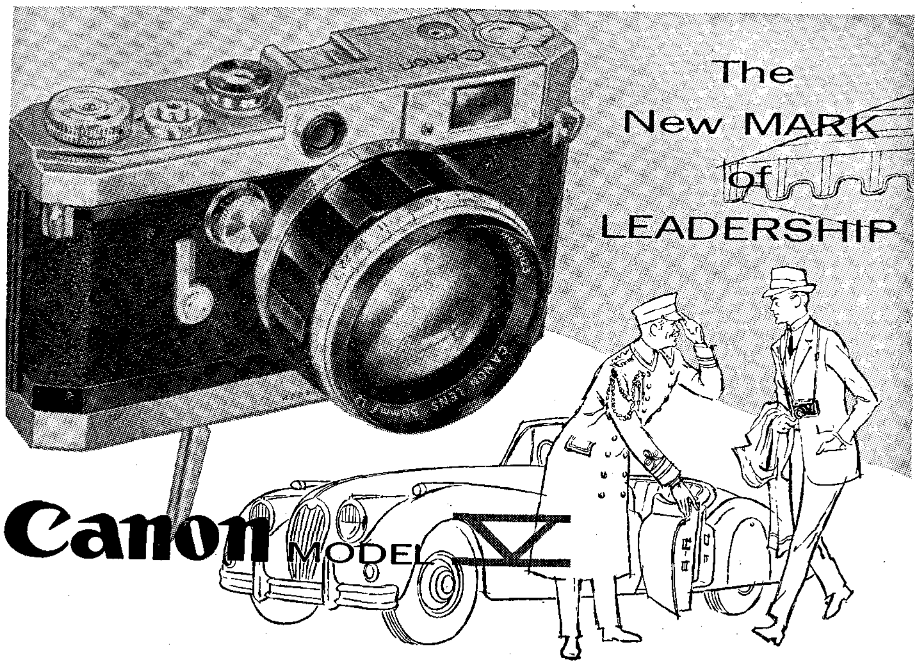
The quick competitor of bees,
Trusting his universe of air
For flight and honey, dazzled so
In quest of sweetness, was waylaid
By something hard that had a glow
Brighter than that the garden made.
Illusion shatters; the ideal
Is much more ruthless than the real.
The visionary hummingbird
Hit nothingness, and hit it hard.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

She is one of these babes with a monosyllabic name—which is Yana.—*Lee Mortimer in the Mirror.*

That's not as monosyllabic as Lollobrigida.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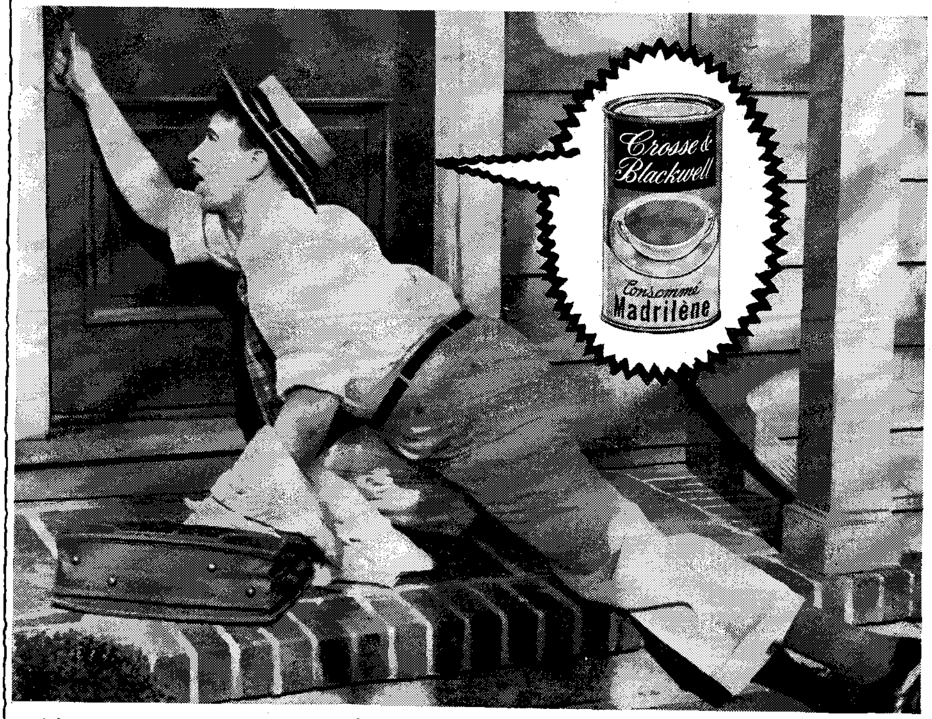

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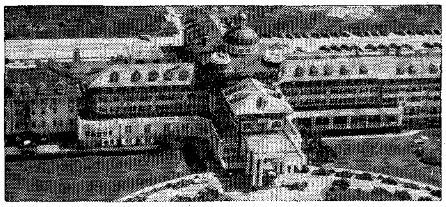

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BIRTHDAY PARTY

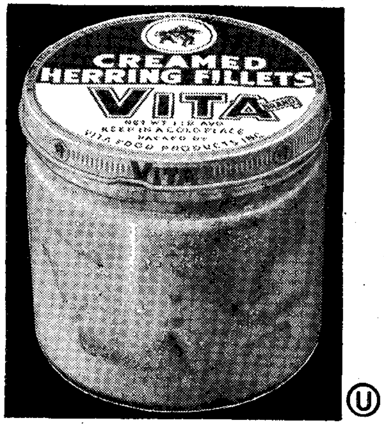
RECENTLY, my daughter Julie celebrated her twelfth birthday. The party she had that day, like most of the others she has had, went smoothly and pleasantly. But in the midst of it I found myself remembering, as I usually do on such occasions, her one unforgettable birthday, her sixth.

We were living in England then, where my husband's business had taken him for a year, and on Julie's birthday we invited five neighbor children. I thought I knew all about children at birthday parties. Back in California, Julie and her friends had already got used to the minimum essentials. At the door, they held out their birthday presents and said "Happy birthday." They pined for ice cream during the long time it took to dish it out. When the cake came in, with candles burning, they sang "Happy Birthday to You!" Later, they pinned the tail on the donkey. And when, at last, balloons were released, each child knew that the party was over.

In England, everything was different. To begin with, four o'clock, our traditional birthday-party hour, was nearly teatime, so I thought I had better serve that meal instead of ice cream and cake. I consulted with Mrs. Reynolds, our English housekeeper. "We'll have chicken sandwiches," she said, "and trifle, and custard, and little cakes . . ." Her voice trailed off happily, and when the time came, we had them all. Rationing was still in effect, and between hikes in the rain to "tweedle" evaporated milk from the grocer and endless pressings of rain-soaked clothes Mrs. Reynolds tossed off three dozen little cakes. Some round, some square, some pink, and some green, topped with chocolate or with cherry, they were very pretty. I was reassured. It wasn't at all like home, but it was certainly nice enough for any six little girls, English or American.

In fact, after months of careful rationing, everything seemed extremely good. The chicken sandwiches were paper-thin. The trifles—six of them—were topped with whipped cream made from the evaporated milk. The birthday cake was staggering; it contained the family's two weeks' ration of eggs and sugar, and was covered with pink icing. Mrs. Reynolds trimmed it with sugar roses from South America, real violets—sugared—from France, a wispy green "Happy Birthday, Julie,"

RECIPE FOR A WONDERFUL EVENING



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and six large, fluted candles—three pink and three green. Again, not quite like home, but impressive.

AT four o'clock on the day of the party, all the goodies except the big cake and the ice cream, which I insisted we have, were set out on the dining table. In the center, a bowl of real pink and purple anemones nodded down at a bed of crêpe-paper anemones rising from a cluster of "crackers"—or what in America are known as snappers.

When the little girls had all arrived, they filed into the dining room—Victoria, Rowena, Jacqueline, Judith, and Lorraine. They sat down gingerly and, with sharp cries, seized upon the crackers. Then they became deliberate and thorough. It took fifteen minutes to help them all open their crackers, extract paper hats and tiny toys, put on the hats, judge all the other hats, find places on the table for the toys, and set aside the trimmings to take home.

"Will you have a chicken sandwich?" I said at last to Vicky, the only seven-year-old, a tall and beautiful child.

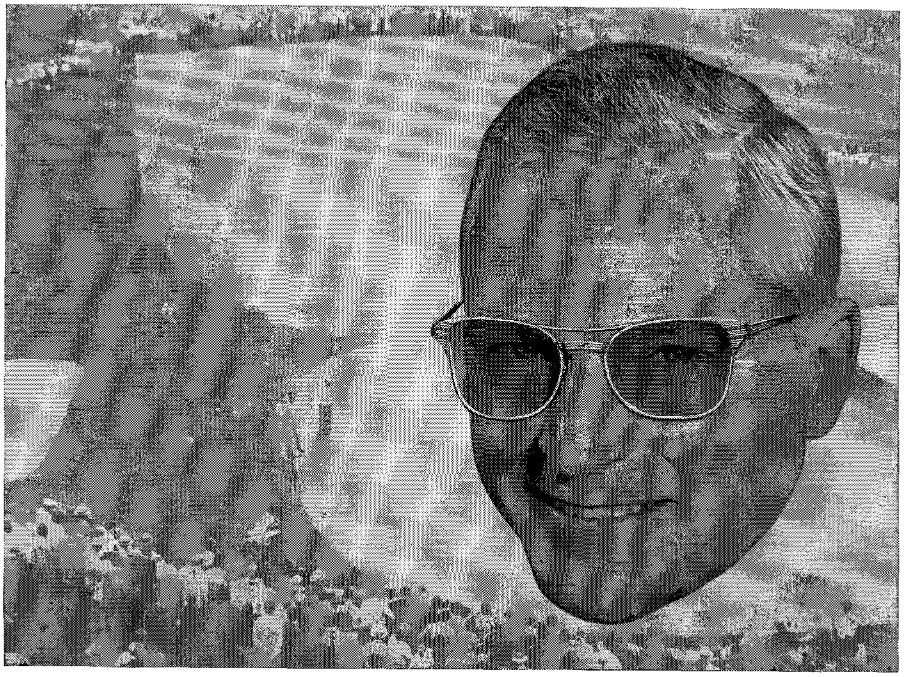
Vicky didn't answer. She was trying to untwist the wires that bound some paper anemones to her cracker case. I untwisted them for her, set the anemones beside her fork, and tried again. "Will you have a chicken sandwich, Vicky?" I asked, but she had picked up the anemones and was trying to weave them around her bracelet. "Or shall I put them in my hair?" she asked.

Now all the rest began fastening and unfastening paper anemones. I put the dish of sandwiches down. Ten minutes later, Mrs. Reynolds and I had every anemone attached to bracelet or collar or curl, and Vicky, wrist delicately upheld to display hers, surveyed the table. "I don't like chicken sandwiches," she said.

To my astonishment, Julie, who I knew did like chicken sandwiches, promptly echoed Vicky, even speaking in her North-of-England accent. The others, who were all younger than Julie, fell into line. None of them ever ate chicken sandwiches.

I felt dashed, but Mrs. Reynolds said quickly to Judith, "I know! You'd like a raspberry-jam sandwich, then, wouldn't you?"

Now, this was valiant, but it was a strategic error. Judith was young for five, and everyone knew it. With one eye on Vicky, she said dubiously, "Mmm"—a convenient murmur indi-



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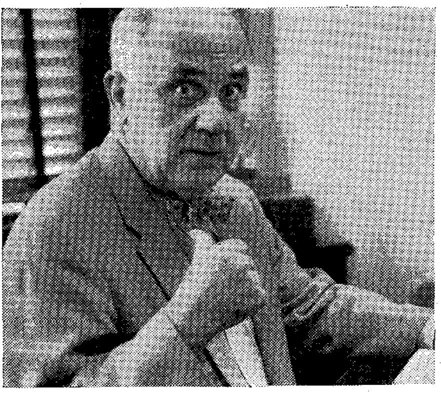

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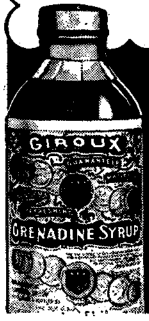

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cating something between "Yes" and "I heard you."

Mrs. Reynolds, taking the brighter view, darted to the kitchen. There was a silence. Lorraine pointed to a contour map of Wales hanging on the wall. "What's that?" she asked, looking at it with distaste.

"That's a map," said Judith. "They don't have any pictures in America. They have to use maps."

There was another silence, and presently Mrs. Reynolds entered with raspberry-jam sandwiches, which she distributed. The girls stared at them.

"I want a cake," said Julie, displaying the first interest anyone had shown in Mrs. Reynolds' little creations. I decided not to say "Sandwiches first," so that something might at last be tasted.

Vicky said calmly, "I never eat cake." The younger girls looked fascinated. "It gives me wind," she added, looking as she might if she were wearing her grandmother's hat. No cakes were eaten.

Julie, oddly enough, didn't appear at all distressed by what seemed to me the imminent collapse of her party. When I looked at her, she stared over my head in an abstracted way. The other children, too, looked abstracted. In fact, they were all looking remarkably like Vicky, who, in turn, was managing to look remarkably as though she weren't there at all. She seemed to be somewhere much more important.

THE trifle was refused because it had whipped cream on it, and the custard was refused for no reason at all. I said as casually as I could, "I don't suppose anyone wants any birthday cake," and was rather surprised to hear cries of "Yes! Yes!"

The cake was spectacular, and at its entrance the little girls dropped their languid air and began to shout demands.

"I want a rose!" Julie called out.

"I want a violet!" said Lorraine.

"I want a *candle* with my rose!" Julie added.

I began to cut the cake. "I know a terrible thing that happened with candles," Vicky said. The little girls fell quiet. "Three people put candles on their heads and lit them," Vicky went on sepulchrally. "And then they got into a taxi and went for a ride with the candles on their heads, all lit. And their car stopped on a railroad track and the train bumped into them and they were killed."

The deep silence paid Vicky adequate tribute. She removed the pink

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rose from her slice of cake and then picked at the frosting. Soon, on each plate, the frosting was gone from the cake and the layers had been prodded to crumbs. "We didn't sing 'Happy Birthday!' " Vicky observed. We sang it, three times.

"What I'd like," said Judith, happily smoothing down her pigeon-plump bosom, "is a nice, warm cup of tea—without hot milk."

"So would I!" the others cried. "So would I!"

"Does your mother let you have it without hot milk?" I asked.

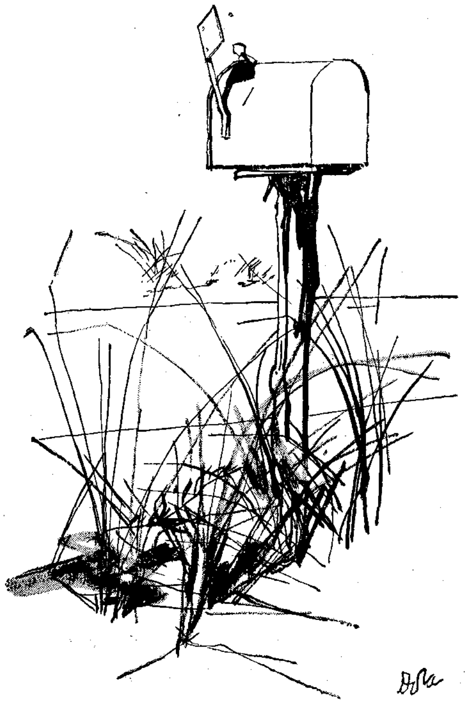
"No," said Judith cheerfully.

Quickly Mrs. Reynolds and I cleared away the crumbs of birthday cake, the mussed-up trifles, the beautiful little cakes, the sandwiches, and the custards, and brought out tea for all but Julie, who hasn't, to this day, acquired a taste for it. And Jacqueline, Victoria, Judith, Lorraine, and Rowena had a nice warm cup of tea, which they drank quietly, contentedly, and to the bottom.

AS the children rose from the table, Mrs. Reynolds came and whispered to me, "We forgot the ice cream."

"Let it go," I said, and followed the girls into the living room. There we pinned the tail on the donkey and played living statues. (I learned later that we *should* have been playing hunt the slipper and musical bumps.)

Then, at last, the party was over, and after a final flurry with hats and coats the guests went out the door. Julie skipped upstairs, and I sank down heavi-



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ly on a chair. A while later, my husband came in. "Julie," he called up the stairway, "how was your party?"

And Julie, tripping down with her left hand lifted lightly, as if there were an anemone still resting on her wrist, said, in a clear North-of-England accent, "Oh, it was a *splendid* party!"

—SHERNA SHALIT

•

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[*Letter distributed to passengers riding on a train between Princeton and New York*]

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REGION

MAY 1, 1956

DEAR PATRON:

If you were on this same train yesterday morning, you are probably wondering what happened to cause the delay in reaching your destination. Several things occurred independently to individual trains, and in some cases the delay to one compounded the delays to others.

First, Train No. 254, an express which left Philadelphia at 6:50 A.M., (EDST) and was due in New York at 8:34 A.M., had an engine failure near Bristol. It was necessary to pull it to Trenton with a diesel, where another electric locomotive was coupled on for the balance of the trip. It arrived 103 minutes late.

Secondly, Train No. 4, the "Penn-Texas," from St. Louis and the Southwest, due in New York at 8:25 A.M., had an engine failure near Croydon. A substitute electric locomotive was sent from Trenton to pull it into New York, where it arrived 126 minutes late.

Thirdly, Train No. 200, an express which left Philadelphia at 7:00 A.M., EDST, activated a safety device known as a "Dragging Equipment Detector" (or "DED") West of New Brunswick. Inspection by the train crew revealed that a chain on the steam hose of one of the parlor cars was dragging. After this was fixed, the train continued a short distance and then its locomotive lost power. By the time another electric locomotive could be sent from New York to pull this train into Pennsylvania Station, it had lost 130 minutes.

These were the only trains with locomotive trouble, but several others became delayed behind them, in particular express No. 256 which left Philadelphia at 8:05 A.M., EDST, and was due in New York at 9:55 A.M., which arrived 28 minutes late; and local No. 3850 which left Philadelphia at 7:05 A.M., EDST, due to reach Trenton at 8:05 A.M., which actually arrived 80 minutes later.

We wish to express our regret for these incidents and assure you that we are doing everything possible to keep our locomotives in good condition for on-time performance.

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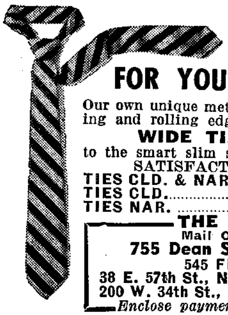
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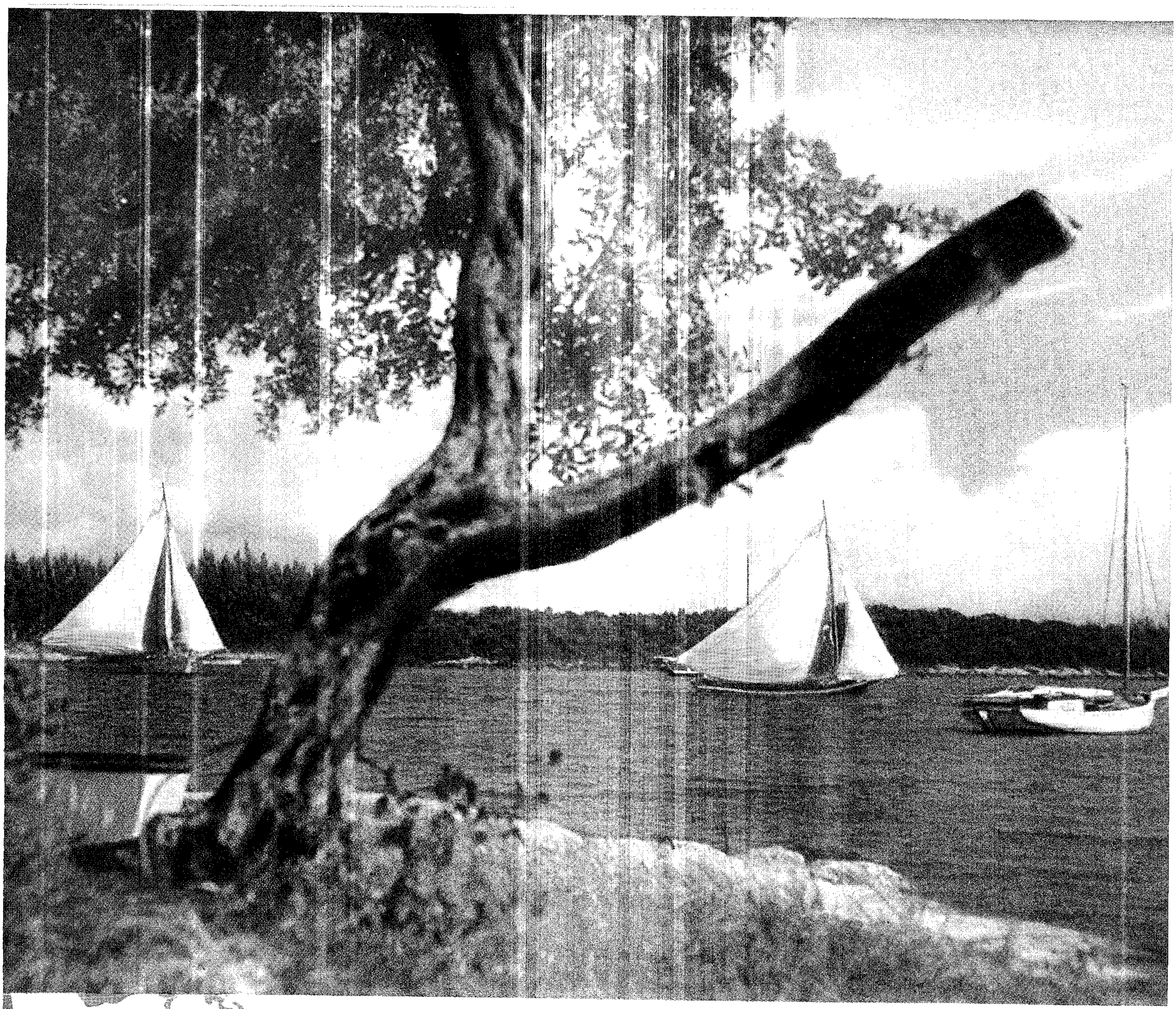

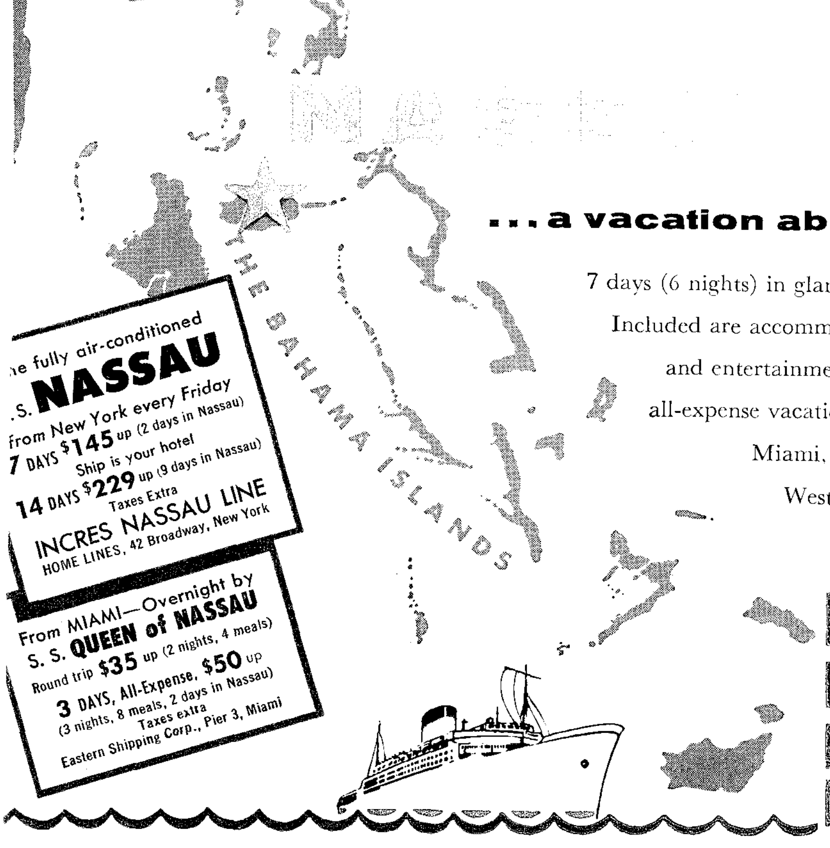

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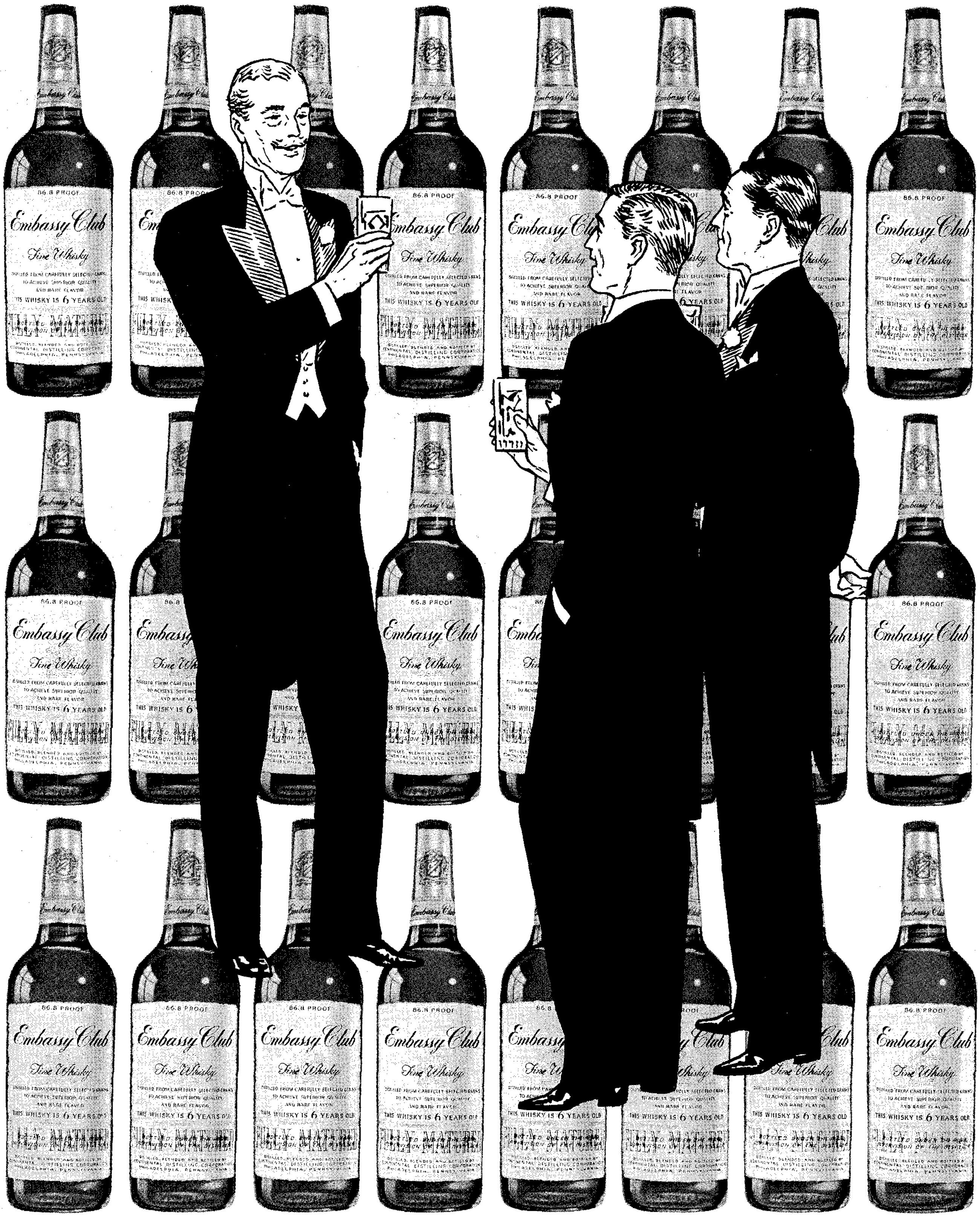
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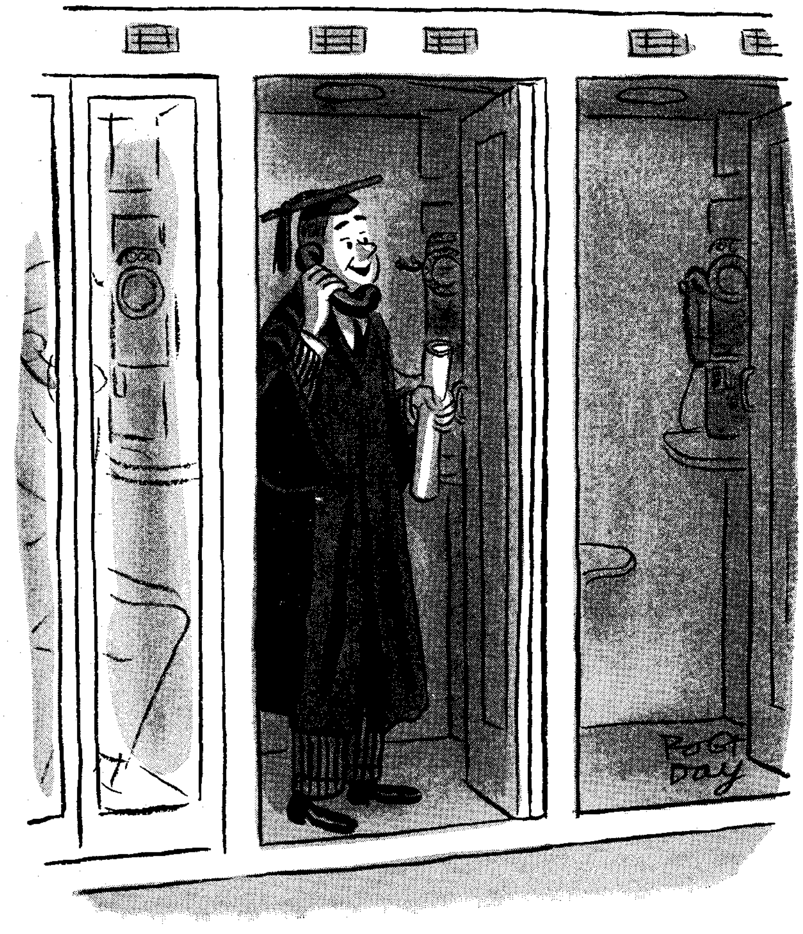
BOOKS

Paths of Glory

Willi Heinrich's "The Cross of Iron" (Bobbs-Merrill), Gert Ledig's "The Tortured Earth" (Regnery), and Heinrich Böll's "The Train Was on Time" (Criterion) are all novels about the Eastern Front in World War II, and two of them were best-sellers in Germany. Their success, and the success of such novels as Theodor Plievier's vivid and powerful re-creations of the disasters before Moscow and at Stalingrad, and a great many other pieces of fiction and reporting devoted to the failure in the East, tempts one into thinking along broad avenues of stereotyped prejudices. Here, it is all too easy to say, go the Germans again, wallowing in the miseries they brought upon themselves and getting as tipsy on self-pity as they were on blood and glory fifteen years ago. There are adequate reasons for taking a tough line with those who ask for pity when they become involved in troubles they have contrived for themselves with skill and determination and with a complete disregard of who else may be involved. But, all the same, to turn a deaf ear to this wish to unburden oneself of the burning knowledge of what was in terms of human suffering one of the great tragedies of history is something that should be reserved for those who have taken vows of intellectual poverty. Only an insensate prig would, on the ground that the Greek spirit was superior to the Persian, turn down the opportunity to read a novel about Marathon by a soldier who had served under Darius, and no matter how obvious the evils of Fascism or Communism, what took place between Moscow and Berlin was an event of that order. Two forms of tyranny clashed, millions of men from almost all Europe and half Asia fought and died, a drama of power was enacted, the course of European history was changed, and the life of every European was immediately affected. It was one of the major experiences of modern times. And if that is not interesting enough, it was in German terms the culmination of the mighty tragedy that unrolls in three acts. In Act I, 1866-70, the hero destroys the tyrant, or tyrants; in Act II, 1914-18, the hero turns criminal and destroys the foundations of European life; in Act III, 1939-45, led by the hero, now a mad visionary, and blinded morally as Oedipus was blinded physically, the whole nation, splendidly endowed for a creative role, marches out to annihilate itself in an orgy of purposeless destruction. To deny this appalling sequence the dignity of tragedy is a natural expression of the resentment of those who were dragged into the maelstrom and very nearly destroyed by it, but the German people were as much victims of their own suicidal intoxication as those others, and it is their right to treat their terrible self-inflicted punishment in terms of its historic importance. In history, and divorced from political considerations of a transitory value, the fight to the death between two systems on the Russian plains is a grandiose and magnificent episode akin to the barbarian invasions of Roman Gaul and Italy or the fall of Constantinople to the Turks. It assumes the character of classic tragedy because after 1941 every German soldier fighting in Russia knew, with increasing certainty, that there was no hope—as the Roman provincials knew it was inevitable that the barbarians would come, and as the Byzantines knew that they were only delaying the end whenever they repulsed the Turks.

Heinrich Böll's "The Train Was on Time" may be a little disappointing to those who have read his fine novels "Acquainted with the Night" and "Adam, Where Art Thou?," but the apparent technical regression in this book represents no falling off in his considerable powers. He has suffered what so often happens in this country to foreign authors; the success (in his case largely critical) of his later books has led to the publication of an earlier one. Like many inexperienced writers, Böll resorted to allegory in "The Train Was on Time" and tied his gift for realistic writing to a highly generalized picture. His hero is not only a man going to the Eastern Front; he is *the* Eastern Front fighter. His journey back from a home leave is a journey into the night, away from love and hope toward what he knows is an empty void of despair. Böll expresses this by giving his man a premonition that he is going to be killed; with the clairvoyance of an exhausted man, he even knows the time and the place. The mechanics of this tryst do not convince the



"It is I."

"When will Daddy come?"

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband will come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes $10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja.

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reader, but the sentiment does. Böll's soldier is afraid of the East, its spaces, and its confusions, as a poor swimmer is afraid of the sea, knowing that if he gets far enough from the shore he will quite certainly drown. As the eastbound train rolls on—the story is simply an account of the soldier's journey and of incidents during it—he clings to every association, every little thing that will continue to give life meaning. But the void engulfs him, and he at last goes under into absolute meaninglessness. There are some beautifully written passages, such as the one in which men in a sidetracked train watch the endless trains of S.S. troops being rushed past to be thrown into the already lost battle at Cherkassy, and another in which the soldier tries to give a casual encounter with a prostitute some emotional reality. Yet the reviewer finds himself in the awkward position of recommending a book for its brilliant promise when that promise has already been fulfilled; as it is, it is an extremely interesting but unsure exploration.

Gert Ledig, who is an expressionist with an exclamatory style, describes the front itself in "The Tortured Earth," which deals with the fight for Leningrad. In this novel, it is the actual process of drowning that is portrayed. The well-organized fighting machine and its superbly trained servants are being swamped in space, in blood, and in matériel. The front held is too long, and companies and platoons find themselves in an almost lunar isolation on the naked and unfriendly terrain. The men are equally afraid of being overwhelmed in battle, of what will happen to them if they are captured, and of what their own people will do to them if they run away. They live like animals in a continuing nightmare in which their only hope is survival in a defeat. Ledig ably communicates the atmosphere of horror and debasement, and, more unusually, has the skill to show why men exposed to it did not disintegrate but remained soldiers and went on fighting. The necessities of action, the techniques of warfare, offer something clean-cut and comparatively sane that provides the men with an escape from fear and the feeling of helplessness. Winning or losing a fight automatically produces the decisions they no longer have the will to make, and they find a refuge from anxiety in combat, in *what comes.*

In contrast to Böll and Ledig, Willi Heinrich hardly appears to be a writer at all, but his storytelling is al-

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most artless, what he conveys is essentially the same thing. The hero of "The Cross of Iron" is much more the standard novel hero—brave, true, a loyal comrade—than are the major figures of the two other books, but his moral situation is precisely equivalent. The void has swallowed him, too, and in it his conventional fiction-hero's virtues have lost all meaning. He is a man who might have been valuable if the events in which he has been caught up had not completely devalued him. This can be taken as a simple display of pessimism in defeat, but the book is, within its limited and middle-brow field of action, an agonized protest against the wrong of a pointless war and the waste of a fine man. It contains a great many novelettish episodes that are inspired by a somewhat second-rate conception of what a novel should contain, but these are balanced by excellent descriptions of the fighting on the Kuban front and in the Crimea, descriptions that suggest a genuine effort to tell the truth as it has been experienced. If Heinrich's voice is not that of an artist, it is one that is probably, in the particular circumstances, as good to hear—the voice of an average German soldier who has learned something important in battle. Böll and Ledig are deliberate artists, and obviously men of unusual sensibility, so it could be said that their work belongs to a minority point of view and can perhaps be brushed aside as being untypical, but Heinrich clearly represents a current of popular feeling.

"THE SUN ON THE SNOW" (Regnery), by Rodrigo Royo, yet another novel about the Eastern Front, transports one as on a magic carpet to another intellectual domain altogether. Señor Royo, who went early to Russia as a member of the Spanish Blue Division, which was put through the mincer southeast of Leningrad as a part of the corps commanded by Marshal Von Leeb, had the luck to leave early. Perhaps it is this situation of having been less grindingly involved in a remote disturbance that lends an almost rollicking quality of unreality to most of his book. There is, for instance, an incident halfway through in which its hero, a Spanish soldier, gets into what looks as if it might be serious trouble. He is picked up by the M.P.s when he is in unauthorized possession of a vehicle loaded with food acquired on the black market and in the company of an attractive enemy civilian. He realizes what a tight spot he is in, and is greatly concerned; the scandal might even affect

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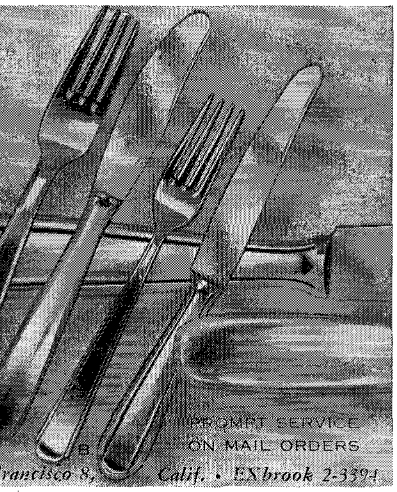

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his reputation in Spain, he thinks. He accordingly threatens the inquisitive M.P.s with a hand grenade and makes off. Later, he finds out who his lovely companion is. She is not Russian; she is one of the Spaniards who took refuge in the U.S.S.R. at the end of the Spanish civil war, and she is organizing resistance groups behind the German lines. Her boss in this enterprise is, of course, none other than the hero's brother, who took the wrong side in the civil war. Lydia, as the girl is called, is the courier who slips through the lines with messages that go straight from the bad red brother to Marshal Voroshilov's headquarters. There the air is thick with big names and dizzily unconvincing high-level conversations:

> Instead of replying to Vlasov, Voroshilov directed himself to Ponomarenko, the youngest and most taciturn of those present.
>
> "What is your opinion, Comrade Ponomarenko?"
>
> "I agree with Comrade Stalin," laconically answered the young general.

By a delightful coincidence, super-Comrade Khrushchev is also present, working out the future program of partisan action with Voroshilov. Unhappily, sorrow is not far off, and as she waits in an anteroom for the end of this vital conference, Lydia is told that her child by bad red brother has died of an intestinal complaint in the institution in which she has left it to be taken care of. Since children apparently never die of stomach troubles in free-enterprise institutions, this bad news immediately brings about a change of heart in Lydia. When she returns across the lines, she passes her vital message to true blue brother instead of to bad red brother, and so presently Comrade General Vlasov is encircled, along with three divisions. Thus, given sufficient triviality of mind, the raw splendor of history can be turned into daydreams.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

NEIL HAMILTON'S (T. JOHN BLESSINGTON) recent Broadway assignments were in George Kelly's "The Deep Mrs. Sykes" and the Lindsay and Crouse frolic "State of the Union." Mr. Hamilton has appeared in over 400 films, half of which were silent and half "talkie." His credits are veritable "who's who" of Hollywood. Remember "Dawn Patrol," "Beau Gest," "One Sunday Afternoon" and "Keeper of the Bees?" For the past five years he was MC of "Hollywood Screen Test" on ABC TV. Mr. Hamilton also has the distinction of being one of the few actors to be granted a patent for a bicycle safety device.—*Program for "The Solid Gold Cadillac" in San Francisco.*

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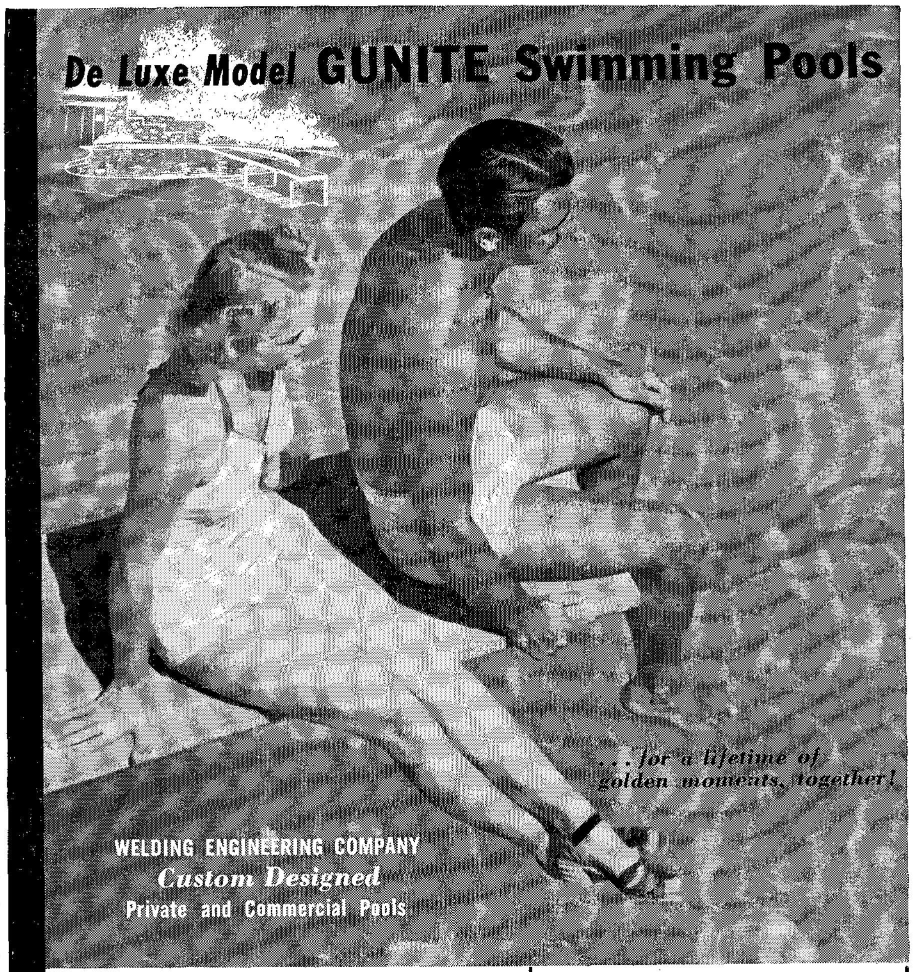
LETTER FROM BERMUDA

OF all the hundreds of varieties of plants that grace these verdant islands, a mere seventeen are indigenous. Preëminent among them is *Juniperus bermudiana*, or the Bermuda cedar. The *Royal Gazette*, a local daily, once fondly called it "the only Bermuda endemic tree which amounts to anything," and, indeed, the red-brown, heavily knotted, pungently aromatic wood of *Juniperus bermudiana* has amounted to so much over the years that in some of the local houses one gets the feeling of being inside a giant cedar closet. (Moths detest Bermuda.) Souvenirs carved of cedar have long been a staple of outgoing tourists' luggage, and slabs of cedar—a tremendously hard and hardy wood, which can lie on the ground for fifty years without rotting—are used here and there in place of flagstones. In cool weather the residents burn cedar logs in their fireplaces, and at a recent livestock show a fat sow and her litter looked almost appealing as they sprawled in a pen thickly carpeted with fragrant cedar chips. A generation ago, some two million cedar trees—handsome, protective, evergreen, and occasionally standing as much as fifty feet high—were thriving on Bermuda's twelve thousand acres; *Juniperus bermudiana* was so abundant that a casual visitor might easily have concluded that it was the only kind of tree on Bermuda. Today, only about a million cedars are still standing, and all but a trifling fraction of these are gray and bare and dead.

The first British colonists to settle on this cluster of coral, in 1612, were pleased to find splendid groves of cedar awaiting them. For more than three hundred years, the species held its own, in spite of axe and saw, fire and wind, and the intermittent nibbling of random aphids, mites, and midges. Then, during the Second World War, at just about the time when Bermuda's traditional horse-drawn carriages were giving way to horseless ones, the cedars were undone by an exceedingly malevolent scale insect, *Carulaspis visci.* It is with a sense of mortification that an American vacationist learns that this lethal pest apparently came to Bermuda from the United States, liked what it found, and decided to take up residence here.

Quite a few well-to-do Americans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had previously come to the same decision. One was a retired industrialist named Carbon Petroleum Dubbs. (The answer is that Father was in carbon and petroleum.) Mr. Dubbs has a show place in Paget Parish, near the center of the main island, and in 1944, to make the place showier, he imported a batch of plants from a nursery on the mainland. *Carulaspis visci* seems to have hitched a ride on one of his bushes and to have disembarked without being detected by the local Department of Agriculture's inspectors. Almost at once, the insect, informally known as the juniper scale, latched on to Mr. Dubbs' cedar trees, stripped them of their foliage, sucked out their vital juices, and left them for dead. After a visit to the site of the massacre, a sorrowing *Royal Gazette* reporter wrote, "The devastation has to be seen to be appreciated." Before long, the juniper scale, a rapidly proliferating, wind-borne scourge, had fanned out in all directions from the Dubbs estate and was demonstrating the full measure of its voracious appetite. The Pembroke Arbor Society, a dendrophilous organization that had long been urging Bermudians to spare their cedars and not wastefully chop them down for Christmas trees, declared nervously (and all too prophetically), "If Bermuda loses her cedars, we will be a barren-looking land."

The situation was aggravated by a concurrent but seemingly unrelated anti-cedar rampage on the part of another scale insect—*Lepidosaphes newsteadi*, or the oyster-shell scale—which also sneaked in as a free rider on an imported bush, though in this case a bush of unknown provenance. An equally hearty eater, it staked out the eastern end of Bermuda for itself and began gnawing away. By 1945, the authorities had become extremely agitated. The House of Assembly, the Bermuda legislature, appropriated fourteen thousand pounds as save-the-cedars money, and one assemblyman delivered an eloquent speech urging that coffinmakers be stopped at once from felling healthy cedars. The Department of Agriculture, which took command of the counterattack on the insects, did not fully grasp the gravity of the menace at first, because although both scales had a long history of affinity for other kinds of cedar trees in other parts of the world, they had never before fatally abused the hospitality extended to them. (The suspicion now is that only Bermuda cedars bring out the worst in them.) The Agriculture people tried to subdue the pests with

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chemical sprays, but these had to be used with restraint, because of the danger of contaminating the catch basins Bermuda relies on for its drinking water, and therefore proved only partly effective. Early in 1947, the director of the Imperial Bureau of Biological Control, in Belleville, Ontario, was urgently summoned. (Previously, A. B. Dick, of the Mimeograph family, who owns a house here, had brought in two American entomologists at his own expense, but they were able to do little more than offer condolences.) The Imperial Bureau was initially inclined to the view that the oyster-shell scale was the worse of the two insects, but soon, when this killer mysteriously disappeared from the region and the casualty rate among the cedar trees continued to rise, there could be no further doubt about the principal malefactor. The director of the Imperial Bureau brought with him a few ladybird beetles, or coccinellids, which consider scale insects a delicacy, and for several years Bermuda pinned its hopes on these beetles and their offspring. At one time, the Department of Agriculture had nine employees at its headquarters engaged exclusively in breeding ladybirds.

MEANWHILE, the cedars kept dying. (So did the ladybirds, many of them being gobbled up by Bermuda's native lizards, which prospered enormously.) By 1949, it had become painfully apparent that disposing of the unsightly dead cedars was a problem of greater dimensions than preserving the remaining live ones, and the Assembly resignedly began to appropriate funds for clearing dead cedars off government-owned land. Three years later, the ladybirds having thrown in the towel, authorization was granted to clear fifty-foot strips on either side of all Bermuda's roads—a hundred and eighty miles of them. In 1955, it was decided to widen the strips by another fifty feet. Since 1949, the government has spent two hundred and fifty thousand pounds on its mournful tidying up. The work is now just about completed, and new seedlings have been planted along the roads, among them a couple of species of cedar from the United States—the Virginia cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*) and the Fairylands cedar (*Juniperus silicicola*). Neither has wood as hard or as durable as the Bermuda cedar, but it is hoped that one or both will prove less appetizing to the still prevalent juniper scale. The keepers of Bermuda's golf courses have followed the government's example,

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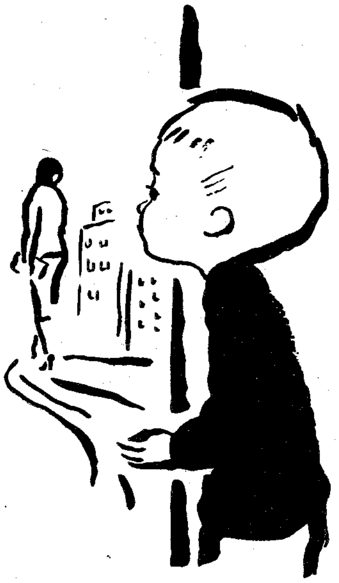

for Pete's Sake

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His widowed mother works, so by day Peter is shunted from place to place. Thousands of little boys are in the same boat—fortunately most of them can take it. Peter can't. A while back his mother taught him a few words. He's forgotten most of them. Peter only remembers how to say bye-bye. And he says it to his mother every day—when she leaves him.

The fact that Peter doesn't talk may not seem important. After all, he is only two. But it signifies much: insecurity, loneliness, confusion, even fear. And these are terrible things, especially when you're only two years old.

The CSS is now helping Peter's mother with plans. He need never be shunted from place to place again. And you can do something for Peter, too, something wonderful. Your contribution to CSS will help send him and his mother to camp for three whole weeks. Days and days of just being together. We don't expect Peter to become a carefree, confident child overnight. But he will, perhaps, recall some of the words he's forgotten and learn some new ones. And if a miracle happens, he will know a cautious sense of security that CSS will help nurture in the months, the years ahead.

For Pete's sake—and for all the other boys and girls, mothers and children that need the bright promise of a CSS summer camp—send your contribution to

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removing their dead cedars and replacing them with seedlings of other flora. This has had the effect of making their fairways easier to play than they used to be.

Every so often, you come across a native who looks favorably on the decimation. "It was all to the good," one man told me. "Now you can see things you never saw before." His opinion is not shared by residents whose houses, once demurely screened by cedar boughs, have become glaringly visible from all sides. And banana-growers have suffered grievously, since the cedars formerly served as a windbreak for their trees; the banana leaves are now badly frazzled, which makes for skimpy crops. Dead trees of most species are worthless as lumber, but the Bermuda cedar is of tougher fibre, and it is estimated that at least a quarter of the skeletal trees are usable. A lot of the older carpenters here won't touch this wood, asserting that dead cedar has nothing like the quality of cedar cut in its prime. On the other hand, the present head of the Department of Agriculture, Gordon R. Groves, works at a handsome, ruddy, polished desk he persuaded one carpenter to make for him out of dead cedar, and he feels that, if anything, the wood is better than live cedar, because it has been well seasoned. Mr. Groves, who is still baffled by the whole ghastly catastrophe ("I've always suspected it was something rather more than scale," he said the other day), hopes that in another six or seven years all the dead trees will have been disposed of. Twenty years from now, conceivably, Bermuda will again be pleasantly arboreal; there is some encouragement in the fact that once before, back in the eighteenth century, the region was practically stripped of trees—in that instance, by thoughtless lumbermen. For the present, though, poor Bermuda, her brilliant flowers and shrubbery notwithstanding, looks like a clipped poodle.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

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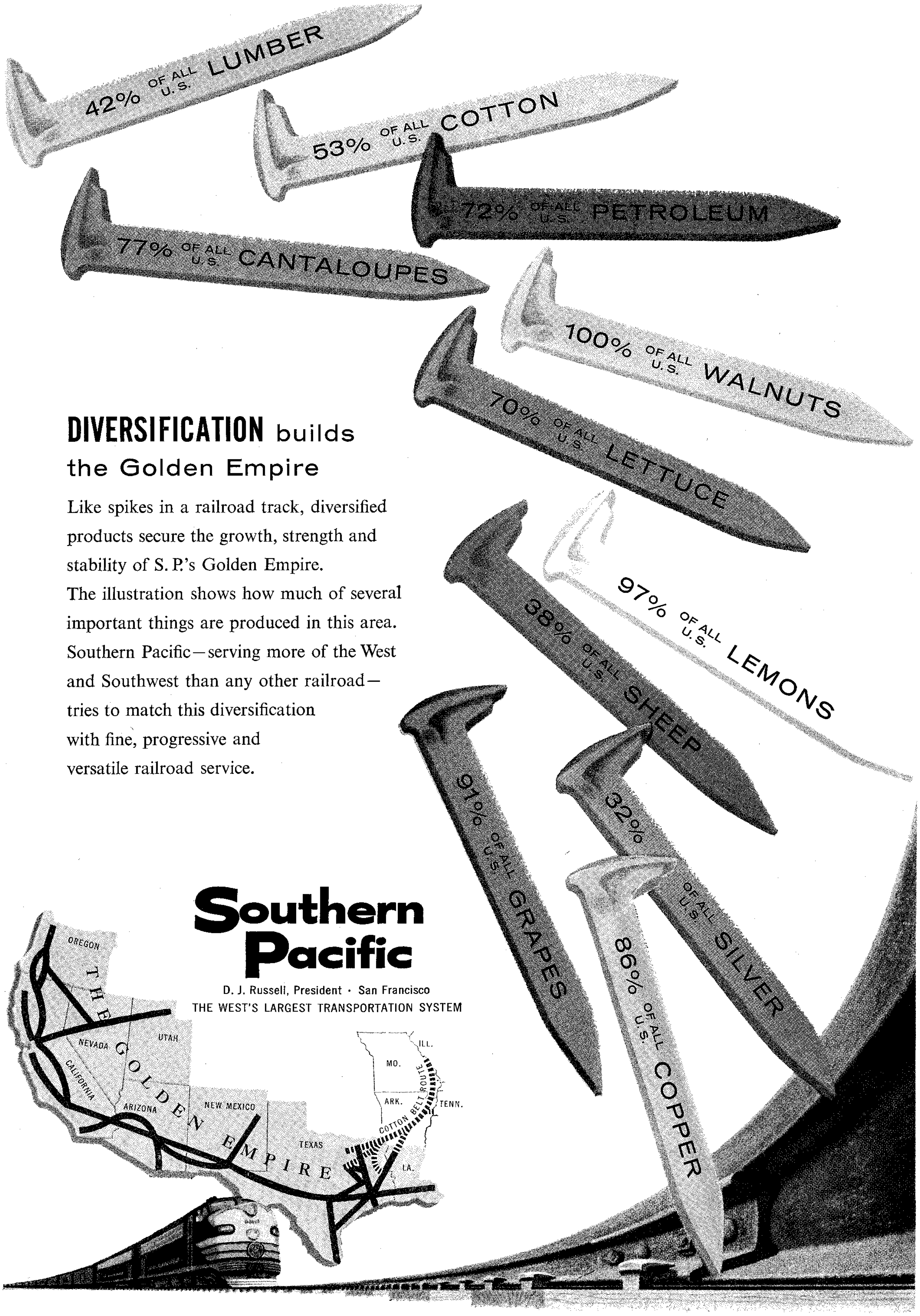
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
AIR CONDITIONED
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
CHelsea 2-9868
Open 5:30 P.M.-3 A.M. Closed Mondays

Fire Island's Best
FLYNN'S HOTEL
OCEAN BAY PARK Fire Island-4-5865

Frank Cerutti RESTAURANT
803 Madison Avenue, at 68th St. • RE 4-1680
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Open 'til 4 A. M.
Rooms for private parties • Diner's Club

DIVERSIFICATION builds the Golden Empire

Like spikes in a railroad track, diversified products secure the growth, strength and stability of S. P.'s Golden Empire. The illustration shows how much of several important things are produced in this area. Southern Pacific—serving more of the West and Southwest than any other railroad—tries to match this diversification with fine, progressive and versatile railroad service.

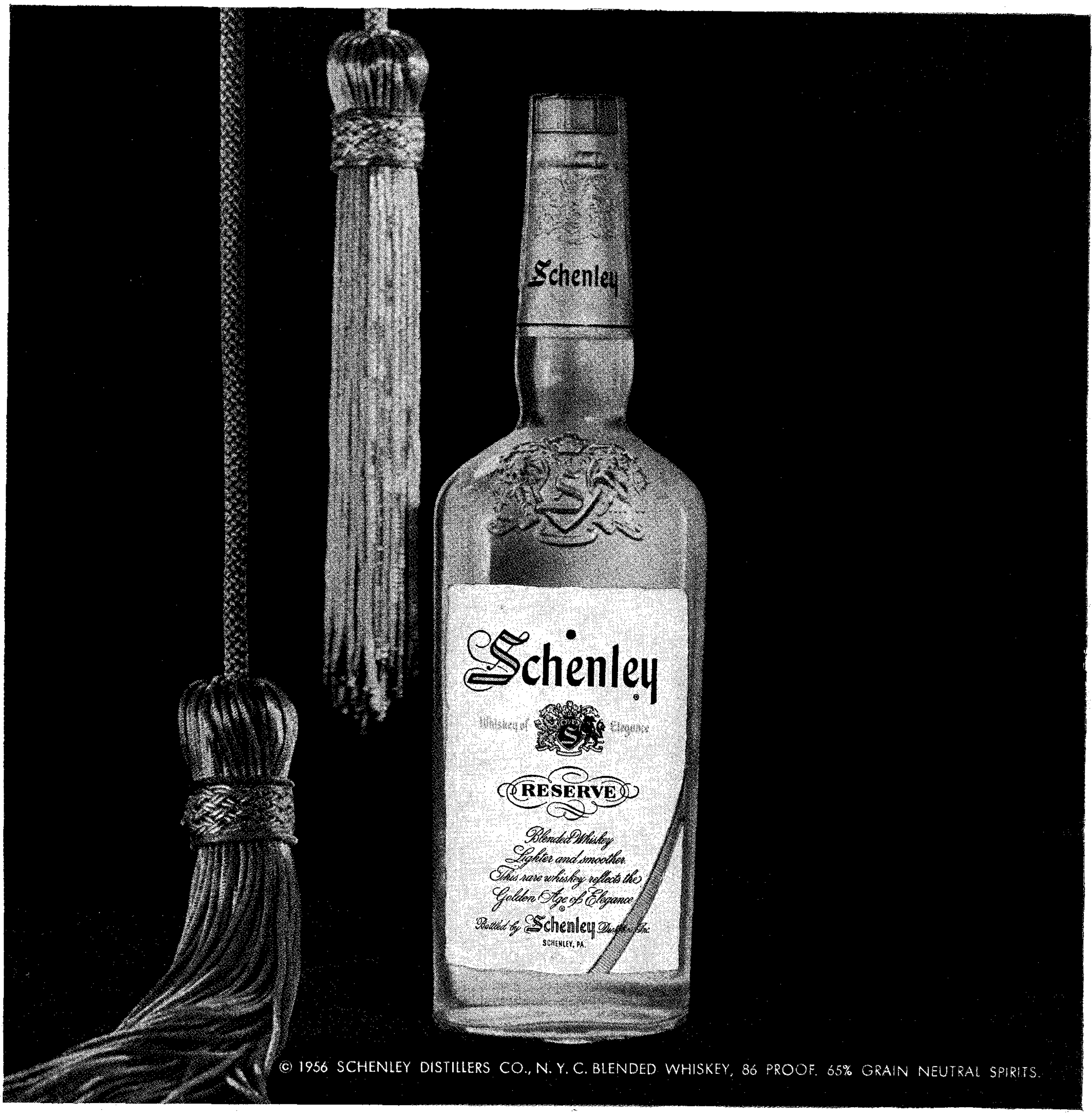

42% OF ALL U.S. LUMBER
53% OF ALL U.S. COTTON
72% OF ALL U.S. PETROLEUM
77% OF ALL U.S. CANTALOUPES
100% OF ALL U.S. WALNUTS
70% OF ALL U.S. LETTUCE
97% OF ALL U.S. LEMONS
38% OF ALL U.S. SHEEP
91% OF ALL U.S. GRAPES
32% OF ALL U.S. SILVER
86% OF ALL U.S. COPPER
OREGON
NEVADA
UTAH
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
MO.
ILL.
ARK.
TENN.
LA.
COTTON BELT ROUTE
THE GOLDEN EMPIRE

Southern Pacific

D. J. Russell, President · San Francisco
THE WEST'S LARGEST TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

WHISKEY OF *Elegance* Schenley

Here's the new "SHOWCASE" bottle, clear as a crystal... Hold it up to the sunshine and see what's inside... Bright as a liquid jewel, Schenley is flawless... You see what you buy, nothing is hidden... Then off with its cap and bring out the glasses... Man, is that good! Is that ever whiskey!


Schenley
Schenley
Whiskey of Elegance
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Lighter and smoother
This rare whiskey reflects the
Golden Age of Elegance
Bottled by Schenley Distillers Inc.
SCHENLEY, PA.

© 1956 SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.